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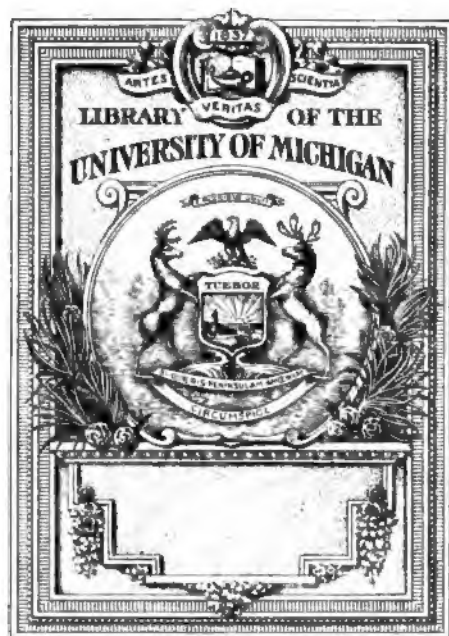
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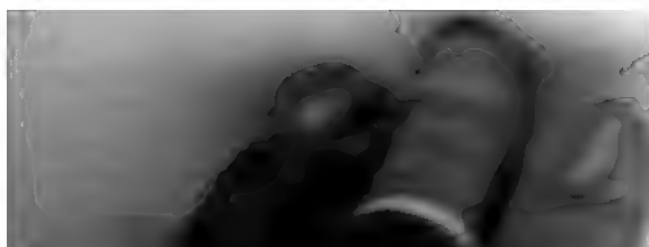
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The Reader

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1902

No. I

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

THE READER has been in the making three years. The first number is not exactly as it was originally planned, for it has grown in the making. After reading through its pages for the last time before sending it to press, we can only express the hope that its merits will be as obvious to others as its faults are to ourselves. THE READER owes thanks to the publishers for their invariable courtesy (with two exceptions we must, in honesty, add); and to the contributors for the sincerity, patience, and personality they have put into their work.

WE are glad to be able to present to our readers the accompanying rare portrait of Henry James. Mr. James sat for this sketch some two years ago to Mr. Will Rothenstein, the London artist, who has been so successful during the last half-dozen years in making lithographs of celebrated Englishmen. Those who know Mr. James intimately claim for this picture an extraordinary likeness, and one can well believe them, for you seem to see in it quite the qualities expected

in Mr. James's face. It is perhaps something of a shock to one who has not seen recent pictures of Mr. James to find him so old; but a minute's thought tells one that it is a long cry from "Roderick Hudson" and "Daisy Miller" to "The Sacred Fount" and "The Wings of the Dove."

Speaking of "The Wings of the Dove," it is amusing to find in the various criticisms of it now appearing the different ideas of the critics in regard to its sanity and insanity. Only in one thing do they seem to agree—that the book is worth long and elaborate discussion.

We quote a few lines from the "London Times" review of "The Wings of the Dove," which, by the way, is issued in one volume in England instead of in two, as here:

"Mr. Henry James is to be congratulated. It is a long time since modern English fiction has presented us with a book which is so essentially a book; a thing conceived and carried on and finished in one premeditated strain; with unbroken literary purpose and serious, unflagging literary skill."

THE portrait of Maeterlinck which we here reproduce is from a photograph taken at Paris in the summer of 1900. Among a certain class of readers — a small class necessarily — Maeterlinck's plays, even the most strange of them, have, for some years, been favorite reading. But his last play, "Monna Vanna," is of a different sort—more likely to appeal to a larger audience in that it is more human, more specific—in other words, less "queer."

An admirer of Maeterlinck, and a critic of the modern drama too, sends the following note about the "forbidden play," which seems to put the case fairly on both sides:

Hailed years since as the Belgian Shakespeare, he showed himself most un-Shakespearian in neglecting life for morbid dreams, and stage-craft for mannerisms. But gradually he changed. Without losing his individuality, he left the horrors of "L'Intruse" for the pathos of "Pelléas et Mélisande"; the jerks and repetitions of "La Princesse Maleine" for the sustained poetry of that web of light and flowers, his miracle play, "Sœur Beatrice." Finally, he has set before us in almost traditional dramatic form a story in its essence tragically real.

Not that "Monna Vanna" is conventional or deals with everyday life. On the contrary, it abounds in sentences possible only from its untrammelled author, and in action and surroundings it is exceptional and remote. With all its mystic phrasing, with all its atmosphere of Italy and of the Renaissance, "Monna Vanna" nevertheless belongs to a well-known type—the problem play. And the problem of it is: shall a wife, for no fault save his absolute and ignominious failure to comprehend her, desert her husband and join a man who is her equal?

To the problem thus aridly stated, Maeterlinck's affirmative answer may easily shock us—shock us even into jus-

tifying the censor who in England has comically forbidden the play's performance. But implied in a plot of absorbing interest, bound up in the deed of a living woman, both problem and answer move us to justify perhaps the woman, and certainly the author who with his unpromising material has created a work of imagination so individual and so true.

For "Monna Vanna" is indeed both true and individual. Maeterlinck, and only Maeterlinck, could have first seen that vision of Pisa, in Act I., her people starving, her soldiers weaponless, waiting within walls long battered to the ground, while her besiegers day by day mysteriously postpone the onslaught. Maeterlinck again, and only Maeterlinck, could have conceived that main figure in the play—that heroine "more beautiful than Judith and purer than Lucrece," that Monna Vanna who almost incredibly saves Pisa, not by the loss of her honor, but by the giving of a kiss. Moreover, Pisa,—its people, the enemy, all are real,—and above all, Monna Vanna. Unlike Maeterlinck's earlier heroines, she not only lives but grows—grows out of wifely submission into a love-awakened womanhood which, after appealing again and again for trust, rebels at last against the incredulity of an uncomprehending husband; with dramatic lie after lie saves her innocent lover from his revenge, and finally in secret gives him her whole life.

As Marco, the Maeterlinckian sage of the play, says to her: "This is right and very wrong—like all that we do." But to her in her passion it is wholly right. Her life with her husband is dead. "That was a bad dream," she says, "but Beauty is at hand . . . Beauty is at hand. . . ." A strange ending, and one that very naturally roused the English censor. But here where official censoriousness is spared us, may we not hope to hear Monna



M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Vanna uttering these final words? As one asks the question, Mrs. Patrick Campbell's voice and face recur hauntingly to the imagination. Will not she who has the courage to act "Mélisande" put in flesh and blood before us the infinitely stronger and more living "Monna Vanna"?

MISS Helen M. Winslow has done her prettiest in "Literary Boston of To-day," just published by L. C. Page & Co., to revive Boston's prestige by giving a list of present Boston authors and telling what they have done. But it is a sad sight, that table of contents, when put forth as a refutation of the opening sentence of the book, that "The rest of the world will tell you there is no literary Boston of to-day."

In detail the book is not, however, at all sad. Rather is it humorous and an inciter of the inward chuckle, as witness the following quotations:

"It was on account of its proximity to the pond that Mr. Trowbridge chose his home. When he was a boy, he lived on the banks of the Erie Canal, and he is never content to be out of sight of the water."

"Mr. Harbour has certainly justified all expectations, for, in addition to a juvenile book, he has written over six hundred short stories, the majority of them for the 'Youth's Companion.'"

Of Mr. Willis Boyd Allen it is said:

"When a man, still young, has to his credit a list of thirty-five books written by himself, it is convincing proof of great industry and singleness of purpose."

"Late in 1888 the idea seized Miss Clarke and Miss Porter of starting a magazine which should be devoted broadly yet purely to exalted world literature — to culture — or 'Poet-Lore.'"

Of Miss Porter it is likewise said:

"She read Shakespeare at ten, and

especially remembers a series of books of her father's, called 'The English Stage.' The only book he ever took away from her was a translation he had of Aristophanes' 'Sysistrate,' which he found the child reading at a tender age."

Of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney it is said:

"There are tables holding the books which are the most dearly loved and the most read by the owners; where 'Patience Strong' holds a permanent place, along with the Bible and prayer-book, Marcus Aurelius, Emerson, and Whittier."

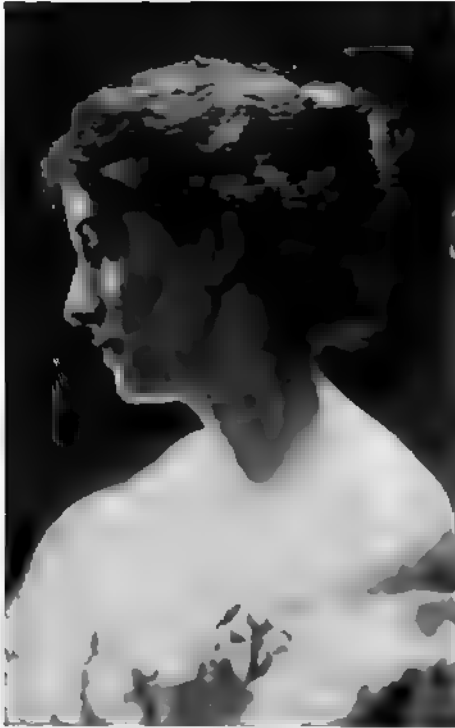
Mr. F. P. Stearns "was prepared for college in 1862, but under conditions, and, as he was ambitious to enter without, he waited another year for the purpose of reviewing his studies and strengthening the weak points."

Let us make one final quotation:

"There was born in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, on the fifteenth of August, in the year 1852, a boy who was destined to fill no unimportant place in the world of American literature. That boy was Nathan Haskell Dole, and by birth and achievement he has the right to be classed with the writers who make up the literary Boston of the present day."

There are other interesting and amusing paragraphs, equal to these as samples of literary work in Boston to-day. We wonder what some of those included in Miss Winslow's book will think of their companions?

THE friends of John H. Twachtman the landscape painter, who died at Gloucester, Mass., last August, have sent out a memorial circular in his honor. There is a desire to establish some sort of public memorial to his memory, and those wishing to contribute to the fund are invited to communicate with Robert Reid at 142 East 33d Street, New York.



BARONESS VON HUTTEN



STEPHEN PHILLIPS

THE Baroness von Hutten, whose portrait is here given, is the author of the serial "Our Lady of the Beeches," which was concluded in the October number of "The Atlantic Monthly." The book will be brought out immediately. Judging by the popularity of the story as a serial, it should have an excellent sale. The book will be reviewed in our December issue.

GUY Wetmore Carryl has finished building his little home at Swampscott, which he happily designates "Shingle Blessedness." His new book of fanciful verses, "Grimm Tales Made Gay" (one can seldom approve punning titles, but this is good), a merry setting of the old stories, is to be issued this month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with grotesque marginals and a number of full-page illustrations by Albert Levering.

THE interesting face of Stephen Phillips has, during the last few years, been made familiar to the public through the many portraits of him in various magazines and in the announcements of his plays. Most of these pictures seemed to us hard and unattractive, notably the wood-cut in "The Poets of the Younger Generation." The portrait of him which we reproduce above is the most attractive we have seen, and is said by those who know Mr. Phillips to be by far the best photograph of him yet taken.

HENRY Irving would seem to have found a play in which the character suited his strange personality absolutely. He opens his season at the Drury Lane with Sardou's "Dante," the translation of which his son Laurence Irving has just completed during his stay in America.

THE portrait on the opposite page is from a recent photograph of Paul Hervieu, the French dramatist and novelist spoken of in our Paris letter. M. Hervieu's work is not well known in this country, though one of his plays ("Les Tenailles"), translated as "Ties," was given here three winters ago by Mr. John Blair and his company in that admirable series of performances which included Ibsen's "The Master Builders" and Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto."

THE retirement of Mr. Norman Hapgood from his position as dramatic critic, both on the "Commercial Advertiser" and the "Bookman" will remove from journalistic criticism a man whom it can ill-afford to spare. During the several years in which he has been criticising the drama, his work has been marked by honesty, independence, decisiveness, and, on the whole, good judgment. He has had his crotchets, and at times even his aberrations; but these crotchets and aberrations have been the result either of the over-rigorous application of sound principles or the somewhat blind submission to creditable sympathies. It may seem paradoxical to assert in the same breath that Mr. Hapgood's criticism was at its very best when his sympathies were most fully aroused, but the same enthusiasm may bestow insight in one direction and paralyze it in another. Taking all in all, his criticism was probably the most vigorous and most wholesome, if not the most pervasive, influence which has been brought to bear upon the contemporary drama, and in a country like ours, in which disinterested and well-informed criticism usually has academic tendencies, it is much to be regretted that so useful a man should withdraw from newspaper work. Mr. Hapgood, however, has made his mark, not only as a dramatic critic, but as a writer of

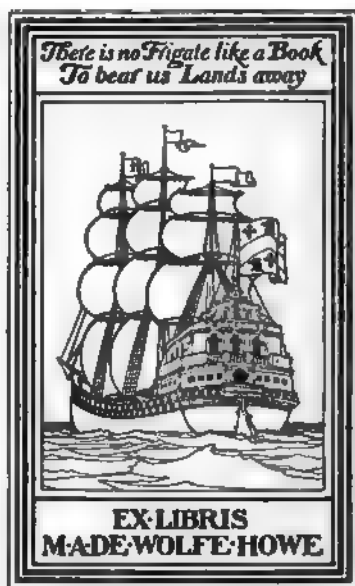
essays and as the biographer of Webster, Lincoln, and Washington, and he is abandoning journalism only that he may have more time to give to critical studies of American history, literature, and life.

IT is not generally known that Mr. E. F. Benson, the English novelist, who recently came to this country for the purpose of seeing his first play produced, owes his start to the daughter of Charles Kingsley, who, over the pen-name of Lucas Malet, has written "Sir Richard Calmady" and other successful novels. While Mr. Benson was still studying at Cambridge University, specializing, as we should say, in archæology, he wrote the first half of "Dodo." He showed it to the author, who for many years had been a close friend of his mother, and asked her if she thought it was worth finishing. Her decision inspired him to go on with the story with renewed energy. After making his success, Mr. Benson, instead of plunging at once into literature, kept his head and continued his archæological investigations, passing many months in Greece and indirectly gathering material for future stories. He has never thought of devoting himself wholly to writing.

MR. E. A. Dithmar, who is well known for his dramatic criticism in "The New York Times," and who has for the past year and a half occupied the post of London correspondent to that paper, has recently accepted the editorship of the "New York Times Saturday Review." As a dramatic critic, Mr. Dithmar earned for himself an enviable reputation for sobriety of judgment and scholarly attainment. To his new undertaking he is sure to bring an amount of accuracy and just appreciation which ought to give the "Review" an even greater vogue than it enjoys at present.



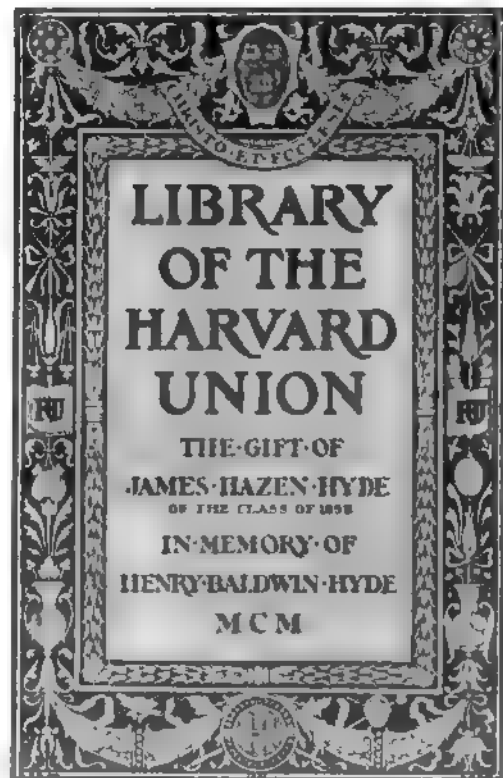
M. PAUL HERVIEU



OF the six book-plates on this and the page opposite, only one, we believe, has been reproduced before, but we reproduce it again, as it is an excellent example of the work being done by one of the band of designers who call themselves "The Triptych." The moving spirit of "The Triptych" is Mr. Wilbur Macey Stone, who for many years has identified himself with the growing interest taken by the larger number of book collectors in book-plates. A little volume—"Women Designers of Book-Plates," by Mr. Stone—has just been issued, and contains a number of interesting reproductions of modern designs.

The use of color prints in book-plates is a recent innovation, and affords the designer a wider field than when limited to black and white. A new book-plate book—"Book-Plates of To-day"—just announced by Tonnele & Co., will contain several examples of this color work, which will have a special interest for the collector of Ex Libris.

ARTHUR Morrison, whose latest book, "The Hole in the Wall," has just been issued by McClure, Phillips & Co., comes by his knowledge of the London slums in absolutely the right way. He was, for some years, secretary of a charity fund and met the people about whom he writes in that capacity. But he soon discovered that the money thus spent was often worse than wasted. So he decided to learn about these people from the inside. He got employment in a match factory and joined various workmen's clubs, and was soon adopted into the regular life of the East End. In these clubs Mr. Morrison's excellent knowledge of athletics and boxing stood him in good stead, and he soon became popular as "the gentleman boxer" of the neighborhood. Mr. W. E. Henley first suggested to Mr. Morrison the writing out his experiences, and the result was the "Tales of Mean Streets," which proved so popular that sixteen American publishers made pirated editions of it.



MR. W. E. Henley, the London editor, poet, and essay writer, whose new volume of "Views and Reviews" is reviewed elsewhere, has long been known as a somewhat violent protester, and antagonist of all sorts of shams. At the time when Mr. Balfour's life of Stevenson appeared, it will be remembered that he accused Mr. Balfour of whitewashing Stevenson's character to an unwarranted extent. This arose from the fact that Mr. Henley had known Stevenson in his early years before he had sobered down into the character which Mr. Balfour gives him.

Mr. Rothenstein in this sketch of Mr. Henley has caught remarkably well his aggressive and persistent personality. One sees in both face and attitude the author of the "London Voluntaries" and the hospital verses, the controversial essayist, as well as the student and man of affairs.

IT is pleasant to know that when "good fellows get together" with a definite object in view they can carry it out definitely, and not waste all their energies in just being good fellows. This is proved in the organization of the Banderlog Press. A number of the friends of Frank Holme, the artist, including Augustus Thomas, Peter Dunne, George Ade, Frank H. Vanderlip, Kirke La Shelle, and others who were all members of the Whitechapel Club, of Chicago, got together some months ago and decided to start a press for the production of artistic books with Mr. Holme at its head. Mr. Holme was in bad health, and the climate of Arizona was recommended for him, so the town of Prescott in that State has finally been selected as the home of this new press. The stock of the Banderlog Press consists of three hundred shares, of which Mr. Holme owns 151. Fifty shares were sold to the public at \$25 each—the originators retaining the rest. The first book from

the Banderlog Press is to be "The Poker Rubaiyat," by Kirke La Shelle, with illustrations and decorations by Frank Holme. All the editions issued from this press will consist of 274 copies. Each stockholder is to receive a copy, and the balance of the edition is for sale at five dollars a volume. Only four books will be produced each year, and for these books the best possible manufacture in every way is promised. A more interesting little publishing venture it would be hard to imagine.

IT is a pleasant little trick that Messrs. Harper & Brothers have introduced on the slip covers of some of their books. Instead of advertising the book which you are reading, they have printed the following directions on "How to Open a Book":

Lay the book, back downward, on a table or smooth surface. Press the front cover down until it touches the table, then the back cover, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few of the leaves at the back, then at the front, alternately pressing them down gently until you reach the centre of the volume. This should be done two or three times. Never open a book violently nor bend back the covers. It is liable not only to break the back but to loosen the leaves.

MR. Gelett Burgess is to issue through Elder & Shepard a volume of essays entitled "The Romance of the Commonplace." They are "light essays" of a more serious tone than one has been in the habit of laying to Mr. Burgess of late. Funny as much of Mr. Burgess's joking is, it has always seemed to us a pity that he has not done more of the lighter and exquisitely delicate work so charmingly exemplified in his "Vivette." These essays, we are told, are more on that order of humor, and show Mr. Burgess at his best.



MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

WE can venture that most readers of the younger generation, and even of the older, for that matter, will have some difficulty in separating in their minds, without recourse to reference books, the personalities of Samuel Lover and Charles Lever, new editions of whose complete works are announced by Little, Brown & Co. It is bad enough to keep distinct two names so similar, but when both men were Irish, both wrote Irish novels with Irish names for titles, and both flourished during the same period, the disconnection, so to speak, became more difficult. For the benefit of the younger generation, we will say that Lover's dates are 1797-1868, and that he wrote "Handy Andy" and "Rory O'Moore"; that Lever's dates are 1806-1872, and that he wrote "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley."

The Little Brown & Co. new edition—the first complete one—of Samuel Lover has a thoroughly sympathetic editor in James Jeffrey Roche, of the "Boston Pilot." The Lever is edited by Andrew Lang, who will, of course, do it well; but he has been sympathetic in so many prefaces and editions that we rather look to Mr. Roche for the more vital appreciation.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. also announce the completion of the first collected edition of the works of Daniel Webster. The three new volumes consist of the "Speeches and Other Writings, Hitherto Uncollected." It is an encouraging sign when one firm in one season is justified in issuing three such elaborate editions as the above.

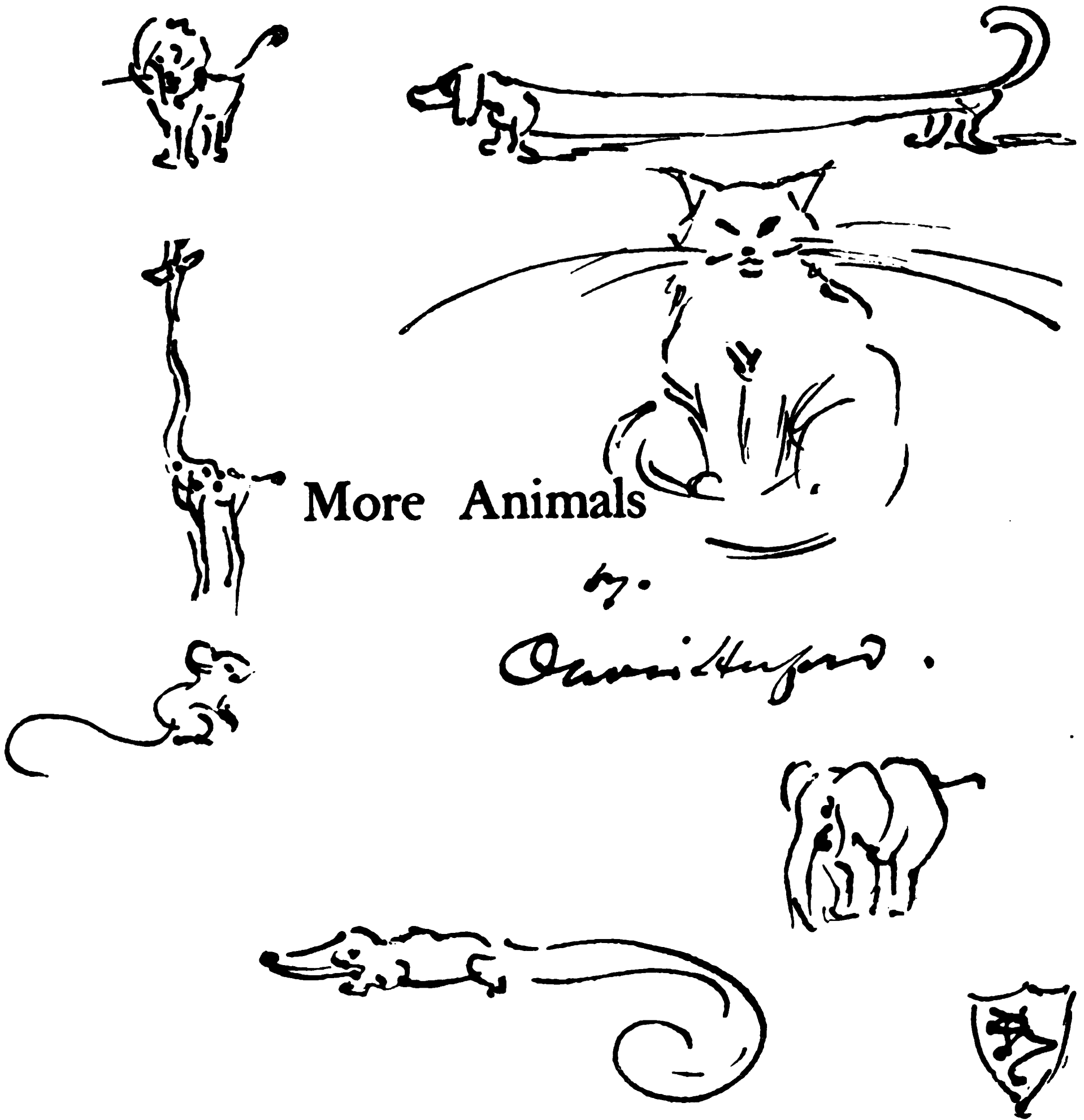
ORDINARILY speaking a book of dates is uninteresting; ordinarily speaking a heterogeneous anthology is poor reading—the combination of the two does not at the first thought appear attractive. But in looking over the proofs of James L. and Mary K. Ford's book, to be issued

under the title of "Every Day of the Year," one has to acknowledge that such a book may be good—that this book is good. For every day in the year a historical event of some sort of importance has been found, and one or two or three poems bearing more or less directly on the subject have been added. The book is admirably indexed, and one can find everything easily under events, titles, or first lines. Naturally the poems are not all of the first order of poetry, but the book as a whole is distinctly good reading—a really worthy anthology and an admirable reference book. We can hardly imagine a more useful book for schools or one more valuable for the general all-round after-dinner speaker who talks at political or patriotic banquets, and is often pushed for an appropriate reference as he arises to say, "On this day fourscore years ago," etc., etc.

THE "More Animals," of Mr. Oliver Herford, which we reproduce, is one of the hundreds of "lightning" drawings which Mr. Herford is constantly doing for the delight of his many friends. Recently Miss Carolyn Wells published in the "Boston Evening Transcript" a charming article, "Oliver Herford as a Fine Art," in which she gave some new stories of Mr. Herford and very happily characterized his peculiar genius for whimsicality and fooling. We copy one of Miss Wells's stories:

"At a house party recently, when several ringings of the breakfast bell had failed to secure his attendance and the servants' repeated rappings had been of no avail, the hostess herself tapped at his door, imploring him to rise. But the response, uttered in a sleepy tone, was, 'Many are called, but few get up.'"

A charming little booklet called "The Bumper Book," issued in 1899 by the Gorham Company, contains a



number of original toasts by Mr. Herford, a few of which we quote:

“ If all your beauties, one by one,
I pledge, dear, I am thinking
Before the tale were well begun
I had been dead of drinking.”

“ Here’s to old Adam’s crystal ale,
Clear, sparkling, and divine,
Fair H₂ O, long may you flow!
We drink your health (in wine).”

“ Enjoy the Little Play, my friend,
until
The curtain fall and you have had
your fill:
You never can come back if once you
go,
For there are no return checks to this
show.”

“ The Bubble winked at me and said,
You’ll miss me, brother, when you’re
dead.”

AMONG the publications of the year in London there is one that is deserving of a certain consideration, though the precise ground for its claim is a little difficult to determine. It is unique; it is startling; it is to a certain extent good, and may be better; above all, it excites interest. In so far as these qualities justify a hold on public attention we can understand its success.

This publication is called "A Broad Sheet," and is well named, being but one large page of water-color paper, on which there are several remarkable drawings colored by the hand of Miss Pamela Colman Smith, and accompanied by explanatory verses that do not always explain, even to the very much initiated. But even when the relation between picture and verse is a little forced, each affords its own peculiar enjoyment. W. B. Yeats has contributed, and such choice things see the light on the "Broad Sheet" as his little spinning song, which we quote on the opposite page.

Another delectable production by A. E. (George W. Russell) was issued in the June number, and is called "The Gate of Dreamland."

No illustration can enhance such verse; yet, rather curiously, that which accompanies it detracts in no way from its charm. The youth lies a-dreaming "where the waters lap the shore"; the "moth wings of the twilight" in floating feminine shapes are above him; and there is in the almost barbaric coloring a something of that "old enchantment" which "lingers in the honey heart of earth."

Miss Smith undoubtedly has a great eye for color and a most curious conception of its application; indeed, the coloring of "A Broad Sheet" is its most striking feature, but her drawing is faulty, with the faultiness of one who knows not. In the mere matter of outline J. B. Yeats's sketches excel.

"The Gypsy," for example, is truer in drawing but weaker in coloring. There is in the broad lights and shadows of the central figure a suggestion of Nicholson, while in Miss Smith's lines there is sometimes a haunting reminiscence of Beardsley—though not Beardsley at his best. Pamela Smith is a young woman of much, but erratic and immature, talent, a protégée of Miss Ellen Terry, and is working out her problems of art and life in a London studio. The idea of "A Broad Sheet" originated with her; and "to one who knows" there is always the possibility of an additional interest of portraiture such as the tall man on the right in the "Gypsy" picture, which is an undoubted and only slightly caricatured likeness of George Moore.

"A Broad Sheet" is printed by Elkin Mathews, who insisted on a subscription list of seventy-five before undertaking it. One hundred copies are issued monthly, and since its first appearance in January, the demand for it has greatly increased.

The two illustrations here reproduced lose very much in not being in color, but even in black and white they have a certain charm and quaintness which give an idea of their attractiveness.

MR. F. B. Sanborn, the "Last of the Concord Philosophers," is editing a new and enlarged edition of W. E. Channing's "Thoreau the Poet Naturalist," to be brought out in November by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston. The book was originally published by Roberts Brothers in 1873. In that edition, which was the only one, the personalities of many of those whose conversations are given was concealed by the author out of consideration for those still living. In this forthcoming edition Mr. Sanborn gives the real names, and adds about thirty pages of new material left by Mr. Channing, whose literary executor he is.



THE GIPSY.

Spinning Song

BY W. B. YEATS

“There are seven that pull the thread.
 One lives under the waves,
 And one where the winds are wove,
 And one in the old gray house
 Where the dew is made before dawn.
 One lives in the house of the sun,
 And one in the house of the moon,
 And one lives under the boughs
 Of the golden apple tree;
 And one spinner is lost.
 Holiest, holiest seven,
 Put all your power on the thread
 I have spun in the house this night!”



FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FORT
 Englished by F. YORN POWELL

The pretty maid she died, she died, in love-bed
 as she lay;
 They took her to the churchyard: all at the
 break of day;
 They laid her all alone there: all in her
 white array;
 They laid her all alone there: a-coll'd in
 the day;
 And they came back so merrily: all at the
 dawn of day;
 A-singing all so merrily: "The dog must have his
 day!"
 The pretty maid is dead, is dead: in love-bed
 as she lay;
 And they are off a-field to work: as they do
 every day.

IN talking with a Christian Scientist about Mrs. Burnham's "The Right Princess," reviewed in this number, we were a little surprised to find that the book is likely to have the thorough approval of the Scientists. Surprised, because our reviewer seems to think that the book will strike the lay reader as ridiculous and add to the already heavy load of ridicule which has been heaped upon Mrs. Eddy and her disciples. The claim of this man was that to many people the curing of the dog will not seem absurd, as it did to our reviewer, but will appeal as a simple and very definite exposition of what the power of Christian Science includes. He believes that the book, while not particularly good as a "proselytizer," will not make enemies among outsiders, and that to Scientists themselves it may be a help and comfort. That Mrs. Burnham is sincere and genuine in her attempt at popularizing the doctrines through the form of a novel he is convinced, and he especially likes the way in which the author has dealt with Mrs. Eddy and her position in the Church.

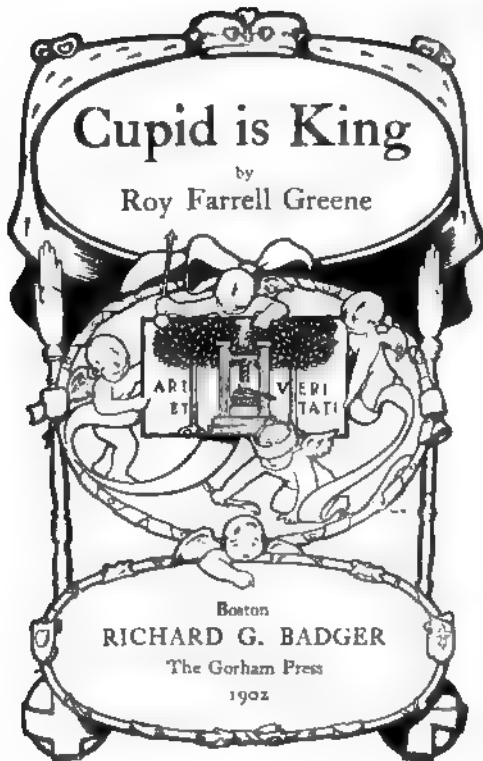
SOMETHING really new in the way of a publication for children is announced by Elder & Shepard, of San Francisco. It is the issuing of a monthly letter to children. The letters are to be facsimile reproductions of real letters written by one who knows what children like to read and look at—for quaint drawings and fanciful decorations of birds, animals, and flowers are interspersed with the text.

The letters are to be folded and enclosed in a regular envelope and sent out each month—but on no regular day. One can easily imagine the surprise of the child at receiving one of these letters addressed to him each month—or the anticipation with which he looks forward to it, if he has been told that he is to have one every month. Judging by the letters which we have

seen, the scheme is carried out in excellent fashion, and we can distinctly advise those who are looking for something to interest children to look into this matter and send for one of the sample letters.

IT is interesting to note that the publishers of "Ainslee's Magazine" have decided that "special articles" illustrated by photographs have ceased to be in the province of the monthly magazine. Their argument has much force—that, since the daily newspapers have gone into the printing of photographs, similar reproduction in a magazine sixty days afterwards is rather useless. As an example, they put forth the Martinique disaster—certainly an excellent example, for surely we all got enough of the pictures and detailed horrors long before the big monthly magazines appeared with their elaborate articles. The October issue of "Ainslee's" is the first of the new series, and we can quickly characterize the present policy of the magazine by saying that it appears to be an exact copy of "The Smart Set," while its list of contributors includes hardly a writer who has not written for that successful magazine. Why did not the publishers of "Ainslee's" imitate the cover of "The Smart Set," instead of using a design more appropriate for such a magazine as "Outing"?

IT is somewhat of a shock to take up one of the very pretty green, limp-leather Shakespeares just issued by The Baker & Taylor Co. in forty volumes, and find in it the same absurd old pictures that have been used in the Rolfe Shakespeare for so many years. This is a valuable edition of Shakespeare, and has always been the standard, but it does seem a little like putting old wine into new bottles to include many of these pictures.



DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THOUGH we do not approve elaborately drawn title-pages as a rule, the one here reproduced from Roy Farrell Greene's "Cupid is King," issued by The Gorham Press, Boston, is so successful that one has to put one's prejudice in one's pocket and frankly own that it is a distinct addition to the volume. Mr. Warren Rockwell, who designed it (the illustrations in the book are by Mr. Albert T. Reid), is a recent Yale graduate, and is dividing his time between illustrating and farming. Of the latter occupation he says, "it is delightful—if it is somebody else's farm." We wonder if his apples are as plump and enticing as his cupids? The name of Mr. Greene is familiar to all who read the light verse in the magazines to which most of the verses in "Cupid is King" have been contributed.

MR. A. E. Gallatin, for some years an interested student of Aubrey Beardsley's art, is preparing an elaborate volume to be issued during the winter. The volume will include an iconography and a complete bibliography of the Beardsley criticism which was so prolific some years ago. Mr. Gallatin will also include in his volume an elaborate critique of Beardsley's work in general.

The illustration reproduced on this page is from a poster which Beardsley made in 1894 for the Avenue Theatre, London. This was the only theatrical poster which Beardsley ever did, though many people fancied that "The Purple Lady" was used for that purpose. Beardsley designed several posters for his various publishers, all of which are reproduced in the volumes of his drawings published by John Lane.

AMONG the curiosities of literature—taking literature in its broadest sense—comes a small yellow pamphlet from the island of Martha's Vineyard. It is entitled:

A COMPLETE EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF

NANCY LUCE
OF WEST TISBURY, DUKES COUNTY,
MASS.

CONTAINING

God's Words—Sickness—Poor Little
Hearts—Milk—No Comfort—Pray-
ers—Our Saviour's Golden Rule
—Hen's Names, etc.

COTTAGE CITY.

JAMES A. SCOTT, PRINTER.

1888.

We reproduce a photograph of the author, not because she was a shining light in literature, but because the face is so much more interesting than most of the faces of the shining lights. We never remember to have seen a more pathetic face or a more remarkable one in contour. The book, too, though it contains the strangest medley of nonsense and sense, is, like the face, pathetic and extraordinary. Read as a whole, the book is far more extraordinary than in parts; but the following quotations give an idea of the strange variety:

*Lines Composed by Nancy Luce About
Poor Little Tweedle Tedel Bebee
Pinky, when She was a Little
Chicken. And You will Find More
Reading in the Book About Her.*

When poor little heart Pinky
Was about six weeks old,
She was taken with the chicken distemper,
Chickens died off all over the island.

She was catching grasshoppers and
crickets,
In the forenoon smart,
At twelve o'clock she was taken sick,
And grew worse.

At one o'clock she was past opening her
eyes,
And could not stand,
Her body felt cold,
And could not stand,

I gave her a portion of epsom salts,
With a little black pepper in it,
I wept over her that afternoon,
I prayed to the Lord to save me her life.

* * * * *

When I, raising poor little dear in my
lap,
And it rained in the window,
She would look at the rain,
And put her head under my cape.

And take it out every once in a while,
And look at the rain,
And put it under my cape again,
Up most to my shoulder.

Prayer.

O Lord, grant me, I beseech Thee,
I pray for Thy kingdom to come, to
destroy all sin.
For the poor, harmless, dumb creature,
And for sick human too,
And for all the troubled in the wide
world round,
Human and dumb creatures too,
For Thine is the kingdom and glory for
ever. Amen.

The manuscript from which the book was printed is even a greater curiosity than the stuff itself. It is laboriously printed with large floriated capital letters and scrolls and quaint devices of all sorts. What a strange personality this must have been—the face of a pre-Raphaelite, the decorative instinct of the mediæval work, the diction of Walt Whitman, the reality of an old woman who had never been off a tiny island!



NANCY LUCE

MR. Charles G. D. Roberts, who has just achieved his widest success with "The Kindred of the Wild," has for several years now been a resident of New York. Mr. Roberts's literary career began before he left college, at the age of twenty, when his "Orion and Other Poems" was issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, several of the poems having been previously published in "The Century," then under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland. He has since been a diligent member of the author's profession, turning his hand with facility to many tasks, from history and fiction to guide-books and editorials. But his best work, perhaps, is his treatment of nature and animal life. In this work he inevitably receives comparison with Ernest Thompson Seton, who has made the animal story so popular in America. Mr. Roberts was the pioneer in that fascinating field, with his "Earth's Enigmas," published seven years ago.

FOR the early fall and winter, John Anderson, Jr., announces several interesting auction sales of books, manuscripts, etc. The list is headed with parts 7, 8, and 9 of the McKee collection, which includes the dramatic department, autographs, and manuscripts of that magnificent collection. Other sales are the sporting library of the late Colonel S. D. Bruce, of the "Turf, Field, and Farm"; the library of the late J. W. R. Collins, of Philadelphia, rich in Burns and Scott literature, and the first five parts of the enormous collection (about forty thousand volumes) of the late Hon. John R. Reid, of Babylon, N. Y.

THE Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, announce an important series of American reprints of great interest to the innumerable collectors of early American books who are unable to possess the rare and

valuable first editions, or the scarce, earlier reprints. Five volumes are announced. Vol. I. appeared in July, and the edition is almost exhausted; No. 2 in September, and the others are to follow during the fall. The volumes are:

1. Denton. "A Brief Description of New York; Formerly Called New-Netherlands." 1670.

2. Wolley. "A Two Years' Journal in New York and Part of its Territories in America."

3. Miller. "A Description of the Province and City of New York." 1695.

4. Budd. "Good Order Established in Pennsylvania and New Jersey." 1678.

5. Alsop. "A Character of the Province of Maryland." 1666.

AMONG the most important of the fall announcements is that of the "Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Works of Edward Fitzgerald," issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. The edition consists of 27 copies on Japan vellum, 100 on hand-made *papier de Rives* with a special water mark, and 250 on specially made machine paper. There are to be seven volumes in the set—which includes a complete bibliography and an introduction by Edmund Gosse. There is much unknown material and many useful notes. To insure the most perfect and even press work, the whole edition is being printed on one press, and the volumes appear monthly—the first one, containing the "Rubaiyat," was issued in August.

THE catalogues for the fall sales of Bangs & Co. are now ready. Among the important sales are the library of Richard Henry Stoddard and a large collection of fine autographs and manuscripts formerly belonging to William Carey.



Charles G. D. Roberts

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It seems odd that the socialists and reformers in the country are so little acquainted with the work of Edward Carpenter, "Poet and Prophet," as Mr. Ernest Crosby calls him in his little pamphlet telling of his life and work. He may be caviare to the general, but there should be a larger number familiar with his work. The fourth edition, containing new material, of his extraordinary book of poetry, "Towards Democracy," is about to appear. Even to many lovers of Walt Whitman, whose disciple Carpenter is, he is quite unknown, or known vaguely as a writer of rather daring pamphlets on various problems. His latest book, "Ioläus, an Anthology of Friendship," issued by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston, is a collection of quotations, mostly from the Greek classics, though Shakespeare's Sonnets and Walt Whitman are represented by some pages.

We are enabled to reproduce a hitherto unpublished photograph; one taken last year at Mr. Carpenter's home.

In writing to us about Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Crosby, who is, perhaps, as familiar as any one in this country with his works, says: "Nor is Carpenter a mere penman. Like Tolstoy and Thoreau, his life is perhaps more interesting than his art, and he practises before he preaches. A fellow of Cambridge, and a university-extension lecturer on science and music, for a time, likewise, curate under Frederick Maurice, he became enamored of the extremely un-English idea of equality, relinquished orders, threw up his fellowship, exchanging it for a real fellowship with the yeomen of his country, and for twenty years now has lived in a workman's cottage near Sheffield, dividing his time between his books and lectures and manual labor.

"What is his message to the world? It is a spirit and not a system, and it has the vagueness of the south wind or

of a gorgeous sunset. The prevailing impression of his poetry is that of freedom, comradeship, simplicity of life, and joy in identity with the universal. Here is a characteristic passage from 'Towards Democracy':

All night by the shore . . .
I am a bit of the shore; the waves feed
upon me, they come pasturing over
me; . . .

I am a little arm of the sea; the same
tumbling, swooning dream goes on
—I feel the waves all around me, I
spread myself through them. . . .

I am detached, I disentangle myself
from the shore: I have become free
—I float out and mingle with the
rest.

Suddenly I am the great living Ocean
itself—the awful Spirit of Immen-
sity creeps over my face.

I am in love with it. All night and
ages and ages long and for ever I
pour my soul out to it in love.

I spread myself out broader and
broader forever, that I may touch
it and be with it everywhere.

I know but I do not care any longer
which my own particular body is—
all conditions and fortunes are
mine.

By the ever beautiful coast-line of
human life, by all shores, in all cli-
mates and countries, by every se-
cluded nook and inlet.

Under the eye of my beloved Spirit I
glide;

O joy! forever, ever joy!

Page 158.) "

For the many to whom poetry does not appeal we would recommend the two delightful books of essays, "England's Ideal" and "Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure," as an introduction to Carpenter's work. They are full of originality, and sparkle with a delicate humor none too common in men of his type.



MR. EDWARD CARPENTER



COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., allow us to give our readers this specimen of Mr. Booth Tarkington's work as an illustrator of his own stories. It has always been the habit of Mr. Tarkington, as it is of so many writers, to draw certain scenes in his books as they appear to his mind's eye. But as he makes no pretense of being an illustrator he has not before published any of his drawings. This time, however, his publishers have persuaded him to let

them use this drawing in a special limited edition of "The Two Vanrevels" which they are issuing. We find the drawing not only interesting because done by the author, but there is also a quaintness and charm in the work itself that is very taking. It reminds one curiously in style and treatment of some of Thackeray's work, and we should much like to see a whole book illustrated by Mr. Tarkington.

The Porcupine's Happy Thought

ONCE in the icy violet winter starvation faced the furtive folk, but a bright thought came to the slow-witted porcupine.

Plucking a quill from his tail, he wrote a tale for a popular magazine.

The check he received in return not only enabled him to support his family in luxury, but made it possible for his mate to lay in a new set of furs for the following winter.

THE KINDRED OF THE WILD. Page 367 (?).

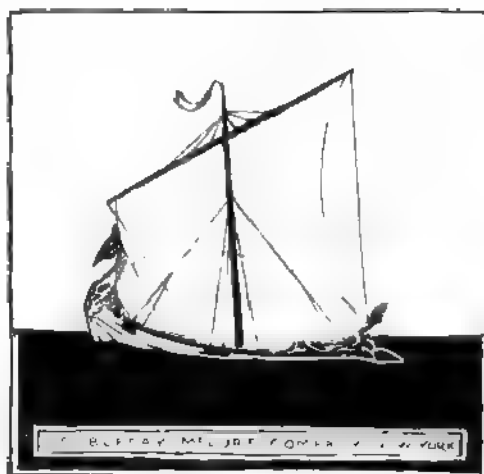
Rudyard Kipling as an Illustrator

With Four Illustrations by Rudyard Kipling

WHEN a writer so supreme in his art as Rudyard Kipling turns his pen in a new direction and sends out a book illustrated by himself, the world is naturally curious and inclined to be critical. But the critical attitude is not the one in which to approach the pictures of the "Just So Stories" issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mr. Kipling has tried nothing which requires or attempts what is ordinarily called "technique." These pictures challenge no comparison with the work of other illustrators—they stand by themselves, whimsical fancies in bold black and white, admirably translating the whimsical fancies of the stories.

Neither stories nor pictures should be taken too seriously, or rather, too critically, from the "grown-up" standpoint. Both are meant to please children; and while it is undoubtedly "a big thing—a wonderfully big thing—to be able to write well enough really to interest little children," as Mr. Kipling is said to have said, it is not fair to judge of things written or drawn with this end in view, from any standpoint other than that of the child. The small child—not the priggish ten-year-old who has "absorbed ideas," but the real, true child—is an exceedingly good and exceedingly severe critic; if he likes these stories and pictures, they are a success; if he doesn't like them, they are a failure, no matter who did them.

Through the courtesy of Messrs.



COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY RU DYARD KIPLING

Doubleday, Page & Co. we are enabled to give some examples of Mr. Kipling's drawings, and his descriptions of them.

Besides the numerous full-page pictures there are strange and curious initial letters and fantastic decorations of various sorts, as well as an admirably designed cover. It is not generally known that Kipling himself also designed the cover of "The Day's Work," which we reproduce here from the original drawing in the office of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Though we have said that it isn't sensible to judge of these pictures from any standpoint which it is possible for us to get first-hand, we can say that they are interesting and effective, and that we believe that they are successful because we believe the children will like

them. There is one thing to be said, at any rate: these pictures illustrate these stories far better than any other pictures illustrate any other stories of Mr. Kipling's, not excepting the plaster designs executed by Mr. Kipling, Sr.

Description of Picture on Opposite Page.

This is the picture of the Parsee beginning to eat his cake on the Uninhabited Island in the Red Sea on a very hot day; and of the Rhinoceros coming down from the Altogether Uninhabited Interior, which, as you can truthfully see, is all rocky. The Rhinoceros's skin is quite smooth, and the three buttons that button it up are underneath, so you can't see them. The squiggly things on the Parsee's hat are the rays of the sun reflected in more-than-oriental splendor, because if I had drawn real rays they would have filled up all the picture. The cake has currants in it; and the wheel-thing lying on the sand in front belonged to one of Pharaoh's chariots when he tried to cross the Red Sea. The Parsee found it, and kept it to play with. The Parsee's name was Pestonjee Bomonjee, and the Rhinoceros was called Strorks, because he breathed through his mouth instead of his nose. I wouldn't ask anything about the cooking-stove, if I were you.

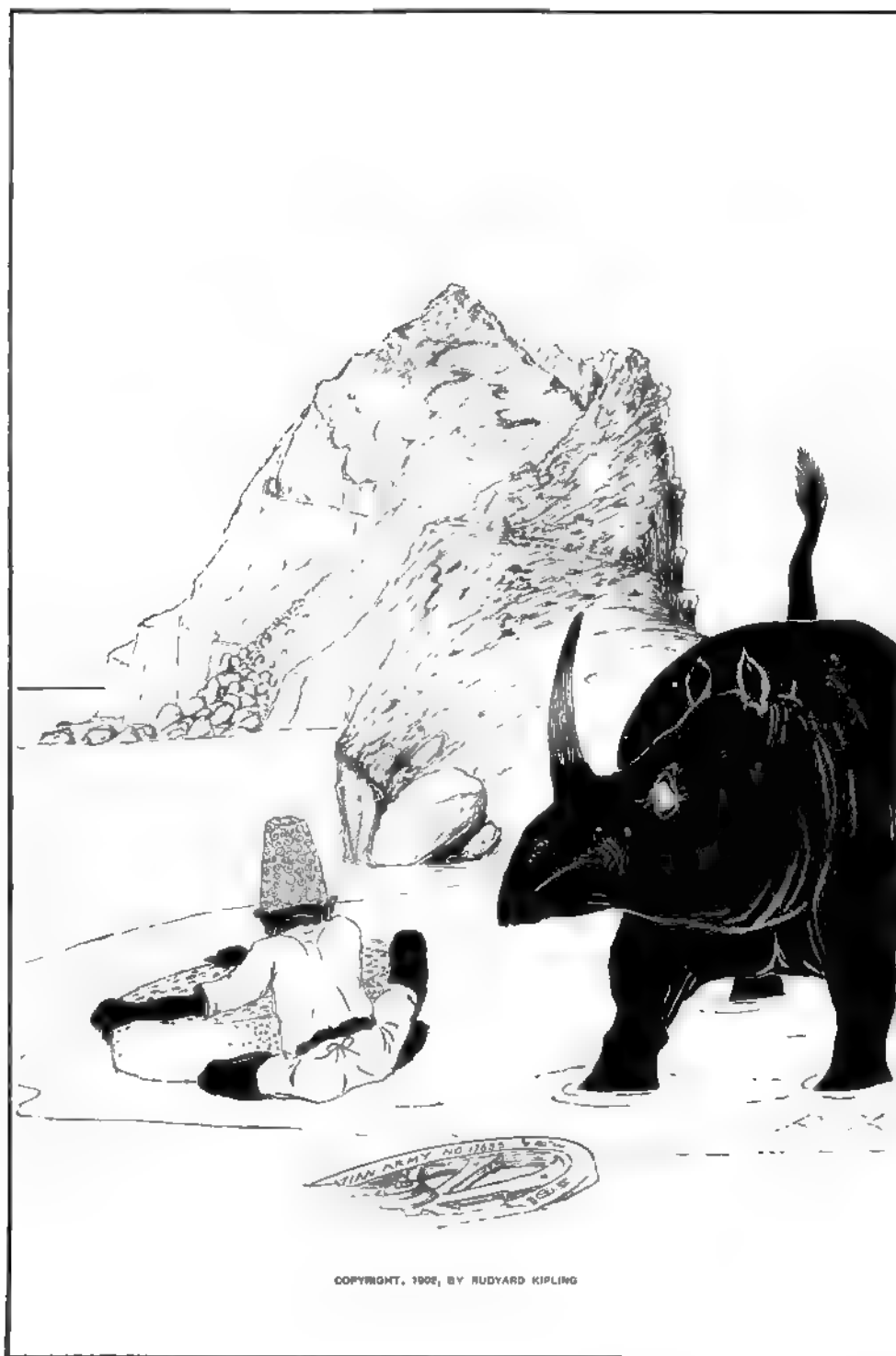
Description of Picture on Page 30.

This is Wise Baviaan, the dog-headed Baboon, who is quite the Wisest Animal in all South Africa. I have drawn him from a statue that I make up out of my own head, and I have written his name on his belt and on his shoulder and on the thing he is sitting on. I have written it in what is not called Coptic and Hieroglyphic and Cuneiformic and Bengalic and Burmic and Hebric, all because he is so wise. He is not beautiful, but he is very wise; and I should like to paint him with paint-box colors, but I am not allowed. The umbrella-ish thing about his head is his Conventional Mane.

Description of Picture on Page 31.

This is the picture of the Cat that Walked by Himself, walking by his wild lone through the Wet Wild Woods and waving his wild tail. There is nothing else in the picture except some toadstools. They had to grow there because the woods were so wet. The lumpy thing on the low branch isn't a bird. It is moss that grew there because the Wild Woods were so wet.

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the cosy Cave that the Man and the Woman went to after the Baby came. It was their summer Cave, and they planted wheat in front of it. The Man is riding on the Horse to find the Cow and bring her back to the Cave to be milked. He is holding up his hand to call the dog, who has swum across to the other side of the river, looking for rabbits.



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ÉMILE ZOLA

Born April 2, 1840; died September 29, 1902

The Girl and the Quaint Old Gentleman: A Tabard Inn Conversacioun

BY HENRY TYRRELL

THAT still and sultry August morning, they had the car practically to themselves, the Girl and the Quaint Old Gentleman. It was a Lexington Avenue car, coming downtown.

The Girl had a late edition of the evening paper — 'twas nigh eleven o'clock in the forenoon — but glanced it through hastily and laid it in her lap. She had also a gorgeously bound book, carried for protection in a black board-case with a band of red tape around it. This volume she presently removed from its box, and, idly turning the leaves, looked for pictures; whilst the Quaint Old Gentleman peered over her shoulder with frank but respectful curiosity. Finally he said, in a strange, far-away, yet courtly sounding voice:

"Tell me, I praye, yonge mayde, what boke ye rede?"

She looked up with an amused smile, having already taken note of her antique fellow passenger, and his indefinable air of the bygone. He was indeed a weird and elvish-looking person, with his little pointed gray beard curled outward, and bright twinkling eyes that glanced about with a shrewd and kindly though dazed expression.

"It's 'The New Canterbury Tales,' by Maurice Hewlett," responded the Girl. Then, encouraged by the evident interest which her words aroused, she continued: "It isn't much good. I

just took it yesterday on chance and now I'm returning it. I wanted Ouida's 'Under Two Flags,' but it was out. The books you want are always out, at the Tabard Inn."

"The Tabard Inn? Now, by Seinte Mary, *benedicite!* that name doth recalle my gentil hostelrie in Southwerk, likewise highte the Tabard—faste by the Belle."

It was now the Girl's turn to look dazed, but only for an instant. Perceiving that the unintelligible Old Gentleman was curious, and presumably ignorant, on the subject mentioned, she volunteered further information.

"The Tabard Inn is a circulating library, you know. You subscribe to it, and then you can read all the new books at five cents per. That is, you can if the ones you want happen to be in—but they never are."

"In what manere tales do you seeke?" he inquired. "Perchance you woulde like myn own—for I also have writ of Canterbury—bokes, songes, and ditties as well."

"You don't say so? May I inquire, sir, what is your name? I *thought* you looked literary."

"I'll say you, in answere, from 'The Court of Love,' replied the Quaint Old Gentleman:

" 'My name?
Philogenet I called am, far and nere,
Of Cambrige, clerke.' "

"Cambridge? Oh, yes! that's Harvard. I wore Harvard crimson at the boat race. Are you a professor there? They all write books, I believe. Maybe this one of Maurice Hewlett's is a new up-to-date edition of yours? For, you see, they don't have any use for old back numbers, in the Tabard. Here it is."

She handed him the gorgeously bound volume, and he pored over it a bit, but shook his head, looking more dazed than ever.

"No, daughter," quod he, "'tis none of myn, sith I did write but romaunts and ditties in rhyme. Poesy, *my boke* was."

"Oh, I see. You are a poet—like Ella Wheeler Wilcox, eh? Ever write anything like that?"

She picked up her newspaper, unfolded it, and pointed out to the venerable "Cambrige clerke" some lines of verse almost lost in a swamp of smudgy black and red letters several inches high, haunted with pictorial monsters of hideous mien. The poem was entitled, "What is Flirtation?"

"Nay," said the old Poet, blinking his eyes, "that kynde of art is to me unknowe. I synge of knightes and ladyes and pilgrims, also classic tales of honour, love, and chivalrye, as from Master Boccaccio——"

"I never read Boccaccio, and never wish to," interrupted the Girl, a trifle brusquely, as it seemed.

"And Gower, and Petrarch, the——"

"Peter whom?"

"Fraunces Petrarch, the worthy clerke at Padua, the laureate poete—him that ywroughte the fair soneytes for Laura, which I trowe alle maydes do rede?"

"I have read Laura Jean Libby, if that is what you mean," ventured the Girl, dubiously. "I don't believe I ever had my attention called to any of your poems, though. Where could I find them, do you suppose?"

The gallant Old Gentleman thrust

his hand in the folds of the long loose coat he wore, something like a brown linen duster, and brought forth a neat, flexible little volume, product of the modern University Press at Oxford. This he presented to the Girl, with a fine flourish of Old-World politeness. She took it joyously, opened at the first page, and began to read:

"Whan that Aprille with his schowres
swoote

The drought of Marche hath perced
to the roote

And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the
flour.....

Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrim-
ages——"

"Oh, that's just too cute for anything!" she exclaimed. "And you write that way because you can't help it?"

"Surely," responded the pleased Poet, without quite understanding what she meant.

"Well, there! I'm glad you showed me this—this *boke*, as you call it. And you say you are a Harvard professor? Well, I graduated from the Long Island City High School myself, and I was intended for a teacher, but—I don't mind telling you—I never could spell, nor see any sense in the conventional rules and regulations of grammar. Now, this phonetic spelling is just what I believe in——"

"Broadway!" shouted the conductor, and the car stopped.

"Oh, here's where I get off," said the Girl. "Perhaps you'd like to come along, and see what the Tabard Inn is like?"

The Quaint Old Gentleman nodded, clambered nimbly off the car, and followed to the library station. As he gazed about him, before entering, and up at the surrounding architectural cliffs and peaks, he appeared sadly bewildered.

At a Grand Rapids oak table sat the librarian, a blonde young person in a baby-blue shirt waist. She and the other Girl were acquainted. They fell to ejaculatory greetings, whilst the Old Gentleman, forgotten for the moment, went away back in a window alcove and seated himself, listening helplessly to their conversation.

"Here's 'Hearts Aflame'—I've been keeping it for you," said the Librarian.

"Oh, thanks! Let's see—what else has floated in? 'Soldiers of Fortune,' by Richard Harding Davis—he's married now, isn't he? 'The Eternal City,' by Hall Caine—how is that?"

"Fine," answered the Librarian.

"Why, have you read it?" asked the Girl, in awe, as she handled the formidable volume.

"Oh, no—I don't have to read such books, that everybody knows are great. Life's too short. I only read things I like.—I beg your pardon, sir. What can I do for you?"

The Librarian had just perceived the Old Gentleman, as he arose and passed near her table to scrutinize an etching that hung on the wall, representing the Canterbury Pilgrims.

"Oh, I forgot," said the Girl, introducing him. "This is Professor—— What was it you said your name was, sir?"

"Chaucer, Geoffrey Chaucer," answered the Quaint Old Character, apologetically.

"I don't recollect the name,"—the Librarian thumbed a record ledger—

"we have Howser, and Towser, and Mauser, but not yours. Guess you are not a subscriber, are you? Well, would you like to? Now is a good time to subscribe. We've just raised the membership fee, but it's going to be raised again, in December. If you come in now, you get a year's subscription to "The Scrap Book" free, for nothing—and it's worth the price. Once a member, you can get all the new books for five cents a week. Have you read 'A Speckled Bird'?"

He threw up his hands, appealingly, and murmured in those far-away accents of his:

"As for me, I konne but lytle on newe bokes for to rede. Yet of your gentilesse, I pray you telle me this: a Goddes name, why is this place yclept Tabard Inn? and wherefore yon portraiture of pilgrim folk that toward Canterbury woulde ride?"

"Why, the fact is," said the blonde Librarian in baby-blue, only vaguely comprehending the Quaint Old Gentleman's query, "all that sort of thing comes from headquarters, in Philadelphia; and you know how dead slow Philadelphia is!—about 'steen hundred years behind the times, here in New York."

This explanation seemed somehow to cheer the Old Fellow; and as he bowed himself out, with gentle, fourteenth-century elegance, he was heard muttering:

"To Philadelphia eke I'll wenden way. Yet I doute me this reincarnation of myn be ill-tymed and wronge."

The Poetry of Sappho

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IF all the poets and all the lovers of poetry should be asked to name the most precious of the priceless things which time has wrung in tribute from the triumphs of human genius, the answer which would rush to every tongue would be "The Lost Poems of Sappho." These we know to have been jewels of a radiance so imperishable that the broken gleams of them still dazzle men's eyes, whether shining from the two small brilliants and the handful of star-dust which alone remain to us, or reflected merely from the adoration of those poets of old time who were so fortunate as to witness their full glory.

For about two thousand five hundred years Sappho has held her place as not only the supreme poet of her sex, but the chief lyrist of all lyrists. Every one who reads acknowledges her fame, concedes her supremacy; but to all except poets and Hellenists her name is a vague and uncomprehended splendor, rising secure above a persistent mist of misconception. In spite of all that is in these days being written about Sappho, it is perhaps not out of place now to inquire, in a few words, into the substance of this supremacy which towers so unassailably secure from what appear to be such shadowy foundations.

First, we have the witness of her contemporaries. Sappho was at the height of her career about six centuries before Christ, at a period when lyric poetry was peculiarly esteemed and cultivated at the centres of Greek life. Among

the Æolic peoples of the Isles, in particular, it had been carried to a high pitch of perfection, and its forms had become the subject of assiduous study. Its technique was exact, complex, extremely elaborate, minutely regulated; yet the essential fires of sincerity, spontaneity, imagination, and passion were flaming with undiminished heat behind the fixed forms and restricted measures. The very metropolis of this lyric realm was Mitylene of Lesbos, where, amid the myrtle groves and temples, the sunlit silver of the fountains, the hyacinth gardens by a soft blue sea, Beauty and Love in their young warmth could fuse the most rigid forms to fluency. Here Sappho was the acknowledged queen of song—revered, studied, imitated, served, adored by a little court of attendants and disciples, loved and hymned by Alcæus, and acclaimed by her fellow-craftsmen throughout Greece as the wonder of her age. That all the tributes of her contemporaries show reverence not less for her personality than for her genius is sufficient answer to the calumnies with which the ribald jesters of that later period, the corrupt and shameless writers of Athenian comedy, strove to defile her fame. It is sufficient, also, to warrant our regarding the picturesque but scarcely dignified story of her vain pursuit of Phaon and her frenzied leap from the Cliff of Leucate as nothing more than a poetic myth, reminiscent, perhaps, of the myth of Aphrodite and Adonis—who

is, indeed, called Phaon in some versions. The story is further discredited by the fact that we find no mention of it in Greek literature—even among those Attic comedians who would have clutched at it so eagerly and given it so gross a turn—till a date more than two hundred years after Sappho's death. It is a myth which has begotten some exquisite literature, both in prose and verse, from Ovid's famous epistle to Addison's gracious fantasy and some impassioned and imperishable dithyrambs of Mr. Swinburne; but one need not accept the story as fact in order to appreciate the beauties which flowered out from its colored unreality.

The applause of contemporaries, however, is not always justified by the verdict of after-times, and does not always secure an immortality of renown. The fame of Sappho has a more stable basis. Her work was in the world's possession for not far short of a thousand years—a thousand years of changing tastes, searching criticism, and familiar use. It had to endure the wear and tear of quotation, the commonizing touch of the school and the market-place. And under this test its glory grew ever more and more conspicuous. Through those thousand years poets and critics vied with one another in proclaiming her verse the one unmatched exemplar of lyric art. Such testimony, even though not a single fragment remained to us from which to judge her poetry for ourselves, might well convince us that the supremacy acknowledged by those who knew all the triumphs of the genius of old Greece was beyond the assault of any modern rival. We might safely accept the sustained judgment of a thousand years of Greece.

Fortunately for us, however, two small but incomparable odes and a few scintillating fragments have survived, quoted and handed down in the eulogies of critics and expositors. In these the

wisest minds, the greatest poets, and the most inspired teachers of modern days have found justification for the unanimous verdict of antiquity. The tributes of Addison, Tennyson, and others, the throbbing paraphrases and ecstatic interpretations of Swinburne, are too well known to call for special comment in this brief note; but the concise summing up of her genius by Mr. Watts-Dunton in his remarkable essay on poetry is so convincing and illuminating that it seems to demand quotation here: "Never before these songs were sung, and never since, did the human soul, in the grip of a fiery passion, utter a cry like hers; and, from the executive point of view, in directness, in lucidity, in that high, imperious verbal economy which only nature can teach the artist, she has no equal, and none worthy to take the place of second."

The poems of Sappho so mysteriously lost to us seem to have consisted of at least nine books of odes, together with *epithalamia*, epigrams, elegies, and monodies. Of the several theories which have been advanced to account for their disappearance, the most plausible seems to be that which represents them as having been burned at Byzantium in the year 380 anno Domini, by command of Gregory Nazianzen, in order that his own poems might be studied in their stead and the morals of the people thereby improved. Of the efficacy of this act no means of judging has come down to us.

In recent years there has arisen a great body of literature upon the subject of Sappho, most of it the abstruse work of scholars writing for scholars. But the gist of it all, together with the minutest surviving fragment of her verse, has been made available to the general reader in English by Mr. Henry T. Wharton, in whose altogether admirable little volume we find all that is known and the most apposite of all

that has been said up to the present day
about

“Love’s priestess, mad with pain and
joy of song,
Song’s priestess, mad with joy and
pain of love.”

Perhaps the most perilous and the
most alluring venture in the whole field
of poetry is that which Mr. Carman
has undertaken in attempting to give
us in English verse those lost poems of
Sappho of which fragments have sur-
vived. The task is obviously not one
of translation or of paraphrasing, but

of imaginative and, at the same time,
interpretive construction. It is as if a
sculptor of to-day were to set himself,
with reverence, and trained craftsman-
ship, and studious familiarity with the
spirit, technique, and atmosphere of his
subject, to restore some statues of Poly-
clitus or Praxiteles of which he had
but a broken arm, a foot, a knee, a
finger upon which to build. Mr. Car-
man’s method, apparently, has been to
imagine each lost lyric as discovered,
and then to translate it; for the inde-
finable flavor of the translation is main-
tained throughout, though accompa-
nied by the fluidity and freedom of
purely original work.

To a Lady of Titles

BY ELIZABETH GANNON

’T WAS Margaret of Crotona, from A Journey just returned,
In search of Souls Belated (to such her spirit yearned).
Straightway to The Confessional she went to tell One Grief,
And, entering, met The Duchess at Prayer, who held belief
That days of Crucial Instances should ever thus be spent.
But when The Twilight of the God a sombre aspect lent,
Both left the church and passed along The Line of Least Resistance.
The Duchess was A Coward—Margaret humored her persistence.
They passed The Angel at the Grave, on guard, and nothing daunted,
Though, since The Muse’s Tragedy, they say the place is haunted.
The Duchess said, “O, Margaret, has aught repaid thy zeal?”
“The Recovery of The Rembrandt; but The Portrait is not real.”
“A Copy!” cried the Duchess, sad, and utterly dismayed;
For now she knew the time had come, The Reckoning must be paid.
All silently they wandered through The Valley of Decision
Thinking to find The Touchstone, when, behold! they saw a vision:
The moon rose o’er the Quicksand and solved the situation
For The Moving Finger pointed toward The Greater Inclination.

Sappho : Lyrics

BY BLISS CARMAN

With Excerpts from a Literal Rendering by H. T. Wharton

I

*Delicate Adonis is dying, Cytherea; what shall we do?
Beat your breasts, maidens, and rend your tunics.*

WHAT shall we do, Aphrodite?
Lovely Adonis is dying.
Ah, but we mourn him!

Will he return when the Autumn
Purples the earth, and the sunlight
Sleeps in the vineyard?

Will he return when the Winter
Huddles the sheep, and Orion
Goes to his hunting?

Ah, for thy beauty, Adonis,
With the soft springs and the South wind,
Love and desire!

II

“WHO was Atthis?” men shall ask,
When the world is old, and time
Has accomplished without haste
The strange destiny of men.

Haply in that far-off age
One shall find these silver songs
With their human freight, and guess
What a lover Sappho was.

III

I loved thee once, Atthis, long ago.

I LOVED thee, Atthis, in the long ago,
 When the great oleanders were in flower
 In the broad herded meadows full of sun.
 And we would often at the fall of dusk
 Wander together by the silver stream,
 When the soft grass-heads were all wet with dew
 And purple misted in the fading light.
 And joy I knew and sorrow at thy voice,
 And the superb magnificence of love,—
 The loneliness that saddens solitude,
 And the sweet speech that makes it durable,—
 The bitter longing and the keen desire,
 The sweet companionship through quiet days
 In the slow ample beauty of the world,
 And the unutterable glad release
 Within the temple of the holy night.
 O Atthis, how I loved thee long ago
 In that fair perished summer by the sea.

IV

*The moon has set, and the Pleiades; it is midnight, the
 time is going by, and I sleep alone.*

O NCE you lay upon my bosom,
 While the long blue-silver moonlight
 Walked the plain, with that pure passion
 All your own.

Now the moon is gone, the Pleiades
 Gone, the dead of night is going,
 Slips the hour, and on my bed
 I lie alone.

V

S OFTLY the first step of twilight
 Falls on the darkening dial,
 One by one kindle the lights
 In Mitylene.

Noises are hushed in the courtyard,
The busy day is departing,
Children are called from their games,—
Herds from their grazing.

And from the deep-shadowed angles
Comes the soft murmur of lovers,
Then through the quiet of dusk
Bright, sudden laughter.

From the hushed street, through the portal
Where soon my lover will enter,
Comes the pure strain of a flute
Tender with passion.

VI

Sleep thou in the bosom of thy tender girl-friend.

SLEEP thou in the bosom
Of the tender comrade,
While the living water
Whispers in the well-run,
And the oleanders
Glimmer in the moonlight.

Soon, ah, soon the shy birds
Will be at their fluting,
And the morning planet
Rise above the garden;
For there is a measure
Set to all things mortal.

VII

*And round about the breeze murmurs cool through apple boughs,
and slumber streams from quivering leaves.*

I N the apple boughs the coolness
Murmurs, and the gray leaves flicker
Where sleep wanders.

In this garden all the hot noon
I await thy fluttering footfall
Through the twilight.

VIII

And golden pulse grew on the shores.

I 'T was summer when I found you
In the meadow long ago,
And the golden vetch was growing
By the shore.

Did we falter when love took us
With a gust of great desire?
Does the barley bid the wind wait
In his course?

IX

Men, I think, will remember us even hereafter.

WILL not men remember us
In the days to come hereafter,—
Thy warm-colored loving beauty
And my love for thee?

Thou, the hyacinth that grows
By a quiet-running river;
I, the watery reflection
And the broken gleam.

X

AND thou seaborne Aphrodite,
In whose beneficent keeping
Earth with her infinite beauty,
Color and fashion and fragrance,
Glows like a flower with fervor
Where woods are vernal.

Touch with thy lips and enkindle
Thy moon-white delicate body,
Drench with the dew of enchantment
This mortal one, that I also
Grow to the measure of beauty
Fleet yet eternal.

The Attitude of the Jews Towards Jewish Fiction

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

WHAT is the attitude of the Jews towards Jewish fiction, towards those of their brethren who with their pens, mightier than iron bolts, have broken down the walls of the Ghetto and enabled the world to see its inhabitants very much as they are? What is thought of these little gods called artists, who have selected the chosen people as material for literary creations? There are a number of attitudes, as must be expected, among a people representative of so many contrasting stages of circumstance, intelligence, intellect, culture, and position; a people so ancient and so modern, so backward and so advanced, so pious and so radical, so primitive and so progressive as the Jews are; a people so cosmopolitan and so scattered all over the world. There are a number of attitudes, and each one represents a certain state of thought and feeling, or an uncertain stage of evolution. But there are predominating elements whose opinions can be learned, at least in so far as they exist. I say in so far as they exist, for taking the classes that most concern us, the orthodox and pious circumscribed denizens of the Ghetto, who live in the past, large numbers of them know nothing, or next to nothing, of their advent into modern literature. Of the men and the women whose portraits adorn the pages of monumental works

of Jewish fiction, many do not know of the existence of these works. This explains what these people think of the writers. Moses Ansell has never heard of Israel Zangwill.

But yesterday the art of fiction, as most of the other arts, was unknown in the Ghetto. Individual Jews contributed to all the arts of the world, but for the people at large the world of art did not exist. The Law, religious lore, and sacred poetry held full sway. Beyond these there were no heights to scale, no depths to fathom. When, during the early part of the last century, revolutionary spirits of the Ghetto in Russia, moved by the sufferings of their people and touched by the aspirations of the age, dipped their goose-quills to write on subjects secular, and even to compose stories, their brethren looked askance at their work and regarded their efforts with dark suspicion. The book of æsthetics was as a closed book and its ideals had no adherents there. The youths who began to read these worldly, godless books read them secretly, behind a volume of the "Talmud." But even the Ghetto could not resist the progress of the world. Influences of advancing civilization penetrated the obscurest corners of the Old World Jewries. In spite of all opposition, a Hebrew and later a Yiddish literature flourished and flowered. The

elder and conservative elements lived not only to see their quaint lives, their peculiar earthly and heavenly pursuits treated in a worldly manner in these literatures, but they survived to behold themselves depicted in the secular letters of the world, both by Gentile pens and by "impious and lax" members of their own race.

Whether they approved of it or not, large numbers gradually came, and are still coming, to know that they have been brought to the notice of the "Umase Hoalom," the nations of the world, through the medium of secular studies and artistic stories. The educational influence of the children upon their parents, particularly among the Jews who emigrated to England and America, is overwhelming. The young generation reads and studies all that is new, keeps abreast of things modern, and the elder people, if only because of their interest in the welfare of their offspring, soon come to the knowledge of things they have not dreamed of before. Strangely divided are these countless lives of the Ghetto, drawn to the past by the strings of tradition, by the ties of association, and beckoned by the future to its dazzling possibilities and fair promises for their posterity.

Gradually those who knew nothing of this existence of theirs in books are coming to the knowledge of it, the more so in the countries where they are in close contact with the new forces of the "days modern" and here we come to their attitude towards Jewish fiction.

There is a memory of childhood in a little town of Russia which has just come into my mind. It is the great and awesome fast of the Day of Atonement. The people are assembled in the big synagogue, where they have been praying all day. The men are in their full-flowing white death-robcs, praying-shawls, and stockings. The

women, too, up in their gallery, are robed in white. The day is closing, the fearful day of judgment, when even "the fish tremble in the water"; the candles burn dimly and cast fitful reflections upon pallid and feverish faces of humble and imploring sons of the covenant, swinging to and fro, beating their breasts, wailing and weeping and staining their prayer-books with their tears, the fast-faint voices of the cantor and his choir, leading the storm upon the gates of Heaven. A wonderful air of sanctity hovers over all, and the lowliest of these children of the earth have become transfigured; their eyes are informed of a strange brilliancy. Verily, they are near the gates. Then, the Inspravenik, or chief of police of the town, and a troop of other officials and friends, curiosity-led, enter the synagogue "to see how the Jews worship" on this day. They are shown to a place on the reading-platform in the centre of the hall, and there they stand and stare, talk in whispers between themselves, and smile. And somehow the spirit of the scene changes; the presence of these "goim," these unbelievers, creates an irritating self-consciousness; a spirit of unease creeps over all, and the fervid ebullitions of religious emotion are interrupted. The prayers no longer flow as freely as before, and there is something rasping in the erstwhile sweet voice of the "chazen." Consciously or unconsciously the rude intrusion is jealously resented. Because they came the strangers do not behold what they came to see. 'Tis not the same service, and the atmosphere is altered. And I remember one little boy, standing beside his father, who felt so peculiarly uncomfortable at the stare of the on-lookers that he hid his head behind his parent's "talith."

A disposition akin to this is felt by the orthodox and zealous Jews towards pictures of their life placed on public

exhibition. This is in a large measure the attitude of the ancient people—who live and think much in the ancient way—towards the works of fiction that have more recently been weaved around their picturesque existence. The marked sensitiveness of the Jew makes him shrink from exposure of his exclusive, isolated, and self-centred life. This high-strung sensitiveness is easily offended. Intrusions are insulting. The distinct people desires to remain distinct, and above all in its spiritual pursuits it wishes to be left alone. The same aloofness has for centuries kept it from fusing with other peoples, when fusion would have meant exemption from the direst persecutions. Into the holy of holies of his private and religious life, the eye of the stranger is not welcome. Judaism was ever sufficient unto itself and never sought any converts, or conquests. It has never wished to go on parade. In all his secular interests and mundane activities, in all appertaining to his contributions to the world's work and progress, the Jew was ready and willing to have intercourse with the rest of the world; but in his synagogue and his home he wished to be left alone. And now when the novelist follows him to these holy places he turns around facing him sternly and asks: "Whither, sir?" The cosmopolitanism of the Jew has been much commented upon, but his other and earlier extreme is his clan-nishness, or, to call it by a more pleasing name, exclusiveness. Whatever the Jew was subjected to outwardly, he was perfectly safe when he retired into his inner self, a world of dreams and ideals of his own, wherein no one ever molested him. The modern, realistic, critical novelist comes somewhat in the nature of a disturbing agitator, and it cannot be said that he is very welcome.

The pronounced conceit, or the sublime egoism, of the Jew is perhaps

responsible for his wonderful survival. Outside of that feeling and state of mind, which is part of the patriotism of every people, there is in the majestic self-justification of the Jew a something that has awed and overwhelmed his enemies. And the people chosen by God would not be worthy of the honor if it had not implanted in them an unyielding pride and undying self-exaltation. The pride that these children take in their past, their traditions, their religion, and their glorious career throughout history, still more fortifies their isolation and makes them averse to criticism and the scrutiny of the outsiders. The Jewish holy adoration of the chosen people is partly responsible for their strange survival, and their strange survival adds not a little to the aforesaid sublime egoism. To this pronounced ego Bernard Lazare traces Jewish distinction in music and lyric poetry and it may be extended to other literary arts. And the very quality that helps the Jewish artist towards the successful delineation of character is that which causes the resentment on part of his brethren. The cold-blooded analysis, the matter-of-fact weighing and measuring, the detached reviewing and calm criticism of the story-writer cannot fail to be displeasing to a people of superlative self-appreciation. It is human conceit in any case that makes the difference of opinion and utter misunderstanding between the novelist and those whom he novelizes, and here the case is accentuated by far-away conditions of strong faith, sombre martyrdoms, surpassing religious consciousness, a feeling of sublime suffering, and superiority.

The sufferings that the Israelites have endured, the persecutions they have been subjected to, and the outrages that have been committed against them through the centuries must be taken into this account. So utterly misunderstood, so misrepresented, and

slandered have they been that their exclusiveness and fear of the world have been intensified to the point of wishing to escape intercourse and means of communication with other peoples. Faith in humanity has been weakened, sympathy with other races has not been allowed to flourish, and trustfulness has met with treason. The enemies would only jeer at wounds they themselves have inflicted, would only laugh at deformities caused by conditions they have created. The Jew does not feel as if he can be confidential with the world. He does not believe that the whole of his story should be told. It will not be understood. The dark spots will be magnified to wildest extravagance. He has been falsely accused of so many misdemeanors, slanderously charged with so many crimes, that he is ever on the defensive. The hydra-headed monster of anti-Semitism after all the onslaughts upon it of modern humanity still has a few heads left. Justice to the Jew has been suggested—yes, it has been suggested. His contributions to the arts, the sciences, and civilization generally are taken as a matter of course, but that there should be phases of lowly life in his story, is so much material for vilifying caricature and damning denunciation.

In literature generally the Jew has been so maltreated that he does not believe much good can come from it, and therefore looks askance at the new writers. All that he never was and never could be has been minutely described and depicted for many generations. In fact, the popular conception of the Jew has been fashioned after certain caricature creations in fiction, after what has been termed "the Shakespeare-Marlowe-Dickens-Du Maurier" type of the Jew. Of the harm done by such and similar creations and the resentment and bitterness felt over them by the ancient people,

I do not intend to speak here. At best the Jew has been treated as an angelic nonentity. Insult added to injury.

I have recently talked with many Hebrews of the old school concerning this question, and those who knew of the modern literary works about Jewish life took the same disapproving and disparaging attitude that I had always encountered. The man who is known as the leading match-maker of the Boston Ghetto, spoke harshly of Mr. Zangwill and his work. He did not see how it could be justified. "Yes," said he, "in the 'Dreamers' Mr. Zangwill has presented lofty and great personalities, that have arisen in the Ghetto; but were not most of them agnostics and infidels, deserters and discards of the Law?" And the old man quoted a sage in Israel, who said that his people should be castigated and scolded and criticised, but not in the eyes of the outsiders, not in the presence of strangers. And I remembered that all the critical studies, most realistic stories, searing satires, and scathing sermons, that are written in Hebrew and Yiddish, are read by my people with all the enjoyment of literature. The more trenchant the writer's pen the more he is admired. But when this is done in English, that the outsider may read, it is different.

In proportion to their admiration of true art and understanding of its purpose members of the young generation read and relish the work of Zangwill, Cahan, Gordon, Herman Bernstein, and others; but there is still the patriotic feeling, the supersensitiveness and delicacy of the racial instinct, the timorous and uncertain attitude towards the world; and when a seamy phase of life is pictured and the picture is gloomy, they are offended and outraged, and whoever the writer may be, he suffers not a little in their estimation. When recently Zangwill's superb short story, "A Model of Sorrows," appeared in

the "Cosmopolitan," some young men I know showed me their linguistic powers by cursing the author of it in a number of languages. The average non-jewish reader, they argued, will take the depraved and degraded character of Quariat as a type of the Jew, and will not, as does the artist in the story, who has been duped by him, recognize the causes of his being as he is and treat him with such charity. "The tragedy of the Jew is that he is unworthy of his tragedy." How could they countenance that? Indignant protests are heard every little while, and even his entrance into the Zionist movement will not bring to Mr. Zangwill the good will of his orthodox and old-fashioned brethren. The young generation is, of course, divided between the conservative, the liberal, and the radical, and opinions differ accordingly. Among the liberals and radicals there is, as a rule, the best appreciation of art and its object, regardless of racial prejudices and instincts, and among these can be found great numbers who idolize Mr. Zangwill and hold him in even greater esteem than he is held in literary and artistic circles generally. I should say that his stanchest admirers are to be found among the intelligent Russian Jews, old and young, in this country as well as in England. But for his humorous and overdrawn treatment of the Jewish labor agitators in the "Children of the Ghetto," the leaders of the radical movement have an egregious grudge against him.

The publication of the "Children of the Ghetto" evoked much opposition, and most of it came from the German, or reformed, or rich Jews—for there is usually a marriage between these three conditions. It was so in the case of other productions of a like nature. Pictures of the poverty and misery, the squalor and the sordidness of the Ghetto, and such graphic and glowing pictures as Zangwill has painted, are very offen-

sive to the aristocratic, the fashionable and wealthy members of the tribes that have not been lost. They do not want the world to know of these circumstances and they fear that they may be confounded with and likened to these lowly Jews. It is like an effort to conceal the black sheep of the family. They are ashamed of their poor relations. And for those crawling creatures, anxious and ambitious to shine in unfriendly Christian society, exhibitions of Whitechapel, or East Side life are a distinct advantage. In their anger they forget, or ignore that the Ghetto is "a world which hides beneath its stony and unlovely surface an inner world of dreams, fantastic and poetic as the mirage of the Orient where they were woven, of superstitions grotesque as the cathedral gargoyles of the Dark Ages in which they had birth," and that "over all lie tenderly some streaks of celestial light shining from the face of the great Lawgiver." The severest and most scathing critic of the dramatized production of the "Children of the Ghetto," was Alan Dale (Adolph J. Cohen), an aristocratic German Jew, or what Abe Cahan sarcastically calls a "Yehudy," as distinguished from the "Yid" of the Ghetto.

In his collected lectures on "The Jew in English Fiction," Dr. Philipson complements this view of the reformed Jews by insisting that only religiously does the Jew differ from other people; that he has no special characteristic traits and tendencies, which may distinguish him from all the rest of humanity, and that novelists should treat him merely as a Jew in his separate faith. Concerning these "remarkable observations," the "Jewish World" says: "Were it true that the Jew possessed no natural traits, then Zangwill and all those who follow in his train would be writing of imaginary things; but we believe that the author does not want to be taken seriously on that point,

though the bias of anti-Zionism makes him regard 'Daniel Deronda' as impossible and results in but incomplete consideration of Disraeli's contribution to Jewish fiction."

When Mr. Abraham Cahan's "Yekl," a realistic and powerful tale of the New York Ghetto, appeared he was almost universally assailed by the press and the rabbinate of reformed Judaism. He was ostracized, bitterly attacked, and called all sorts of vile names. The "dangerous labor agitator," having written his book, became a terrible monster in their eyes, the more so because he defiantly promised to write some more stories like "Yekl." He had his principles of life and art and meant to live up to them. I know of rabbis who wrote to magazine editors protesting against certain short stories of Mr. Cahan. These stories are splendid reproductions of the life that Mr. Cahan knows so well. When during his visit here a dinner was tendered to Mr. Zangwill by a New York leading Jewish society, some of the worthy members, or members who are conspicuous worthies, objected to inviting Cahan as a guest; but Mr. Zangwill insisted, and so the author of "The Imported Bridegroom" came and made a bold and happy speech.

"A dinner in honor of Mr. Zangwill, given by a Jewish society!" the reader will say after having perused all that was said above. Yes, a dinner, and many dinners were tendered to him at different times, and various tokens of admiration were shown him on numerous occasions by all classes of his people; but not all these expressions of esteem because he is the great interpreter of his race, not because better than any one else he has presented Jewish life as it really is and illumined its picturesque comedies and tragedies with the light of all-embracing sympathy, not because he has penetrated the

very depth of Israel's soul and with all the faith and fervor of an inspired poet has pictured its inner dreams and outward realities, not because he has with the pen of a consummate artist painted the real failures and triumphs of his brethren, has lifted the curtain of doubt, prejudice, and superstition from over the chosen and despised people, "at once the meanest and greatest of races," and has shown all its sordidness and sublimity. Not all of these testimonials, in fact very few of them, were given him for his real qualities and deserts; but, as it seems to me, rather because he has universally been recognized as a man of great talent, of genius, has been accorded a high place in the world of letters, and as such, is another proof of the superiority of the race. He is a great credit to the nation, and so are the other noted Jewish writers. Is it strange? Is it strange that every Hebrew, who has not read his works, boasts of Spinoza? Well, is not every illiterate ignoramus of every nation convinced that Shakespeare was the greatest poet that ever lived? The very lips that bless the Jewish writers curse them. And those whom they had grievously outraged are highly proud of them. In the London Ghetto, said Zangwill, the admiration is sometimes unsavory. The bitter resentment is strangely coupled with strong admiration. And even as the wealthy and high-stationed German Jews object to the descriptions of their Russian, Polish, Roumanian, and Galician brethren; so would these denizens of the Ghetto resent presentations of cultured, corrupt, lax, loud, purse-proud, and powerful Germans as typical Jews, were they pictured as such.

Speaking before the Hebrew Institute of this city, while on a visit here, Mr. Zangwill told the following incident, which throws a side light on how queerly he is regarded in certain

characteristic Jewish quarters. He said: "I cannot help comparing your Educational Alliance with the People's Palace in London. That was the realization of the dream of Besant. The thought of Besant brings comfort to me. I was once lolling on the sands at Ramsgate, when I overheard two Jews discussing my works. They agreed that I was not clever in being able to write about Jews because I was one."

" 'Now there's Besant,' they said, 'he writes about Jews and knows nothing about them. He is clever.' "

To turn to other utterances of Zangwill on the subject, in the "Children of the Ghetto," after Pinchas tells Reb Shemuel a number of sly and salient Jewish stories, the author remarks, "Jews are very fond of telling stories against themselves—for their sense of humor is too strong not to be aware of their own foibles—but they tell them with closed doors, and resent them from the outside. They chastise themselves because they love themselves, as members of the same family insult one another. The secret is that insiders understand the limitations of the criticism, which outsiders are apt to take in bulk."

"The Jewish public doesn't like the looking-glass," says Esther Anshell to Raphael Leon, when he asks her to write a story for his paper, and indeed in portions of the book dealing with the novel "Mordecai Josephs," written in secret by the idyllic Miss Anshell, under the pseudonym of Edward Armitage, Zangwill seems to have anticipated and, in a measure, summed up the situation between the Jewish novelist and his people, or, at least, some of them. Particularly has he given his "gentle hint" to the Jewish aristocracy, whom he has since so often denounced for their "ostrich policy" of trying to conceal "the other side" and to appear what they are not. Did he not, when he wrote the "Children," re-

member that he was discharged as teacher of a Hebrew school "for making fun of his people," because he wrote a little thing true to the life he had lived and known?

The real admirers and lovers of Israel Zangwill are those who appreciate the purpose and know the greatness of art, who believe with him, as he says in a note added to the Jewish-American edition of that wonderful work "Dreamers of the Ghetto," who believe with him that "The artist, as artist is of all parties and none; he is touched by the beauty, the pathos, the tragedy, the wonder of all creation. He must stand alone; for him union is weakness." And those who recognize "that because he is of no sect, his vision may be of help to all sects, his search for truth from his lonely watch-tower may haply reveal what both partisan and antagonist may miss." And happily those who believe and recognize these truths are to be found more and more in all classes and sects, and in the course of time all true artists will come to their own—perhaps even among their own people.

That I have not throughout this article spoken of the romantic, one-sided, eulogistic, and over-colored stories of Jewish life by Sacher-Masoch, Franzos, Kompert, Aguilar, Disraeli, Auerbach, Krasewsky, Orzeszko, Chechoff, Harland, George Eliot, and many others, who, whether they belong to the race or not, knew too little and felt too much, were too deeply infatuated with their picturesque and quaint material, to paint life as it is—that I have not spoken of them was not due to oversight. The question was of Jewish novelists of the new school, who went straight to the heart of things, and, despite certain straining for effect and a strange love for pointing to the unique, as is the case with Mr. Zangwill, have entered every avenue of Jewish thought and feeling and have presented reality as it is, the best of it and the worst. In

so far as they know of them the Jews are flattered and pleased by these romantic writers—flattered because they praise, and pleased because they keep at a respectable distance from facts—but they were here out of discussion.

“The tragedy of the Jew is that he is unworthy of his tragedy.” Such a sentiment, uttered no matter of which people, what patriots, or nationalists, would not be outraged by it? And some of the things here said and quoted will probably be called anti-Semitic. They are not anti-anything—excepting that they are anti-everything that is narrow, petty, and small. The tragedy of the whole human race is that it is unworthy of its tragedy. Resentment of the truth only proves the truth and the sadness of it. The trouble with humanity is that it is made up of human beings. We all live under the same roof of sky and do not know each other. Each one sees according to his light, and this is probably why we all walk in darkness. The whole world is a Ghetto, as degraded as it is divine. It is made up of different compartments, and its walls are built

of ignorance and prejudice, hatred and fear, and yet the builders are moved also by goodness and faith and love. No one is his brother’s keeper; each one keeps away from his brother—particularly when he is weak and in want. No man knows how his neighbor lives, and each always wants to kill the other. And there is always misunderstanding. Always ’tis the Ghetto walls in the way. But makers of books are the destroyers of all evil. The world is growing better, even because humanity is made up of human beings. Let us move on. The walls are falling. Israel will come to its own. So will the other peoples, who have erred and sinned against Israel and themselves. Meanwhile, brothers, tell the truth and shame those who are ashamed of it. The truth is not always beautiful, but it is always beautiful to tell it. Each people is the grandest and meanest on earth, and all of them can gain in truth what they have lost in falsehood. Art has no higher aim than truth. Beauty is but a manifestation of it. Life must have it to save itself from death.

Waking the Red King

THE difference between materialist and idealist, in its ultimate analysis, is a difference in egoism. We all admit that when we stub our toe against a stone we have sensations of a stone and a toe; the quarrel of the philosophers is whether we dream the stone and the toe, or the stone and the toe really bruise our soul.

“So I wasn’t dreaming, after all,” Alice said to herself, after the battle of the Lion and the Unicorn, “unless—unless we’re all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it’s *my* dream, and not the Red King’s. I don’t like belonging to another person’s dream,” she went on in a rather complaining tone: “I’ve a great mind to go and wake him up and see what happens.”

Herein is the kernel of the great question. If life is our dream and not somebody else’s, why, we can worry along till waking time. If we fear it may be the Red King’s, then let us rather believe that things are real. The idealists are the great egoists: they believe the dream is theirs, and contentment goeth therewith. Of the rest, some would rather trust to the stone and the toe; and some, alas! despairing, or daring all, go and wake the Red King.

KENNETH BROWN.

The Unknown Love

BY R. V. RISLEY

ONE wonders about the love of Dante and Beatrice. This is the truth of the matter.

It was a day in April that he first saw her. Heavy sulphur-colored flowers with deep hearts the color of dully-burnished copper, hung in festoons from the broad top of the wall that divided the garden of Dante from that of the father of Beatrice. Slim Lombardy poplars stood in grass-green spires against the ultramarine of the sky-line. The sun had sunk; but a haze of light held the dusk hushed and palpitating as the great heat of the day declined. Across the growing shadow a bat veered, flitting erratically like a gray leaf, blown in the wind.

Dante had dreamed, that day. All the long afternoon he had sat by the little stone table under the arbor, a roll of manuscripts before him, his long quill sagging from the ivory ink-well, a straw-laced jug at his side. The dark loaf had been pushed, with the slice of cheese on its fresh green leaf, from the table to the cindered-path at his feet—perhaps in some moment of exasperation when his reverie had been sordidly riven by the level voice of his wife, or the strident wail of one of his children.

The woman—(she was a calm woman, full-breasted, placid, and proficient in consolation)—had been kneeling over the great rain-tub by the rear door all the afternoon, scrubbing the linen things of her family upon a board,

cross-grooved with smoothly gouged concavities. Hushed by her raised hand, the swarthy children had retreated in awe from their father, to huddle in momentary fearfulness in their mother's skirts.

Now the day was done and Dante sat dreaming in the enchanted stillness of the twilight.

His gaunt shoulders were hunched as he sat leaning on his elbows, his lean chin upon his doubled fists. His gray robe was belted about him with a thong of hide, tied in a careless knot; the moth-colored hood, pulled over his rough hair, shaded his face turned from the refracted radiance of the sun.

He rose and walked, his thin hands clasped behind him, to the flower-draped wall.

Leaning his arms upon it, he stood dreaming.

The light grew less; the shadows merged into shade; it was almost dark.

Then, walking very slowly, she came—Beatrice. From the door of her father's house, between the hedges of his garden, pure as a spirit, yet sensuous as a flower-nymph in the semi-obscurity, she came walking with unheard footsteps, tentatively, as one instinctively discreet but lost in an age-long, plaintive, and winsome wonder.

Her dress whispered silkily upon the grassy path behind her, and, in the yet faint starlight, her slim, strong shoulders were like carven gold—until the

moon rose over the black roofs to make her shadowed silver.

She walked a little while, and went through the bower of sleeping roses into her father's house.

For many days Dante followed her as she went to the mass or to confession. He would stand in the angle of some gray pillar, watching, unseen, his peaked hood hiding his face in darkness, the yellow glow from the altar candles wavering upon his gray-draped shoulders.

In the awful diapason of the organ—in those vast whispers that died in echoes of sighs among the rafters under the roof—perhaps some inspired prophecy came to him of that desolate greatness with which destiny would endow him—a sad immortality instead of a transient content.

He resolved to speak to her.

After you turned to the right, when you had left his house, you came, at the end of the descending street, to a bridge, with parapets. On either side there is a niche arched in stuccoed marble—on the left a figure of Christ upon the cross, on the right an antique slab carved with a form representing Bacchus squeezing from the grapes of memory the wine of forgetfulness.

Dante hesitated between these two—then crossed with a laugh to the niche of Bacchus—then (remembering Beatrice) sighed—and crossed to the niche of Christ.

She came demurely; behind her a serving-woman carried on a cushion of yellow velvet her purse and book of prayers.

He stood under the image of torture, stern as his dreams, sombre, prideful, infinitely piteous, besieging her mutely with eyes of passionate desolation.

Leaning forward, one of his hands unconsciously grasped the feet of the carven Christ that hung above his head. She did not see.

Smiling dreamily in a girl's revery,

she glanced at the statue of Bacchus on the other side, and passed on.

The wife of Dante was a laborious woman, one most eminently unrequiring; she accepted and spent carefully what he gained by his polished, passionate, and desultory verse. His inherited income was, in conjunction with her hoarded dowry, barely enough to allow them to live fairly in the old house they inhabited, and to pay the scanty wage of the rough-haired girl who stewed and roasted their coarse dinners in the stone-paved kitchen.

The very lack of reason of complaint sometimes exasperated him. He was a sad man, one tormented with moods, sombre, grim, dark-minded, brooding, sinisterly taciturn.

This new love, destined to be the love of his life, this new love which he felt, yet barely realized, stirred in his soul those deeps of which shallower natures have no comprehension—depths whose terrifying profundity astounded and awed him.

Iratly rebellious, his lonely and passionate heart, weary with unfillable dreams, clove to this divine manifestation of his unconsciously conceived ideal with a silent and terrible tensivity. His nature was that of a man predestinedly starved of joy—a soul created hungry for the impossible.

In certain hours, sitting aloof at the ancient, carven-stone table under the peach tree in his garden—the tree whose slender boughs dropped, silently, half rose, half flesh-colored petals upon the cracked old slab and on his paper. Sometimes in these hours he would catch the hint of some great ecstasy. It would seem to him that he rode for a time upon the ethereal altitude of some splendid and transient dream. His soul careered triumphantly above the tumbled summits of the clouds.

Then from the stone-floored kitchen would come the placid and contented

voice of his wife, singing some common and sentimental song of the people.

He was walking in his garden the next morning, pacing slowly, his hands clasped behind him, waiting in darkness for the sunrise. He could bear the bed no longer, and so he had risen, slipped his feet into their pointed, heelless slippers of yellow hide, having first pulled on his drab hose—shrugged his hooded cape about him, and gone forth into the peace of the dark and the silence, away from the house that imprisoned him.

Along the East, over the shadowy bulks of the city's huddled roofs, there came a thread of tawny gold—it grew, till, gradually, a ribbon of crimsoning sulphur stretched along the horizon and broadened to a blazing rift that burned the shadows with a wakening radiance till, from behind the spires of the cathedral, black against the dawn, the sun rose, lurid and burnished as a copper disk.

The morning-glories, the most sad and delicate of all flowers, opened their bluish-pink mouths to the day, and from the compact leafage of the Lombardy poplars with their dead tops came the still drowsy yet joyous twitter of half-waked, fluttering birds.

Dante knew her custom of walking in her father's garden in the dawn. He picked a morning-glory and, leaning on the wall, threw it on her path.

At last she came—carefully holding her gray skirts from the bending borders of dew-laden grass.

She saw the flower, took it, and, with a coquettish gesture—(for to beauty coquetry is too natural to need spectators)—tucked it in her hair, pushing aside the unruly waves of shimmering brown with a gesture half careful yet half petulant.

Then softly, very gently, that she might not wake her father or others who yet were sleeping, she raised her

young voice and sang, low, as if to herself, in the dawn.

Have you ever noticed that, through all of the work of Dante done after this period, there runs a sort of refrain—an incessant, hymn-like, plaintive singing that recurs time after time with an appealing and tragical insistence? Even in his most alien verse we find it—(for poetry must be listened to by the heart)—and in those portions of his work most sinister, bleak, and desolate.

It is the memory of the soft and forgotten hymn she sang that morning in the dawn.

A young man, bareheaded, his hastily laced doublet of red and yellow showing his strong, full throat, leaped from the flower-bowered wall that bounded the other side of the place.

The hymn that haunts Dante's verse was a signal to another man.

Beatrice and the gay Antonio (the latter being scolded gently for his dilatoriness) walked slowly along the shady paths.

Their love-making was as simple as the love-making of two children. He put his strong young arm around her lithe waist, and she rested her hand on his opposite shoulder. A great curling hat shaded her face; her bodice of moth-gray was slashed with puffs of milky white; against his debonair red and yellow, she looked the half-unworldly being that Dante's memory made her.

Suddenly, awakening from the daze of his hopelessness, Dante was conscious of his cheap, yellow hide buskins, of the ash-colored cloak, which surrounded his body like a pall, of the long, unkempt strands of his hair, which hung from under his hooded cape—hair already gray.

Where he had picked so carefully the flower an hour before, he crushed the struggling vines in his gaunt hand, tearing the blossoms savagely from their stems.

If he could force, by some occult power, some of their dawn-life into himself! He noticed that they were already closing.

Now the sun was high, and through a veil of wavering mist, it shone palely like a pallid fire. From the streets came the sleepy cries of vendors of vegetables and of hot bread-loaves from the baking-shop—the shrill call of the onion-sellers, toned by the staccato, but more contralto, chorus of the flower-girls ridden in on their braying donkeys, before light, from the country. Over all clacked the hollow and woody clatter of clumsy clogs upon the cobblestoned street, where the thrifty neighbors were industriously dashing away the refuse of last night's dinner with pails of filthy water dipped from the trickling gutters that wore the sagged stones of the corners.

He watched her give to Antonio the flower from her hair; he watched, after the youth had again vaulted the wall, her pensive passage to her own door. Then his wife's gentle, common voice broke on his ear calling him to join his family at the breakfast she had dutifully prepared.

As he sat silent over his platter of boiled onions, fried black-bread, and watercress, with the babbling voices of his children about him, while that infinitely patient woman who was his wife, with skilful unobtrusiveness induced him to eat—as he sat thus, like a child tended while unseeing, gradually the realization of the awful and deadening sordidness of his life—that feeling which had, unconsciously, been growing in him during these days—came hideously, overmasteringly; sickening him of his food, disgusting him with every creature or thing, animate or inanimate, about him. His very soul turned, nauseated at the prophecy of the future.

He rose and went out under the sagging doorway, down the alley, into

the streets. His wife looked after him admiringly.

When he had reached the corner of the street where it turned into the main way, he stopped. His tormented conscience reproached him, for he suffered a certain, terrible, and insistent sense of pity under the austerity of his implacability.

He was bitterly sorry for the woman he had married—infinately tender over her heart-break—these heart-breaks which she would have been the first to laugh at and the last to understand if any one had mentioned them to her. With the grasping mind-force of the man of imagination, he both comprehended other souls different from himself and endowed them with the dreams and emotions they might have had, had he been they.

“My God”—he said to himself—
“My God! if only she—if only——”

He shrugged his shoulders and went on. He had dismissed his wife from his thoughts. One cannot dream of a fact.

It was one month later when there took place the marriage of Beatrice and the gay Antonio. The cathedral was decorated with the roses of the Spring; they swung in dimly pink festoons from the gray carvings which projected from the cornices under the shadows of the roof; their seductiveness and memorial perfume drifted from the great gold chalices placed upon the steps of the altar; their fragrance was blown faintly, upon the night wind, from where they were thrown in heaped perfume upon the wide inner sills of the opened casements.

From the vast windows of the roof of the dome there fell a weird blue light, cold, yet tenderly delicate—a steady, unwavering illumination, vulgarizing the yellow-gleaming and flickering candles.

At last, in a sort of awe, the officiat-

ing priests put out all the other lights save those utterly necessary to the service, and left the great pillars to the nakedness of the moonlight alone.

Very beautiful she was, as she came slowly—very slowly, indeed, almost a little fearingly, up the great and silent path of bowed and gazing people. She was all in white—in token of her virginity—not one touch of color showed upon her—and, when she knelt at the altar steps, a sudden, swift spear of that terrible, coldly-white moonlight touched her bowed head for a moment and was gone. Then, from under the hollow roof, came the vast breath of the huge organ; the enormous diapason of its sombre and desolate tones fell, in incessant and multitudinous echoes, over the people as they sank to their knees.

There come times in a man's life (he imagines, and swears to the lady, that they came only once; but, if he lives enough lives, he knows that they come many times) when he is, by his emotions, equally deterred and attracted—when he is alternately cold and in fury—when in the case of a bad woman, which is not this, he is, at the same time, adorational and contemptuous.

What turmoil worked in the drear spirit of Dante as he bore this hour? What hellish tumult of imaginary images, terrific and tremendous, tilted in the lists of his mind in the infernal and divine joust of devils and gods? What uncouth phantasms jibed his human sorrow from the caves of his grim imaginings?

It was washing-day again, and his wife sang shrilly, out of key, as she bent over the water and spread the garments of linen upon the moonlit grass; she was tired.

At last the wedding procession returned to the house of the father of Beatrice. Dante stood leaning on the

wall. The children were long ago asleep and his wife had lonesomely gone to her rest.

From far away, up in the square by the cathedral, came faintly sounding the jingling thump of softly-struck tambourines—then the heartless gayety of youthful voices rose in a wild and scattered dissonance—to be hushed in a moment by the trained concord of the tumultuous basses.

The wedding procession was coming. Now the barking of dogs mingled with the uproar, mixed with the shrill cries of awakened children.

Lining her father's house along the street for the whole length of the garden-wall stood welcoming serving-men with torches of blue and red and yellow fires, flinging their flaming, colored brands high into the white moonlight, madly acclaiming the bride.

Over the garden that Dante knew so well swung ropes of lights, tangled with heavy-scented flowers, till the open space below was luminous. The wavering light cast its enchantment upon the passing figures and faces—those of the men seeming additionally fierce in this artificial day; those of the women flower-like in their piquancy, yet touched with some portentous hint of sensuality.

Upon a balcony three musicians played, in the debonair abandon of the age, piccolo, flute, and oboe.

The grotesques, the jugglers, clowns and mimes tumbled through the crowd with discordant cries. Falling, leaping from head to head, tumbling, waddling, dancing—they made their incongruous circuit.

A clown, fantastically robed in red and yellow, threw a hastily-grabbed closed morning-glory toward the face that looked over the wall.

In Dante's heart there grew a slow rage—an inexpressible abhorrence of all this gayety. The dams of his nature broke and a flood of fury tore

through the reveries of his soul. A hideous exasperation against the mirths and festivals of life (that austere asceticism, which we find in his later works, mingled with the unconsciously gorgeous splendor of his sensuous and luxurious imagination)—a horrible spectre of unappeasable grief was conceived in the womb of his mind. The shadows of all the darkness of the after years fell upon him in prophetic twilight—at that moment, the moon was blotted out by a cloud, leaving the moving figures of the revelry dimly crimsoned in the light of the red, swinging lanterns.

Then came the bride, retreating before her a great troop of flower-crowned damsels laughing and playing softly upon resonant and pensive instruments shaped like guitars, but having longer stems and only three strings.

Dante's imaginative memory and his almost religious idealization have left the image of Beatrice to us as one almost of an angel—serene in impregnable chastity, with eyes downcast, slow-stepping, timid. It was not so. Beatrice was piquant. No sedate spirit would have captivated a nature so sad as was his.

She was gorgeously robed in cloth-of-silver, the great train held by six laughing girls, her bodice cut square over her full breast, slashed at the sides

in triangular slashes, through which protruded filmy, silky puffs of burnt orange; the sleeves were gathered by black ribbons at two places between the elbow and the shoulder and at two places between the elbow and the wrist, falling over the hands in pearl-embroidered points. Her loosely-braided hair was thrown in one rough braid over her right shoulder; around its shadowy mass a drooping chain of pearls hung pallid in the light of the torches.

Her eyes were sombrely passionate with dreams. She walked with a certain new, shy dignity, looking straight before her.

Her husband met her at the end of the garden, at the turn of the broad path. The horns flared a turbulent and penetrating cry.

She took his hand and thus they went, followed by the dancers, the mimes, the revellers and guests, the girls and gallants, the grotesques and clowns, back through her father's house on their way to that of Antonio, while the weary and silent-footed attendants put out the lanterns and quenched the remnants of the torches in leather buckets of cinder-covered water.

In the dawn, when it was light enough, Dante bent over his parchments, where he still sat at the old stone table in the garden—and wrote—and wrote—and wrote.

Dr. Watson's Revenge

Later in the evening, as we were smoking a cigarette between the acts, I remarked:

"By the way, it is now inevitable that you shall go on the stage again."

"How do you deduce that?" asked Holmes in horrified surprise.

"They tried you on a dog and you were eminently successful," I replied joyously, glad to have him at a disadvantage for once.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES. Page 249 (?).

The Pastime of Book-Collecting

BY TEMPLE SCOTT

THE years come and go, and the shows of each pass with the coming and going of the years; but the collector of books always remains. He may not be to-day the same individual he was yesterday, but his office is the same; he may not indulge in the same tastes, but his purpose is the same; his desires may change, but his ambitions abide, and he is to-day what he has been for centuries—a striking example of the influence of a passion that is guided by knowledge, controlled by wisdom, and exercised to the injury of none, but rather to the greater joy and, therefore, completer life of many. For, let us, who are fortunate enough to find in memory, reminiscences of early days spent in browsing in our fathers' libraries, acknowledge the gift, and pay respect to the taste, that have given in after life a sweet flavor to our quietude and a gracious charm to an evening's devotion to books. The library was the *salon* in which we were introduced to the elect, and ever after we are not *gaaches* in their society; we meet them always as old friends, and their company adds dignity, temper, vivacity, and delight to the social life.

It is not given to all to be possessed of those qualities which go to form the book-collector *par excellence*; that individual like the best in any walk in life is a specially gifted mortal. But it is given to not a few to become novitiates of the order, so to speak, and

once self-elected, because of the impulse which moved him, there is hope for him. That impulse is his password for admission, and on himself alone depends how worthy a member he prove to be. For, be he what he may apart from his distinguished and redeeming vocation, the book-collector as such is absolved from the sins of commission and omission to which other men, less happily afflicted, so to speak, are daily prone. The pursuit of his object, in proportion as that pursuit is also his pleasure, isolates him in regions where petty considerations of time and place are the least of distractions, and to that extent he is removed from the common temptations to which his merely dollar-seeking fellows are continually falling victims. He lives in a world all his own, and his dreams find it ever a land flowing with milk and honey, as he views it from the Pisgah height of his unexperienced desires.

But, alas, even then also he is human. The ills to which flesh is heir he carries with him into this world of new desires. The spirit of the book-collector may not travel abroad disembodied, else would there be good ground for believing that here, at any rate, an ideal existence might be made a fact. Unfortunately, however, that spirit has to deal with booksellers, and auctioneers, and also with brother collectors, and these are oft-times very strenuously embodied. Hence the tears in this secluded vale also; and the

waysides of a possible Elysium are strewn with unsightly and earthly objects—the mangled remains from an auction-room battle; the discarded telegrams speaking of messages sent too late; the torn catalogues that tell of lost opportunities; the evil disorder resulting from a jealous frenzy at a rival collector's victories. After all one world is very like another, and the Promised Land is ever on the horizon.

Enough has been written on these "Happy Isles" to give them a shelf apart in the great library of "travelers' tales." And yet, the last word is still to be said if the enterprise of our voyage to them is to be one for gain only. The insistence of the profit-bearing aspect of the venture imports into it an element that is not only unworthy, but is the cause of much disappointment and chagrin. If we can find no delight in the voyage itself, we had better far stay at home whittling sticks by the ingle-nook. The spirit of the book-collector is akin to the spirit of the Rambler—he who jogs along the country lanes and highways and takes pleasure and delight in just what happens to be there—who is content with a loaf and a scrap of cheese if nothing better be forthcoming, and counts the food delicious—who sleeps as soundly on a hard settle as he would on a bed of down—and who counts it well to have lived the day as it came to him. It is not as merchantman that the book-collector should embark, but rather as a seeker after such treasures as, when transplanted into his own home, shall make of it a fruitful and delight-giving witness of endeavors fulfilled, and a perennial source of charm in abiding companionship. The dangers from commercialism are very near. Indeed, these are already obtruding themselves unpleasantly when we find the book-speculator directing his professional energies in the very sanctuaries of the bibliophile. There are

collectors and collectors, but the individual whose sole aim is to collect books for profit's sake should find no place in this gallery. The creature who lies low waiting "for a rise" is not a book-lover; he is a ghoul. Unfortunately, publishers have been truckling to a fashion by which he could profit, and though the fashion is by no means passed away, the craze for faked-up limited editions is fast dying, and with its actual death, will the ghoul pass away also. Some species of him, however, will always be with us; let us attempt to teach him, doomed as he is to the speculator's hell, of what it is he misses—the quick and absorbing joy of an inspiring pastime.

By all means, let the book-collector be a man of business; let him understand values and the relations of values; let him have all the instincts which possess and impel the shrewd man of affairs; let him be gifted with the insight of a seer into future markets. These qualities are very necessary to him in the successful pursuit of his self-appointed task. Since book-selling is a business, book-buying should meet it armed with business knowledge and business courtesy, but only in so far as the business of buying ministers to a pleasurable satisfaction. The book-buyer must never forget that his is the pursuit of pleasure, the enjoyment of a private and captivating play; and if victories be his, let him see to it that the victories are those which are achieved by wider knowledge and sounder wisdom, and not from sheer bargain-driving or the indiscriminate and brutal overbearance of wealth ready to gorge on anything that is costly. For it is not always that the costly gives most pleasure, and happily, it is not frequent that the bargain-driver is encouraged with success. The driver of bargains is the black sheep of the fold, blacker in respects other than as to his skin, and he has no business there. He

brings into the field an element that is not pastoral, and for which the piping of flutes has no charms. He is doomed to make of the pastime but a new anxiety, and the apples of Hesperides will be Dead Sea fruit to his palate. He has his own pleasures, of course. There are natures that delight in beating down a tradesman; but for such souls there is, surely, a special circle. Bargain with your bookseller, if you will, but for the sake of all sacred tradition, don't call this book-collecting. By the ghosts of De Bury and the glorious succession to McKee, we "had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman." No! if the book be what you want, and the price within your means, and what your knowledge tells you is reasonable, pay the price and murmur not. Rather congratulate yourself on your luck in getting it. If you can't afford it, leave it alone, and live in anxious hope that you may some day possess it—that also is part of your pastime. If you think the book too dear, pass it by with *au revoir*. Your bookseller will learn to know you, and (for he is but a bookseller, after all) if he has tried to extract from you more than the market value (trading on your ignorance, it may be), your quiet refusal will teach him manners. In a certain sense no price is too high for true possession; but then how many of us appreciate the significance of true possession? Not the man of wealth, surely. He can acquire just what he wants, and one thing is the same as another. He is unfortunate, but he deserves blame also. Bitten with the craze for collecting books, he sends forth commissions to buy at any price, with the result that a new competition has arisen in which only the plutocrats can take part, and the values of rare books have risen to proportions absolutely ridiculous. Hundreds of dollars rule now where once tens sufficed, and the acquisition of even a small col-

lection, to the man of limited means, becomes the labor of a life-time. Yet, better ten books with true possession, than thousands gathered by means of agency commissions all the world over. Perhaps because of his poverty has this extra gift been laid at the poor man's door. The man of wealth rarely knows it. He has not lived the anxious days, passing and repassing the shop to see if his beloved treasure be still on the shelf, waiting for the day when he shall come and claim it. It was his when he first found it reposing in its garment of dust; it is there only by his magnanimity, and a fine condescension which waives a right out of a consideration for the petty matter of a few dollars! What libraries has he not thus acquired in his peregrinations! What unselfishness has he not displayed in resigning his claim on them! What pangs (pious pangs) has he not suffered when his discovered treasures have been seized by the power of wealth to remain buried to the world in the palaces of the mighty! But his time comes, nevertheless. Who shall deny him his chuckles as he views them again (even though clad in samite and polished Levant) in the auctioneer's room, waiting for a redistribution and maybe for a rediscovery by himself, with another and a gasping "maybe," that the next discovery shall find him dragging home the treasure, e'en though the brown suit shall go threadbare. "Do you remember the brown suit," said Bridget to Lamb, "which you made to hang upon you, till your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when we set off

from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller, with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bed-wards), lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? ”

Here we have the reward of that virtue which practices the quiet patience of the anxious and yet determined lover. Every treasure so acquired is embalmed in the precious aroma of hallowed recollection, and the library is profoundly more than a collection of books—it is the sanctuary in which reposes our once living selves and their deeper aspirations—it is our genuine biography—the true confessions of an inquiring spirit.

So much for the spirit of the pursuit. Its method is another matter entirely. Here we enter the regions of practical details, and here the anxious novice must study rules and regulations and principles. Different countries, like other times, have different and other fashions, depending on the changing conditions of life which prevail. The collecting of books is as much subject to the causes that underlie the process we call “progress,” as are the rest of human activities; and the special subjects the book-collector desires may vary with the variations in our dress and even in our manner of speech.

Book-collecting, however, has two limiting forces playing on it, and these, by confining it within defined limits, enable us the more easily to attain to a just appreciation of its scope and

aims. In the first place, it is of respectable antiquity, so that we have handed down to us a body of experience that is both helpful and influencing. This experience acts in the nature of precedent. In the second place it is confined to books. Bearing these in mind, we can evolve a principle of guidance, no matter how fickle or variable may be the particular books that demand satisfaction under that principle.

The collection of books is essentially the pastime of the antiquarian, the seeker after origins. It is also the means by which that passion may be satisfied which craves for the possession of that which is uncommon, rare, and around which are associated the unwritten story of men and manners. The pastime of the antiquarian, thus influenced by a human sentiment, arouses a devotion, the whole meaning of which would be laid bare to our eyes could we but see a collector carrying home an early quarto of a play of Shakespeare's, for which he paid, shall we say, eighteen pence? All the gods of the Pantheon would be accompanying that man to his palace on the fourth story back in his Bloomsbury estate. And there actually do exist really good people who could see nothing in this!

Nor is it fair to conclude that this is the devotion of a bargain hunter. To many people the 1653 “Walton's Angler” would be dear at a dime, just as children might play with pearls on the seashore. Surely, then, it would be affecting in a pure sense did we find that Walton for the dime! Who would then be so callous as to be unmoved to a chuckle? The truth is that the delight comes in finding *within* one's means what we knew to be *beyond* our means. That is the book lover's hope, and for that he searches and researches, and fills himself with bibliographical lore which to others is repelling dryasdust-cry.

(To be continued)

The Literary Guillotine

I.

The People Against Richard Harding Davis

UNLESS this unseemly demonstration ceases once for all," said Mark Twain, rising and glaring out over the crowded room, "I will order the court cleared and have the trial conducted behind closed doors. Besides," he added, sinking into his accustomed drawl, "this is not a young ladies' commencement, despite appearances." Then, turning to the nearest policeman, he said: "Officer, bring in the prisoner."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the policeman in nautical fashion, and he walked rapidly to the door of the adjoining room, opened it, and beckoned to the invisible occupant. The next moment a large, military figure encased in a very short jacket and a very high collar, appeared in the doorway, paused for an instant like the king of beasts on entering the arena, and then walked rapidly and with disdainful air to the prisoners' pen, facing the jury benches.

"Ah!" went up in chorus from all the women present; "isn't he like his own Van Bibber!"

Richard Harding Davis stood before us.

It was the first sitting of the Literary Emergency Court, which had been created by the legislature in response to the demands of a long-suffering and outraged public for the trial and punishment of literary offenders, and the excitement was tremendous. In view of

the large female following of the first prisoner on the list for trial, extraordinary police precautions had been taken; nevertheless, that very morning an attempt had been made to deliver him from jail, which had very nearly proved successful. Seventy-five uniformed servants of the law were now distributed throughout the court-room ready to suppress an outbreak.

In virtue of the powers vested in him by the legislature, the Governor had appointed Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, and myself justices of the court, with extraordinary powers, and Charles Battell Loomis prosecuting officer to act for the attorney-general. I had hesitated to accept the appointment, fearing lest no one would take us seriously in view of the reputation of my associates and of the prosecutor; but Herford had finally pointed out to me the very material consideration that unless I consented to serve I would infallibly be seized and brought to trial and condemned to the guillotine as one of the most flagrant offenders. This put a new face on the matter.

"It's your one chance of immunity, old man," he had said in discussing the matter with me; "any one who has written such rotten stuff as you can't afford to take chances. Now with me it's different——"

I looked at him in amazement. Did he really believe what he was saying, or was he merely talking for effect?

The seriousness of his expression, however, argued belief in his own words, astounding as this may seem.

This had been two weeks previously, and the interval of time we had spent in waiting for the order to begin our sittings and in issuing warrants of arrest. At one of our preliminary meetings we had drawn up a list of the worst offenders, most of whom happened luckily to be in New York; and now at the opening of the court we had the satisfaction of knowing that twenty-five of the most notorious delinquents were safe behind prison bars, beyond the reach of pen and ink.

There had been stormy scenes between my associates and myself, as neither Mark Twain nor Herford would consent to the including of many of those whom I felt that we could not conscientiously omit; our oath of office pledged us to summon before us "all writers and scribblers and their aiders and abettors whom (in our opinion) literature would be better off without." Under the circumstances naturally I wished to include the majority of metropolitan editors and publishers, but to this my colleagues would not hear.

"Why, I publish with his firm!" exclaimed Mark Twain, when the name of a notoriously guilty publisher was mentioned. "I could never consent to his execution."

Similarly, when the name of one of the most flagrant editors in the city was brought forward, Herford begged for his life on the ground that the magazine of the editor in question took a great deal of his inferior stuff which he could sell nowhere else.

"Why, I thought it was the other magazines that took your inferior stuff, Herford," innocently remarked Loomis, who was unofficially present at the meeting.

The outcome of the matter was that we compromised on the names of a few editors who were also writers and whose

offences were so flagitious that there could be no doubt the jury would find them guilty, and thus enable us to send them to the guillotine. From that bourne they could return no manuscripts, so Mark Twain and Herford felt safe.

I was by no means satisfied, but better half a loaf than nothing. Besides, had we not Davis, and was he not worth many editors?

As this young Napoleon of literature now stood before us and as I gazed on his mobile and open countenance and firmly set jaw, it was hard to believe that he could be guilty of all the crimes to which I had seen his name attached. Could this noble youth really have written "Soldiers of Fortune"? The voice of Loomis, however, recalled me to a sense of the situation.

"May it please the court," he was saying, "your honors have now before you one of the most incorrigible offenders of modern literature; indeed, I may say, one of the worst literary criminals of all times. I feel it my duty, therefore, before empanelling the jury and calling the witnesses, to warn the court of the character of the prisoner, of his ineradicable tendency to promulgate articles, stories, and novels of the most pernicious nature, despite their apparent innocuousness. Be not deceived! Their harmlessness is specious. He is corrupting the youth of this country. Even as——"

"Mr. Loomis! Mr. Loomis!" cried Mark Twain severely, "you are forgetting yourself! Nothing you can say against the prisoner from a purely literary standpoint can be too severe, but your comparison is at fault. In all of his stuff that I have unfortunately been compelled to read as presiding officer of this court, I have in vain looked for a line which could bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence, which could cause the young person to ask embarrassing ques-

tions of her elders. To be sure, Mr. Davis holds peculiar ideas on the education of maidens,—for whom, I believe, he writes exclusively.”

“May it please the court,” said Loomis at the conclusion of this reprimand, “with all due respect to your honor, I must nevertheless maintain that your honor is mistaken as to the moral influence of the writings of the accused. At the appropriate moment I intend to show that he has made use of several words in his writings improper for the eyes of maidens, as, for instance, ‘concupiscence’ and ‘propinquity.’ And now, if it please the court, we will proceed with the trial. Prisoner at the bar, do you wish to hear the indictment read?”

“Most assuredly,” replied Davis, who had elected to act as his own counsel.

Thereupon the clerk of the court read in a loud voice the short, but portentous document wherein the people of the County of New York, through their special grand jury, charged Richard Harding Davis with commission of *lèse majesté* against the cause of letters, which crime, it was alleged, had been committed at various and sundry times within the said county through the publication of books and magazine stories and articles directly tending to debase literature.

As was to be expected, Davis entered the plea of “not guilty” to the charge, and the empanelling of the jury was then begun. It was, of course, quite irregular for more than one judge to sit in a trial by jury, but this anomaly was the outcome of the peculiar nature of the cases before the court.

But little time was wasted in securing twelve good men and true for the trial of the case, as of the forty-two men examined only one confessed, blushing, to having prejudiced his judgment by reading a story by the accused.

“So you have read one of my stories, have you?” said Davis, with a smile of assurance. “Which one was it?”

“‘The King’s Jackal.’”

“Well, now, in view of that fact, I would ask you if you believe in capital punishment?”

“Most emphatically!”

“Peremptorily challenged,” announced the defence.

“Confound it!” muttered the rejected jurymen, as he stepped down from the bench.

The only other case worthy of mention among those thus challenged was that of a professional weight-lifter, to whom this question was put by Davis:

“Do you believe that a man can embrace a girl with one arm, hold a mob in check with the other, and set in motion with both feet simultaneously two boulders to crush a revolutionary army at the foot of the mountain?”

“Not unless the lady in question is strong enough to hold him up off the ground while he does it,” was the reply.

This, of course, disqualified him in the eyes of the accused.

The jury, when finally secured, was made up as follows: one plumber, two cab-drivers, two shop-keepers, one contractor, one machinist, one ex-army officer, two clerks, one life-insurance agent, and one capitalist.

Vigorous protest was made by Davis against the make-up of the jury, on the ground that with two exceptions they were “in trade,” and that he was entitled to be tried by his peers. But as he had exhausted his challenges, he was forced to accept them, willy-nilly. The trial proper then began.

The first witness called was Bridget Flynn, and she proved to be a large, stout Irish woman who said she took in washing. Her testimony was rather long and rambling, but the gist of it was that since her daughter, Mary Ann, had taken to reading the prisoner’s

books she spent all her time studying the peerage and talking about "dooks" and lords and ladies and practising up what she was going to say to the Prince of "Whales" when she met him.

"And her ingagemint with Pat Nolan, the Broadway policeman, she broke off," declared the witness, under stress of emotion, "because he was only six feet four, instid of seven foot tall and hadn't played on the college football team or even so much as eloped with a princess. 'Ma,' she says to me only yisterday, 'I shall niver marry,' she says; 'I've found me ideal only in the literature of Mr. Davis. He give me me standards, and nothin' in loife, I find, comes up to their shoulders. I'm doomed to celibrity.' Oh, me poor chile! And the sassy way she talks to her father, too, it would coddle your blood. 'You're a vandal,' she says to him, 'you care nothin' for literature. I belave you'd ate bacon on Shakespeare's birthday.' Oh, me pore chile, me pore chile!"

Mrs. Flynn's grief was touching, and the effect of her testimony upon her hearers was evident.

"Do you wish to cross-examine her, Mr. Davis?" asked Mark Twain, with a break in his voice, when she had so far recovered herself as only to sniffle.

"No," said the prisoner, shaking his head. Evidently he saw that the sooner Mrs. Flynn got out of the jury's sight the better for him. Even the women present were affected.

The next witness was the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America. Her testimony against the prisoner was to the effect that since his advent in the literary world the gas bills of the various institutions in the association had increased in alarming degree, and that this had been traced directly to the reading of his books after hours.

"If this continues," said the witness tragically, "the boarding-schools

throughout the country will have to close their doors; we cannot stand the expense."

"Now, Mrs. McClacken," said Davis, taking the witness in hand at the close of her direct testimony, "I should like to ask you one or two questions. Have you ever read any of my stories?"

"I'm not quite certain," was the hesitating reply; "are you the author of 'Davies' Legendre'?"

"Madam," said Davis, severely, "I am grieved that you should suggest such a thing; in my writings I carefully avoid all mention of sex or gender. Besides, the book of which you speak happens to be a text-book of geometry, not a work of fiction. My writings deal with life, not, to be sure, as it is, but as I conceive it should be presented to the minds of maidens through those glorious channels of purity—the magazines of the country. But I am wandering from the question. You admit that you have never read any of my books, yet you come here and testify against me. Does that strike you as fair?"

"I have nothing against you, Mr. Davies," replied the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America; "you seem to be a nice gentlemanly young man—but the gas bills, what am I to do about them?"

"Send them to me, madam, and I will pay them," was the magniloquent reply, and there was a suppressed flutter of applause. "I have finished with the witness," he announced, turning to the court, and he resumed his seat and fixed his eyes on the upper left-hand corner of the cornice.

Certainly he understood the value of the theatrical moment: by this brilliant stroke he had regained in the minds of his female admirers all the ground which the testimony of Mrs. Flynn had cost him—"send me the

bills and I will pay them!" It was magnificent.

In the meantime the witness had beckoned Loomis to her side, and there had ensued an earnest whispered conversation between them. Returning to his place, Loomis announced that the President of the Boarding-Schools Association desired to withdraw her testimony.

"But for what reason?" asked Mark Twain, in astonishment.

"May it please the court, she says that after having met Mr. Davis she no longer blames the girls for sitting up to read his books; she intends to do it herself."

"This is nonsense," cried Mark Twain, sternly; "testimony cannot be withdrawn. Proceed with the trial, Mr. Loomis."

"You may retire, madam," said the prosecuting attorney, addressing the witness.

"May I not remain in the room, Mr. Lawyer? Oh, I should so love to do so!"

"Yes; I see no objection if you can find a place."

This difficulty, however, was easily overcome, as room was immediately made for her between two fashionably dressed girls on the front bench. As she seated herself one of her neighbors silently slipped a book into her hand. From where I sat I could read the title—"Princess Aline."

"Now, may it please the court," said Loomis, when quiet had been restored, "although there are still a number of witnesses waiting to be called, I have decided to dispense with their testimony—at least for the present. They are unfortunately women, and I find in this case women are not to be relied on. If your honors please, therefore, I will place the prisoner himself on the stand without further delay. That is, if he is willing to testify."

"Certainly I will go on the stand,"

said Davis, and in obedience to the direction of a court officer he stepped up into the little witness-box. Despite his jaunty, confident manner, I detected a furtive, frightened look in his eyes as he glanced at the court and at Loomis's melancholy countenance. Could it be that the possibility of conviction had at last come home to him?

"Now, Mr. Davis," said Loomis, addressing the prisoner, "I hold in my hand a book which is called 'Soldiers of Fortune,' and which purports to come from your pen. Did you write it unaided and of your own free will?"

"Did I write it of my own free will? — Of course I did!" was the indignant reply. "Who else do you think could have written it?"

"Nobody, Mr. Davis, nobody. I know of no one capable of it but you, unless it be Laura Jean Libby. Still, even she hasn't your touch."

"Thank you," said the accused, inclining his head.

"Don't mention it," replied Loomis, bowing in return. "I simply wanted, you see, Mr. Davis, to have your admitted authorship of the book as part of the record, since 'Soldiers of Fortune' is one of the principal counts against you. Now, I would like to ask you one or two questions; perhaps there may be mitigating circumstances attending this crime of which we are ignorant."

"I appeal to the protection of the court," cried the prisoner, turning to the presiding judge, "against the practice of the prosecution to speak of 'Soldiers of Fortune' as a crime."

"Prayer denied," said Mark Twain, without an instant's hesitation. "Proceed with the examination."

"Well," continued Loomis, "I shall take but little of the court's time by going more deeply into 'Soldiers of Fortune.' Indeed, it has occurred to me that perhaps the simplest and quickest way might be to have the book read

aloud privately to the members of the jury, so that they can form——”

“With your honor’s permission,” cried the foreman, springing to his feet, “as spokesman of this jury I must vigorously protest against this injustice. We are peaceful, inoffensive citizens, who are sacrificing our time and interests to the state, yet here it is proposed to force us to listen to ‘Soldiers of Fortune.’ We throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court to protect us against this cruel and unusual punishment.”

The man sat down amid the suppressed applause of all the men in the room and protesting hisses from a number of the women.

“Order in the court!”

“What do you think about this point?” asked Mark Twain, leaning over and addressing me in a whisper.

“I agree with the foreman,” I said; “we have no right to put men to the torture. Have you ever read the book yourself?”

A half smile flitted across his face.

“I read the first chapter,” he said, “and the next morning my valet had appendicitis.”

“Ask Herford what he thinks,” I suggested.

“We once had a horse in our family,” said Herford, irrelevantly, in reply to Mark Twain’s question, “and the doctor said it was necessary to knock him in the head to end his sufferings. We did it, and the horse jumped up well. Which goes to show that you can’t tell what effect the book might have on these men.”

Having received our advice, Mark Twain delivered the ruling of the court.

“In view of the appeal of the foreman,” he said, “and of the fact that one of the jurymen has heart disease, we have decided not to compel the jury to hear the book.”

A deep sigh of relief went up from

the twelve unfortunates at the narrowness of their escape.

“May it, then, please the court,” continued Loomis, “we will rest content with the prisoner’s admitted authorship of ‘Soldiers of Fortune,’ and proceed to the next count. Mr. Davis, how many stories have you written?”

“I couldn’t say—a hundred, perhaps.”

“And you received pay for them?”

“Why, of course; you don’t think I write for nothing, do you?”

“No, but I hardly expected you so easily to admit having obtained money under false pretences. However, I shan’t press that point. Now, I have here a collection of stories purporting to be by you, called ‘Van Bibber and Others,’ and I will open it at random—thus. Ah, I see I have turned to ‘A Recruit at Christmas.’ You wrote that, did you not?”

“Yes, but that was years ago. It isn’t fair to hold a man responsible for the indiscretion of his youth.”

“That is true, Mr. Davis, but unfortunately I am forced to remind you that the statute of limitations does not apply to crimes punishable by death. To return, therefore, to the story under consideration. Did you ever enlist in the navy?”

“No, sir.”

“Did you ever witness an enlistment?”

“No, sir, but——”

“One moment, now, don’t interrupt; you’ll have plenty of chance to defend yourself later on. No doubt you were going to say that some one had told you about an enlistment. Well, unfortunately he told you wrong. In the first place, enlistments are not taken at Christmas or on holidays; and in the second place, they are not conducted as you have described. The enlisting-officer has nothing to do with the physical examination, which is made by a doctor of the service in his private

bureau, and the applicant is made to take off every stitch of clothing for the ordeal. Now, why didn't you find out about the *modus operandi* and describe it as it really is?"

"Oh, Mr. Loomis," cried Davis, blushing, "how can you ask me such a thing? Do you think I would have a naked man in one of my stories?"

"Ah!" came approvingly from all sides, the voice of the President of the Young Ladies' Boarding-Schools Association sounding above all others. Glowing looks of approval were cast on this courageous protagonist of purity. Unfortunately for the dignity of the occasion, one of the jurors burst out laughing and nearly rolled off the bench in his merriment.

"Order in the court!"

"Excuse me," cried that member of the jury who had been an officer in the United States Army, "but may I ask a question?"

"Certainly," said Mark Twain.

"Is this prisoner the man who wrote 'Ranson's Folly'?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Well, I read it the other day, but I'd forgotten the name of the author. I just wanted to be sure that I was looking at the man who made an officer hold up a stage with a pair of shears and then be let off without trial, just because some other fellow confessed to having committed another hold-up. I tell you, it takes a genius to write about something you don't know anything about, and make a non-commissioned officer address his superior as 'the lieutenant.' It made me feel homesick for the old life which he describes so brilliantly, and I sent the book out to my old mess at Fort Leavenworth. This is the telegram I got back from them a week later: 'Ask the author of "Ranson's Folly" where the mischief he learned it all.'"

For a moment there was silence in the room.

"I would beg the gentleman who has just spoken," at last said Davis, "to bear one fact in mind: that portion of society for which I write are practically all studying, with the help of a dictionary, 'L'Abbé Constantin,' and in that the soldiers always address their superiors as *monsieur le lieutenant* or *mon lieutenant*. Moreover, I could not allow Ranson to be court-martialed, as it would have made the story too long and would have displeased many of my readers; they do not like a hero to be placed in embarrassing positions. I feel that I have answered the strictures of my critic fully and satisfactorily. I leave the decision with the public and with—posterity."

Certainly if the women present were the public meant by the prisoner there could be no doubt that his explanation was eminently satisfactory. Despite the frequent warnings, little bursts of applause were heard on all sides, and not until the court-officers had repeatedly thundered "Order in the court!" was quiet at length restored. Mark Twain was evidently on the point of ordering the room cleared, and only the promptness of Loomis in resuming the examination of the prisoner prevented him.

"Now, Mr. Davis," said Loomis slowly, impressively, "before this interruption occurred you indignantly repudiated the suggestion that you should have caused one of your heroes to undress in public. I am sorry to be compelled to state that in many of your stories you are guilty of much more serious offences than this. You pose as a moralist, but I hereby charge you with promulgating literature of the most pernicious character. I will tear the mask from your face. Officer, hand me that book."

The excitement in the room was now intense; men and women leaned forward in their seats, breathlessly awaiting the next move. Even Mark Twain had

straightened up and had fixed his eyes on the prosecuting attorney. For a moment there was silence, as Loomis took the book from the policeman and held it in his hand.

"Did you write this, Mr. Davis?" he asked at length, "'A Year from a Reporter's Note-book'?"

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

"Well, I turn to page 264, and read this description of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee: 'Churches built huge structures over their grave-yards that towered almost to the steeples, and theatres, hotels, restaurants, and shops of every description were so covered with scaffoldings that it was impossible to distinguish a bookstore from a public house.' Mr. Davis, I will ask you only one question regarding this passage: Why did you want to distinguish a bookstore from a public house? Can you tell me?"

"Well, well, I don't—know—" began the accused, stammering, "one naturally notices such things, don't you know?"

"I see," said Loomis, "but you should have remembered for whom you were writing. By that passage you may have started some tender youth upon the downward path, or have caused a gentle maid to withdraw her name from the W. C. T. U. Did you think of that?"

Davis paused before replying.

"I solemnly declare," he said at last, "that when I wrote those words I did not realize their insidious malignity. Far rather would I have struck my hand from my wrist. It is not fair, however, to condemn a man for a single fault unwittingly committed. I defy the prosecution to point to another improper paragraph in all my writings."

"You do? Well, now, Mr. Davis, I have here 'Princess Aline.' You acknowledge having written that book, I suppose?"

"Certainly, there is not a single word to be ashamed of in it."

"You think so. On page 8, however, I find this statement put into the mouth of your hero—unfortunately I am compelled to read it aloud despite the presence of ladies—'I am very conscientious, and I consider it my duty to go so far with every woman I meet as to be able to learn whether she is or is not the one, and the sad result is that I am like a man who follows the hounds but is never in at the death.' Have you anything to say to that, Mr. Davis?"

The prisoner shook his head.

"Nothing," he said feebly, "except that I regret it deeply. The recollection of that passage has kept me awake many a night. Ah, if you but knew how I have tried to forget it!"

The silence in the room was deathlike until Loomis continued:

"This is a painful subject, and I willingly abandon it. Before doing so, however, I must call attention to one other impropriety of which the accused has been guilty. On page 57 of 'Ranson's Folly' you cause an infinitive to do the double split in most barefaced manner, at the same time that you make a young lady, so far as I can understand the sentence, attempt to strike a gentleman below the belt. Here is the sentence: 'Her only reply was to at once start for his quarters with his breakfast in a basket.' Think of the effect of this upon the school-girls throughout the country! But enough of this subject. It is too painful to be pursued further. You may step down, Mr. Davis.

"May it please the court, I have now finished with the prisoner, as I do not consider it necessary to waste further time on a case which is really so unimportant. Enough has been shown, I feel sure, to convince this intelligent jury that he merits no consideration at their hands. He has shown none for

us, for he has published over ten books, one of which is 'Soldiers of Fortune.' Think of it! I feel certain, therefore, that the members of this jury will do their duty and bring in the only verdict possible in view of the testimony, that, namely, of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters."

Thereupon Loomis resumed his seat. Not a sound was to be heard. Even the women in the room were speechless. To think that their idol should have had feet of clay all the time! Suddenly a sob came from the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America, then another followed in the rear of the room, and in a few moments half the room was in tears. But the eyes of men were dry and hard, and the faces of the jury were stern and set—at their hands no leniency was to be expected.

"Prisoner at the bar," said Mark Twain, when the sobbing had somewhat subsided, "have you anything to say in your own defence before I charge the jury?"

Davis started. I had read his thoughts: he had been dreaming of the happy, innocent days of youth while he was still a special student at the Johns Hopkins University, before he had taken to writing. No man, I believe, ever sinks so low that he is incapable of remorse.

"Your honor," he said in a low voice, "I shall not make a speech, although I intended so to do up to within a very short time. Since I entered this room a change has taken place in me; my eyes have been opened to the real wrong I have done to the cause of letters. Let the law take its course, I shall not murmur. I only say, I am sorry for the past. Perhaps, however, my fate will serve to warn future writers for young girls of the dangers of the path. Had I it to do over again—But no, who can tell? Perhaps I should do the same."

I confess, as I listened to this frank confession, pity for the man rose in my breast, despite my better judgment. But then came thoughts of "Soldiers of Fortune" and of the girls' boarding-schools throughout the country, and my heart hardened. No punishment was too severe for this man.

"Mr. Loomis," said Mark Twain to the prosecuting attorney, "it is your privilege to close."

"I waive that right, sir."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Mark Twain then said in impressive manner, "you have heard the evidence in this case; it is for you to decide on it. Is this man guilty or not guilty as charged? You have only to pass on questions of fact, we will apply the law to your findings. You will now retire until you have reached a verdict. Conduct the jurymen to their room."

"With your honor's permission," said the foreman, rising, "I would beg for a moment's delay."

"Very well, sir."

Thereupon the foreman leaned over and began to whisper with his associates. This continued for, perhaps, half a minute, when he arose again.

"It will not be necessary for us to retire," he announced.

"Have you reached a verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" asked the clerk of the court.

"We have," replied the foreman.

"Prisoner, look upon the jury; jury, look upon the prisoner. Do you find this prisoner guilty or not guilty of the charges in the indictment?"

"Guilty," announced the foreman in a loud voice.

For a moment it looked as though Davis were about to fall, but he recovered himself and braced his shoulders for the ordeal still to follow.

"Prisoner," said Mark Twain impressively, "you have heard the verdict. Have you aught to say why sentence should not be passed on you?"

Davis shook his head, unable to speak. Mark Twain turned to me and I nodded, and Herford did likewise in answer to his mute question. Mark Twain then delivered the sentence of the court as follows:

"Richard Harding Davis, after a fair and just trial at the hands of your peers, you have been found guilty of the worst crime which a writer can commit, that, namely, of *lèse majesté* against the cause of letters. It is, therefore, the decision of this court that you be led from this room and confined by yourself with a set of Balzac's works accessible to hand, so that you may be given a chance to see how a *man* writes, and that between sunrise and sunset one week from to-day you be taken to the place of execution, and there in the presence of the proper officials and witnesses, your literary head be struck from your shoulders. Remove the prisoner."

The nearest policeman stepped to

Davis's side and touched him on the shoulder. With a start, he turned and looked at the man.

"Come with me."

Silently he obeyed, and with bowed head, as though in a dream, he followed his guardian toward the door from which a short hour previously he had issued so defiantly. On all sides sobs were heard, but no motion to rescue the condemned man was made, as we had feared might be the case: his exposure had been too complete for the vestige of a doubt as to his true literary character to remain even in the mind of the President of the Young Ladies' Select Boarding-Schools Association of America. The tears were for a fallen idol. As he disappeared through the door Herford leaned over and said:

"There's only one trouble about carrying out that sentence: how the deuce are you going to chop off the literary head of a man who hasn't one?"

Magda

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

WHENCE, whence the inspiration of her soul
 Whose passion penetrates the frozen deep
 Where torment guards the Promethean few that keep
 Troth with their souls though iron thunders roll
 Damnation over them? God of the whole
 Wild mystery, whence, ah, whence these fires that creep
 Languorously gay from pain to pain, then leap
 Quivering aloft in flames of plangent dole?
 Not from the God of fettered schism and sect
 This strength of wondrous living torn from sin;
 Not from the God of icy priests this warm
 Motherhood-glory wistful yet erect:
 Nay, but from Thee, thou God of battle-din
 And passion and of starlight in the storm.

The Current American Drama: Conditions and Prospects

AMERICANS may "point with pride" to American essayists, novelists, poets, and historians, who have become classics; but the drama in this country is a thing of recent growth. As if to make up for lost time, many American authors are now writing plays; many plays by these authors are being staged; and the questions are inevitably suggested: What does this American drama amount to? What are its characteristics and prospects? What its promising and unpromising symptoms? Under what favorable or unfavorable conditions is it wrought?

When the first of these questions is raised before the average well-informed and well-educated American he will generally answer, particularly if he be a man of literary or artistic training, that "the American drama is just about as bad as it can be." This, for instance, is the opinion of Mr. Frank Norris, who, in his own cosmic and continental fashion, is something of a dramatist himself, and his verdict is a pointed illustration of the existing breach between the people who write for the stage or perform upon it and the people of critical pretensions, who talk or write about it. To the latter criticism of the drama is an easy anticipation of the Day of Judgment, while in the eyes of the former this wholesale and emphatic denial of salvation to American plays is merely self-sufficient intellectual priggishness.

The breach is wide, and the man who attempts to bridge it will have a

hard time. Yet if it cannot be bridged, the disinterested American critic will scarcely have the face to hang out his sign. A drama that is "just about as bad as it can be" scarcely deserves criticism. Violent and sweeping denunciation after the manner of Isaiah would be very much more to the purpose. Such denunciation is, indeed, criticism of a kind. When thrown out from a fountain of apparent inspiration it may provoke men to repent of their sins and hunger after personal or national salvation; but our playwrights are proud of their sins, and our criticism is not a fountain of inspiration, real or apparent. Dramatic criticism has not obtained, and has not deserved to obtain, a position of any great authority; it is not qualified to exercise the formative influence upon the drama that French and German criticism has exercised. For the present its two most important tasks are those of encouraging what is best in the contemporary drama, and of popularizing sound and fruitful ideas about the theatre. It must derive much of its value, that is, from the value of the material upon which it acts, and if that material is as "bad as it can be" the American critic will have small chance of being any more useful than he should be.

The American drama, however, is by no means "as bad as it can be." There really are a few good American plays. There are a good many more that are not so good, and there are two or three

hundred that are not good at all. But to discriminate between the good and the not so good, and to know how high a value to place upon the good, one must understand the conditions, fortunate and unfortunate, under which American playwrights labor. In the work of laying the foundation of a local drama they are confronted by an exaggerated form of the difficulty which hampers all American artists and men of letters—the twofold difficulty of finding some adequate and original expression of the formless material of American life without any abrupt and violent departure from the traditional European models, methods, and social ideals. The difficulty is all the more serious because the great natural and instinctive American interests—industry, politics, and education—possess such high vitality and thorough organization that they encroach upon other regions of activity. Industrial, political, and educational ideas exercise a constant pressure upon art and letters to be merely commercial, merely popular, or merely instructive, and artists and men of letters frequently qualify the single-mindedness of their work in the effort to resist this pressure. American life offers, perhaps, the richest and most highly contrasted material of any existing society; but both by its lack of consistency and by its failure to encourage disinterested and devoted intellectual work it deprives the artist of the power of using it. The art and literature most closely in touch with it gain vitality at the expense of form; the art and literature that touch with it, and live by independent technical standards, gain form at the expense of momentum and persuasiveness.

This situation has had a different issue in different branches of intellectual and artistic work. Painters, for instance, have to a large extent gone their own way. They can afford to select their own standards, their ma-

terial, and their clientele. Let one man buy a picture; let a few experts approve it, and the picture has justified its existence. If when carried through the streets it were followed by admiring crowds of people it might well be a greater picture, but that fate is not likely to befall any canvas whose ultimate destination is an art gallery. The point is that good and warrantable painting may proceed from, and be destined for, a group of men who, in its relation to the rest of the community, is only a clique; and while the popular basis and appreciation of American painting are constant, broadening it undoubtedly pays for its technical independence and rectitude by the narrowness of its interests and support. American literature, whereby we mean fiction, is necessarily a more popular form of art, and is reaching to constantly broader and finer, if not deeper, expression of the material of American life; but books, also, may be sufficiently justified when their subject-matter and style narrowly restrict their possible purchasers. If only a few hundred people buy a book the publisher is (almost) reimbursed, and the author *may* feel that he has produced an impression not out of proportion to the economic and intellectual expenditure involved. Thus in painting, fiction, and the like, the professional standards can be maintained by forced methods until the good times come of less voluntary and more inevitable American artistic expression.

The playwrights, on the other hand, are obliged to face more rigid economic and practical conditions. The drama differs from poetry and fiction in something the same way that architecture differs from painting and sculpture. A bold man with a pen and a pad of paper may write a play, just as an architect may draw a very pretty perspective which will win a prize in a competition; but to write a play that will act, to

mount it tastefully and effectively, to secure the proper cast, and to train it so that the performance shall possess the full value of the play—all that is a constructive work comparable, in the amount of subordinate art and information it demands, to the actual building of a house. The heavy intellectual and material expenditure calls, in the natural economy of life, for a corresponding return—a return which can be secured only when a building fully satisfies a business need, or a play awakens a popular response, and so pays its way. The drama, that is, unless it is nothing more than a subsidized and artificial product, must delight and move large numbers of people. It must be more broadly based in popular favor than any other form of art. While a certain amount of intelligent subsidizing may be beneficial, very little good can come from the systematic adaptation of the drama to selected audiences. Such an audience is only a clique; its applause has no contagious power. Indeed, it can almost be said that a drama which is not popular is not dramatic, for the drama makes a peculiarly direct and poignant appeal to common human feeling. It has the supreme advantage over the other literary arts of being spectacular; it has the supreme advantage over the other sensuous arts of being active; and if in spite of these advantages it leaves any but a carefully selected audience indifferent, it would be like some vast cathedral in which none but a few priests should worship.

American playwrights consequently could not possibly take an independent line of their own, as the painters have done. They were tied down by business conditions imposed by real or supposed popular likes and dislikes. The independent line taken by American artists, and, to a certain extent, by men of letters, was in some measure to substitute French models and technical methods for the English ones, which their prede-

cessors liked. But such a substitution was out of the question in the case of the drama. The custom of going to England for most of our stage material has been a necessary characteristic of American theatrical management. English plays possessed the great advantage of having been already tested, and consequently the American manager could leave to the English public the work of weeding out the drama that was popularly insolvent. This was, and is, so great an advantage from the manager's point of view that American playwrights would still be much less numerous than they are, were it not for the fact that there have never been enough acceptable English plays to go round. The theatre-going people are probably more than twice as numerous in this country as they are in England, and there are needed to amuse them probably twice as many plays. Thus an American drama has become a commercial necessity, but it must be an American drama which conforms to the traditions which the Americans have taken over from the English stage. Of course, from the start, some French and German plays had been translated or adapted for American audiences; but the process of adaptation was generally equivalent to a process more or less completely Anglicizing, and it only confirmed the rule of the English tradition on the American stage.

In truth, however, American playwrights have never had any desire to be innovators. They have rarely been people of literary training, who have brought to their work new ideas and high standards. They have been for the most part men commercially interested in the stage, who came to write plays as a part, or as a consequence, of their professional occupation. They are like painters and men of letters in that they are, to a large extent, a special class, who do not mix much with people in other occupations, and whose ideas

are restricted by their surroundings. They simply accept the existing traditions and conditions of the American stage. As a rule their work is frankly and even carelessly imitative. They find their ideas and material wherever they can—sometimes in the manager's office, sometimes in foreign plays, still oftener in story and history books. Whatever they see or are told is needed, they are ready to write with facility and without scruple—adaptations, dramatizations, melodramas, farces, or character sketches. Serious drama or high comedy they rarely, if ever, attempt. Being professionals and under the influence of managers, they are always trying to make their plays "go," because of some reason apart from intrinsic merit—such, for instance, as the popularity of the novel from which it is taken, or its peculiar adaptability to the powers and limitations of a certain star. Their ideas are generally conventional and theatrical; their technical methods crude and rule-of-thumb; their plays particularly lacking in taste, logic, and in the structural qualities; and at the end of the season the effect of it all is downright depressing. Nevertheless, we repeat, the situation is far from being "as bad as it can be." There are some comparatively good American plays, and it is out of this chaos of theatrical vulgarity and mediocrity that they have issued.

A specification of these good American plays and an analysis of their strength and weakness would carry us beyond our present limits. We must content ourselves with the assertion that the work of the leading American playwrights—Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, the late James A. Herne, and Clyde Fitch—contains some meritorious and promising qualities. That of Mr. Augustus Thomas, for instance, possesses both virility and charm, and fails chiefly because of a

certain artlessness of method and conventionality of material; that of Mr. William Gillette is extraordinarily workmanlike, competent, and at times almost imaginative in a theatrical sort of way; that of the late James A. Herne so original and humanly veracious that it might have been great had it possessed a deeper logic and a more organic structure; and that of Mr. Clyde Fitch, although still chiefly a display of dramatic millinery, at least shows an increasing tendency towards simplicity and sincerity. Moreover, besides the older playwrights, there are a number of younger men who are now getting their plays produced, and whose work displays both intelligence and good taste.

The salient fact about this current American drama is that it is the perfectly natural product of business and professional conditions. From the start it has been confined by every conceivable trade restriction. It has been written for a public that cares nothing for literary excellence, and to whom the theatre is merely a diversion. It has been written by men who rarely have any literary training and are utterly indifferent to literary tradition. It has been staged by men whose sole purpose was to make it pay. Yet although it has never been leavened by fertile ideas or encouraged by much critical appreciation, still it is at its best a promising and interesting achievement well worth the intelligent consideration of intelligent men. Doubtless it is still an "infant industry," with more promise than performance to its credit, but it is an infant which has not been hatched in an incubator. It is a significant fact that we Americans keep all our subsidies for our manufacturers and merchants. So far we have insisted that American literature and drama shall not be plants of tender growth. In a sense we do not want them even to be cultivated plants; they must be allowed

to grow only as weeds are allowed to grow, wherever the wind drops a seed along the common road.

There is much in this condition of things which naturally and properly irritates intelligent playgoers; but in what other way could an American drama originate? Doubtless it would have been much better to have had from the start plays that possessed both a literary and a philosophic value; but who was there to write them? American men of letters have never until recently been much interested in the theatre. The writers of the New England Renaissance were poets, essayists, and novelists; but owing to a survival of the Puritan tradition they entirely ignored the theatre. Poe turned his hand to most literary forms, but not to the drama. Whitman would have been as incapable of conceiving and writing a play as he would a mediæval historical novel. The drama has cut no figure in the intellectual life of the country. Moreover, even if Lowell or Longfellow had been seriously interested in the theatre the plays that they would have written could never have reached the stage. At best they would have been literary dramas, like those of Browning and Tennyson, which might have received an occasional performance and would unquestionably have had a place in American literature, but which would have had no more effect upon the real American drama than has had *Hia-watha*; for the drama of a country consists of plays that are played enough to produce an effect. Plays that are not played are like guns that are not fired, or ships that are not sailed; and the gun that is fired only once, or the ship that is towed from dock to dock, are either museum material or merely waste. The American drama had to start in plays that could be played.

The kind of plays which have been able to reach the stage have varied widely in different countries at different

periods, and a consideration of these differences may help us to understand how, eventually, a very different class of plays may reach the American stage. In England, for instance, the Elizabethan drama was essentially a popular drama, written for stage performance rather than publication, and enjoyed by all classes of society. There is no knowing what the issue might have been had not the Puritan eruption broken the continuity of English dramatic development and dealt the English theatre a blow from which it has never completely recovered. Since then the English theatre has always occupied a position of somewhat doubtful propriety. True, it was patronized by the dissolute society of the Restoration, and, to a smaller extent, by the Whig aristocracy of the eighteenth century; and consequently many of the best English poets and men of letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wrote for the stage. But the attempts to imitate the French or revive the Elizabethan drama were both failures. A comedy alternating between satire and sentiment was the only legitimate outcome of those hundred and fifty years of aristocratic patronage. During the larger part of the Victorian epoch conditions were even worse. The greater English poets wrote dramas, but not for the theatre. The essayists and critics were interested in plays rather as literature than as stage-craft. The inevitable result was a very demoralizing separation between the English intellectual conscience and the stage, which, left to itself, became corrupted by professional conventions that were wanting in initiative, common sense, ideas, and good taste. Of late years a manifest improvement has taken place; but the English drama is still suffering from an unfortunate tradition. It see-saws almost as much as ever between an utterly detestable sentimentalism and a brilliant but hard and

unpleasing reaction against it—almost as objectionable as the tradition itself.

The modern French and German dramas had tamer beginnings, but more continuous developments. The French and Germans are more hospitable to ideas of alien origin than are the English. Their drama grew up during periods of literary self-consciousness, and was almost from its origin modified by critical ideas and literary standards. French tragedy was informed by Aristotelian precepts and Greek examples. The Germans imitated at different times the French, the English, and the Greeks. These infusions of alien ideas diminished the popularity and vitality of the earlier drama (French comedy excepted); but it has served to make the theatre of those two countries an integral part of their higher intellectual life. French and German playwrights have been for the most part men of letters and culture, steeped in a national tradition, which was kept alive at the subsidized theatres, and willing so far as possible to perpetuate that tradition by adapting its spirit to contemporary needs and conditions. They were brought up on the drama without being brought up on the stage, and they could express themselves easily and pertinently in dramatic form. It follows that the modern French and German plays, whatever their limitations, are a much fuller and deeper dramatized expression of contemporary French and German life than are those of England. Their theatre, instead of being dominated by a narrow professionalism, obtains the benefit of the best thinking in dramatic form of which the French and Germans are capable.

We have dwelt upon the position of the drama in other countries because it throws light upon the direction in which we must look for an improvement in American conditions. The American theatre has suffered from the same causes which has enfeebled that of Eng-

land. It has been the product of unrestrained professional and commercial conditions. The better intellectual life of the community was looking in other directions, and practically disregarded the theatre. No social machinery was in existence, which helped to make dramatic material out of the best ideas and experience characteristic of American life. The one American play which long kept the stage and was a big success, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," dealt with the human aspects of a political problem. The traditions of the theatre were both alien and decadent, and, at their best, resulted in an occasional revival on the part of some good actor of a Shakespearian play or a "legitimate" repertoire including "Ingomar." Of late years these conditions have been altering, partly due to the increased vitality of the English stage; but if the improvement is to continue, a more complete break must be made with the English sentimental, commercial, and professional traditions. The American theatre must adopt, we do not say French and German practices, but it must borrow a great deal from French and German methods and standards. It must, above all, find some method of reconciling a proper and necessary professionalism, and an inevitable dependence upon a broad popular approval, with a wider intellectual outlook and a greater power of self-criticism and self-improvement.

The present position of the American drama is one of dangerous instability. Should the worse influences prevail, conditions might become such that we would rejoice in the clever mechanics of David Belasco in order to obtain relief from the stupid mechanics of Edward Rose. Should the better influences prevail, we might be in a fair way at the end of twenty years to owning an American drama which would reflect the deeper issues of American life as well as its superficial aspects. Whether

the worse or the better influences prevail will depend much more upon our actors and playwrights than upon the syndicate of managers, but it will depend most of all upon the movement and progress of ideas in American society.

What we need are higher and more generally recognized intellectual standards, and a freer movement of serious and fruitful ideas among all classes of intellectual men. The professionalism of the playwrights and actors is only one instance of a specialism which pervades all kinds of literary, artistic, scientific, political, and even industrial work; and the theatre will never be emancipated from the limitations of an almost exclusively professional and commercial outlook until the better playwrights and actors are swept along by such a current of constructive ideas and serious purposes. In that case many good things would happen. Actors, when they wanted to "acquire merit," would seek it by other means than Shakespearian revivals or the production of a German drama. Playwrights could find an abundance of subjects without confessing poverty by the present devices of wholesale adaptation and imitation. Intelligent men generally would take a much livelier interest in the theatre. And last, but not least, the critics, who, under present conditions, tend to become either parasites or voices crying in the wilderness, would be in a position to exercise a more formative influence. For this current of new ideas would necessarily be both more critical and more constructive than those which now prevail—more critical, because higher intellectual standards would mean the reduction of a mass of intellectual and sentimental rubbish, and more constructive because sound ideas inevitably possess more

momentum and fertility than unsound ones.

American authors need to bring to bear, not only on the writing of plays but upon the writing of books, the result of a little hard-headed, resolute, and enterprising reflection upon American life. At the present time the drama cannot be a consistent and powerful expression of its deeper issues, because American thought has not dared or cared to face the facts. In the first place the facts themselves are extremely diverse and casual, so that any attempt to generalize them is apt to be very partial and fragmentary; but, what is more important, no serious attempts to generalize them are being made. We go on repeating the political, social, and moral formulas, which have come down to us from the Revolutionary period, without trying either to make them consistent with each other or with our present practice; and we remain the most inexperienced of peoples, not because American individual and national experience is not rich, and fine and strong, but because Americans have not as yet stopped to understand what they are feeling and doing. Our drama, as has already been observed, but not our drama alone, reflects this easy-going and superficial estimate of American experience and ideals; and it will not be radically improved until American thought keeps abreast or ahead of American practice. But when that time comes the American drama should be the most adequate expression of the American social democracy, because the quickness, the vividness, the decisiveness, and the very publicity, so characteristic of the American mind at its best, all tend to make the drama its most perfect literary embodiment.

On the Slope of Parnassus

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

UPON the southern slope of Parnassus, in a vine-hung garden watered by laughing fountains, a Philosopher was wont to wander and meditate upon the meanings of things.

One morning he seated himself before a deserted shrine to Dionysus, leaning against a fragment of embellished marble, and, gazing over the gleaming blue of the Corinthian Sea, he addressed it as follows:

"The tendency of the Universe is progress toward perfection. I, as an individual, am a fraction of that Universe. In so far as I fail to conform with that tendency—either positively by retarding or going against it, or negatively by failing to grasp every opportunity to advance—I retard that portion of it which I, myself, am. Therefore, I retard the whole. This is Cosmologic Evil."

During this discourse a Rosy Youth had strayed toward the shrine and was exploring with eager pleasure its ivy-touched recesses. Oblivious of so insignificant a presence, the Philosopher drew a stylus from his girdle and wrote as follows upon a tablet:

"Perfect pleasure—the highest—is not only perfect sensation, but the intellectual appreciation of that sensation. Perfect pleasure and perfect knowledge preclude the possibility of evil, either relative or absolute."

The Rosy Youth having culled with satisfaction a few wild blackberries, now consumed them with relish and deftly

wove the thorny stems into the sandals of the Philosopher, so that, when he should depart, he would be reminded of Cosmologic Evil.

"We now come to Theorem Two," continued the Philosopher, moving his toes with vague uneasiness and addressing himself to his audience—the Corinthian Sea. The Youth offered him some berries, but he waved him aside.

"Sentient beings have the possibility of pleasure and happiness on the one hand, and of suffering and unhappiness on the other. The latter constitutes Psychologic Evil."

But the Youth retorted:

"Then I will eat the berries."

The Philosopher withdrew his regard from the distant sea and thus addressed his new companion:

"When a sentient being consciously causes Psychologic Evil—or fails to lessen it where possible—or where he wilfully and consciously fails to conform with the tendency to progression toward perfection, he creates Ethical Evil."

"See, oh, Philosopher!" cried the Youth. "Thou art sitting upon a swallow's nest and have crushed two eggs. The mother-bird is scolding thee from yonder bush. Poor little mother-bird"—and a quick tear shone in his eye—"here is thy nest; I will place it for thee safe from harm in this tree. There may yet be a goodly brood from the eggs remaining."

The Philosopher contracted his brow

as he observed the stain upon his robe, and said:

"This, however, is not Ethical Evil. Ethical Evil differs from Cosmologic Evil; viz. in ethical progression there are three stages: First, a negative condition — namely, a failure to recognize Cosmologic and Psychologic Evil as such: in this condition we may or may not cause it. Second, a recognition and a causing of it. Third, a recognition and avoidance of it. In the present case——"

The Rosy Youth, during this discourse, had wandered toward a myrtle grove and fallen in with a young maiden gathering asphodel. Back across the meadow they came, leaping joyously the rills and caprioling among the acanthus bushes. The youth showed her the swallow's nest, now safe from harm, and discovered to her the delights of the sculptured shrine. Finally he kissed her with shy tenderness, there on the southern slope of Parnassus, behind the shrine to Dionysus.

The Philosopher was busily writing upon a tablet the three psychologic stages in the evolution of the universe: First, a negative condition caused by a lack of sentiency; second, the presence

and growth of Psychologic Evil, concomitant with ditto of sentiency; and third, the possibility of perfect happiness in which all evil will be eliminated.

The maiden had used his enscriptured tablet, fallen at his feet, to make more secure the swallow's nest, and the mother-bird was singing rapturously in the sunshine.

"Oh, Philosopher!" said the Youth, "it is the hour of the midday repast, and thou art lean."

The Philosopher had made an end to his writing, and replied:

"I do not partake of the midday repast; there is that within me—a mere base, physical element—which would lustily cry out against it. I remain here, fasting, to take up next the corresponding and correlating theorems of Cosmologic, Psychologic, and Ethical Good. The steeds of Phœbus Apollo have yet many parasangs to journey."

The Rosy Youth and the maiden regarded him silently for a moment and then moved slowly away, hand in hand.

"This afternoon," said the maiden, "let us go to the temples and pray to all the gods that we shall never grow wise."

The Star to the Watcher

BY JOHN B. TABB

FAREWELL! I may not meet thee till the day
Hath passed away:
But in the bosom of the noon-tide sea,
I'll dream of thee.

Alike are we the votaries of Night:
A voice hath said,
"Let there, for other worshippers, be light;
For lovers, shade."

Letter from London

LONDON, *September 20, 1902.*

AT last we can breathe again! The war and the coronation are over and gone, the charged atmosphere of anxiety is clearing and giving place to a cooler air, and the voice of the turtle is once more heard in the land. Publishers are bustling and hustling and smiling expectantly as to the harvest to be reaped in the autumn. Printing-offices in England and Scotland have been very busy all the summer, while paper-makers and binders are rubbing hands as they note the swelling of their clients' accounts. Authors also are not wanting in expressions of anticipatory joy; they are looking forward to royalties' day and, no doubt, are fervently and pertinaciously inditing suggestions for the best advertising methods. We are expecting such an output as will mark the notch high in the publishing statistics of the country, and this in spite of the fact that a couple of houses have sought the sheltering wings of the receiver. Every publisher to whom one speaks, anticipates great events; though, if you ask on what their hopes are based, you are met with titles and names of authors that cause you to receive the news with a very large dose of scepticism. At the same time, you are confidentially informed of the inevitable "dark horse" that is going to spread-eagle the whole field. Certain it is, however, that the output of books will be phenomenally large—especially in the class of fiction. One publishing

firm alone is already advertising for sale nearly two dozen novels, and all of them by well-known writers—Marie Corelli being of the number, a first edition of 130,000 copies of her "Temporal Power" barely sufficing for the demand. In spite of the fact that the book-stores and stalls are simply packed with six-penny reprints, the head of the large London jobbing-house affirms that the six-shilling novel will hold its own, "broad based upon the people's will." If that be so, Messrs. Methuen & Co. may reasonably assure themselves of a successful season, and the head of the house add another wing to his château. What a pity Mr. Hall Caine is not in it at this psychological moment! Surely a lack of foresight this, most unusual in our modern prophet! Is Jove nodding?

But novels are coming from all sides—from Paternoster Row as well as from Covent Garden and Leicester Square. The buyers at Mudie's and Smith's will want an extra vacation before Christmas, and the Tabard Inn man, who is soon to threaten the invasion of the druggists' shops of the City, Westminster, Holborn, Paddington, Kilburn, and Islington, will have his hands pretty full. It would be a waste of space and time to give you the names of all these fiction writers, since your publishers in New York have, no doubt, made arrangements for the publication there of most of their works. Their agents, I know, have been busy here all summer.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has finished his "David and Bathsheba," and it will be in the hands of readers some time in November. We are informed that this play is to "form a picture whose conception is as bold as its execution is masterly." Let that suffice for the present.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has quite lost his heart to America. He finds London tame and insipid after New York, and longs for the bright skies and genial society of the "little old town." He is due in your city next month, when he proposes to issue a literary magazine of a special kind, to be written by himself and a few friends. At present he is devoting his best energies to a poetical paraphrase of the poems of Hafiz, for which he will act as his own publisher. The book is to be very elegantly produced in a limited edition, at a high price.

Sir Walter Armstrong, the head of the National Gallery of Ireland, and author of the sumptuous biographies of great artists issued by Mr. William Heinemann, is finishing his great work on Turner to be published from the same house. The book will include some splendid reproductions of the best pictures of the famous landscape painter. From all reports this should be the ablest production so far accomplished, both by author and publisher.

Another art book of importance is announced by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, on the work of Walter Crane. The text has been written by W. P. G. Konody, the editor of the new art magazine, "The Connoisseur." It is, however, from the point of view of the book-maker that this work is likely to be most interesting, since it will include nearly two hundred illustrations of Crane's finest achievements as painter, designer, and illustrator. Many of these are to be in color, and all of them have been chosen for the purpose of exhibiting Crane not only as painter, but as crafts-

man, socialist, teacher, and author. I understand that The Macmillan Company, in New York, are the American publishers. Mr. Crane has a large following on the continent, especially in Holland and Germany; so much so, that his works, "The Bases of Design," and "Line and Form," have been translated into German for the use of students.

The poet laureate is taking a well-earned rest after his many mountaineering scrambles on Parnassus; but he will, all the same, be in the rush this season, though with a prose work this time. His "Haunts of Ancient Peace" is promised by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to be fully illustrated by the clever artist, Mr. E. H. New.

The same publishers are to follow up the great success obtained by their Green's "Illustrated History of the English People," with an "Illustrated History of English Literature." This will be written by Dr. Richard Garnett and Dr. Edmund Gosse—to give them both their just titles. Although primarily written for popular reading, the four octavo volumes in which it is to be issued will contain much scholarly information and research. Dr. Garnett is responsible for that portion of the history from the Old English period to the age of Shakespeare, while Dr. Gosse will continue the story down to the present time. In the matter of illustrations there will be no lack—portraits, views, caricatures, autographs, title-pages, are to be given wherever these will assist the reader to a proper appreciation of the text. Indeed, if the work fulfill but half of what is promised, and I have no doubt it will realize all, it should prove a valuable and even indispensable addition to any library. But let Dr. Gosse keep in mind the "Quarterly" reviewer.

The new and admirable edition of "Swift's Prose Works," which Messrs. Bell & Sons have been issuing in their

"Bohn's Library," is rapidly approaching completion. Two more volumes are promised this autumn—one dealing with the historical writings, and the other with the famous "Drapier's Letters."

Father Sheehan, whose very humorous account of "My New Curate" has had such a phenomenal success both here and in the United States, has just published a new book. This time the good father was besieged by publishers. What a difference a success makes!

The Temple Classics are still multiplying. In addition to Goldsmith's Essays, to be edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, the series will receive a twelve-volume accession in a Fielding, for which Professor Saintsbury will be responsible.

Perhaps the one book promised for this season which is being waited for more expectantly than any other is the "Life of Gladstone," on which Mr. John Morley has been engaged since shortly after the great statesman's death. It ought to be the book of the year, whenever it does appear. Mr. Morley was undoubtedly the ablest man for the task, since no other living man combines his qualities for sympathetically presenting both the public and private life of the scholar and the statesman. Mr. Morley has the additional advantage in being Gladstone's literary executor, with access to all documents and letters.

The novel by John Milton, which was discovered by an ardent book-collector who spent his time in acquiring such books as were not in the British Museum, will soon be ready for the booksellers. It has been translated from the original Latin, and will be introduced by Professor David Masson. Dr. Masson, when first informed of the discovery, placed no credence in it, but he altered his mind entirely when he read the book; and he is now an en-

thusiastic believer in its authenticity. Mr. John Murray is the publisher.

I understand you have quite a vogue in the States for the publications issued from private presses. There is some justification for the fashion, because one generally obtains in this way a well-printed book, and a book that is a delight to possess. What a pity, though, the owners of these presses do not issue books that are not easily obtainable! I mean books that are rare and difficult to purchase in any form, and yet books that ought to be in a good library. Collectors must surely be tired of the eternal reprints of Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, Omar Khayyam, and the rest. Here, in England, there are but two presses, the books from which are worth collecting—the Dove Press, managed by Messrs. Emery Walker, Cobden Sanderson, and Sidney Cockerell, and the Ashandene Press, the productions of which are the sole work of Mr. St. John Hornby. Mr. Hornby lives in a beautiful house on the Chelsea Embankment, and his printing-shop, at the back of the house, is a model of what a printing-shop ought to be. He is his own compositor, pressman, and proofreader, and not a sheet of any book he issues but what has passed his critical eye and been approved by an exacting taste. He is at work at present on an edition of Dante, from new type, and with reproductions of the old wood-cuts from one of the early editions commentated by Landino. Of course, Mr. Hornby is not a rapid worker, and as he will not permit of any assistance in his work, he cannot issue editions of more than a very limited number of copies. Indeed, a hundred copies is a very large edition for him. But this makes his books the more interesting and all the more likely to become rare. The Ashandene Press is genuinely a private press, and its owner a true craftsman.

S. F.

Letter from Paris

PARIS, *September 19, 1902.*

PAUL HERVIEU is undoubtedly becoming one of the literary men of France from whom much is expected, although he has already given a good deal. He forms one of the galaxy of celebrated Pauls, represented by himself, by Paul Bourget, Paul Alexis, Paul Adam, and two or three others whose parents christened them by the name of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Nineteen, nay, fifteen years back, Paul Hervieu was unknown beyond a small local circle or "cénacle." He was lost amid the Maupassants, the Daudets, the Zolas, who, with the Russian Turgenieff, and, to a certain extent, Tolstoy, were stars of the literary firmament of Europe. Now, Paul Hervieu is a successful novelist, a leading literary dramatist, which means a good deal here, and an academician who has succeeded Pailleron "under the cupola." Just now Paris is extremely anxious to know what he has made of Théroigne de Méricourt, the Luxembourg beauty, "demoiselle Théroigne," not from Belgian Liège, as some of the French erroneously report, who was so prominent a figure in the great Revolution. Théroigne is little known in the histories which we learned as children. She is, in fact, rigidly excluded from school books, for she was rather a bad lot, and cannot be held up as a good example to anybody. Carlyle has got her, but it is strange that no dramatist or "historical" novelist has tried to revive her and to

interest modern playgoers and readers in the phantasmagoric career of this woman from Luxembourg who became a power in Paris temporarily, and who went mad owing to her treatment by the infuriated females, who whipped her through the Tuileries gardens. Hervieu has written a literary drama on this woman, and the only, the divine, and the incomparable Sarah, who is living and acting forever, is to play the leading part. Sardou will be eclipsed, and we have to see if Rostand will survive after Hervieu's play has been put on the boards of the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre.

Many people forget that Hervieu is a novelist. This is owing to the success of his plays, and notably of "L'Enigme," produced at the Comédie Française. One of the earliest books was "La Bêtise Humaine," published in 1883. Herein he set up as an analyst of society, and in "Choses de l'Amour," which followed, he gave the key to his later dramatic work by showing that in spite of the advance of civilization society kept up the most horrible customs and practices of barbarous ages, and hedged them around with hypocritical laws and conventions. One of the ulcers on which Paul Hervieu laid his scalpel at this period was the "Article Rouge," of the penal code, which renders excusable the murder of a wife taken in adultery by her husband. You have the same theme treated in "L'Enigme," that play which has caused a French critic writing for an English periodical to talk of Hervieu

as drawing near to the art of an *Æschylus* or a *Sophocles*. This is a rather doubtful compliment, and Paul Hervieu has no doubt smiled at it. Anyhow he is a great modern dramatist and litterateur who has written such masterpieces of fiction as "*L'Inconnu*," "*Les Yeux Verts et les Yeux Bleus*," "*Flirt*," "*Peints par Eux-mêmes*," and "*L'Armature*," which many critics consider to be his best, and who has produced such plays as "*Les Tenailles*," "*La Loi de l'Homme*," "*La Course du Flambeau*," and "*L'Enigme*."

Spanish life and color abound in the strange work of fiction, "*La Marquesita*," by a young writer, Jean Louis Talon. M. Talon does not spare us anything. His book is full of love, lust, bull-fighting, and carnage. The torero Rafaelito is no ordinary bull-stabber, for he has had the benefit, or as some people might think, the disadvantage, of a university education. Rafaelito has been brought up in the very heart of Seville, near that Giralda which Americans think recalls to them Madison Square and the Garden Tower. He loves the dancing girls as well as the superior sort of Sevilliana, who is serenaded as she sits in her barred bedroom. Rafaelito has become a torero out of sheer love of woman. He knows that the Spanish beauties dote on the gaudily dressed, clean shaven bull-fighters, and he soon makes an impression on the Marquesita Soledad, as well as on a lot of other women, including cooks and gitanas. This is running Rafaelito very close with Don Juan, of whom Sganarelle remarks: "*Dame, demoiselle, Bourgeoise, Paysanne, il ne trouve rien de trop chaud, ni de trop froid pour lui.*" The Marquesita has a big house in Madrid, with a friar attached to her household, who says mass for her and occasionally carries love letters.

The "*Eternal Woman*," always a favorite subject with the French, comes

out very strongly in M. Maurice Lefèvre's "*La Femme à travers les Âges*." Maurice Lefèvre is a well-known modern boulevardier, but he is also something more. He is a fashionable lecturer, a "*conférencier élégant et spirituel*," who may often be heard in the most select drawing-rooms, and is sometimes seen enjoying his beer in a brasserie, and likewise taking occasional pinches of snuff. A fairly tall, well-built, brown-bearded man, the fashionable lecturer is nearing the prime of life. His show of women in his latest book is large and varied. All the ladies whom we read about of old are there. We have Aspasia and Sappho, with her "*small dark body's Lesbian loveliness*," as Mr. Swinburne sings, whom the French write down as Sapho, both English and French thus metamorphosing the lady's "*island name*," which was "*Psappha*." From Greek and Roman women of beauty and wit or superior intelligence we come down to the Marquise de Rambouillet and Madame Recamier.

Another writer who deals largely with the historical woman is M. Pierre de Nolhac, of the Versailles Museum, a gentleman who is well known for his valuable work in Europe and America. M. de Nolhac is still a young man and is destined to be a prolific author. His researches in the interesting history of Petrarch and Laura, his works on Marie Antoinette and Versailles, where he is one of the conservators, claim a hearing for him whenever he publishes. His latest book is on Queen Marie Leczinska, daughter of King Stanislaus of Poland, and wife of the great sinner, Louis Quinze. The fifteenth Louis led his wife a fearful dance, and she had to stand his attentions to the three Maillys and a number of minor mistresses with whom the "*well beloved*" and "*the Most Christian King*" was supplied by the Duc de Richelieu and other courtiers. The queen tried to have some

revenge on one of the Maillys—she who was called Madame de Mailly in contradistinction to Madame de Vinpinella and the Duchesse de Châteauroux—and wanted to hunt her from Versailles. Later on the much-betrayed consort learned to accept the inevitable, and as the king was incorrigible, she had to close her eyes on his amours and occupy herself with the education of her children. M. de Nolhac has presented the whole history of the deceived queen with his usual picturesqueness as well as accuracy. It is superfluous to say that he has consulted original manuscript, for he always does so, and there is no writer in France who has better opportunities for reviving ancient history with new effects than he, except, perhaps, Funck-Brentano, whom I lately saw in his rooms at the Arsenal Library much satisfied with the English edition of his book on the Bastille.

We may expect that Professor Weil, of Paris University, will publish in book form the remarkable sketches which he has contributed to the "Revue Universitaire" on Gustave Flaubert's manuscripts. Flaubert, as is well known, wore himself out in endeavoring to express everything in flawless French. M. Weil wrote his articles from Flaubert's manuscripts in the possession of the famous novelist's niece, Madame Franklin Grout. He found dozens of "brouillons" or rough drafts of "Salambo," in which the author, as he used to say himself, tried to make people "see" what he described by using the exact expression and by presenting striking word pictures. Flaubert also tried to banish the romantic from his pages and to replace it by the realistic. Here is an example given by M. Weil:

"To the noble verb which veils the action Flaubert substitutes the vulgar verb which describes it. Thus 'A rain of sparks dashed themselves against their faces,' in place of 'inundating' the same." Poor Flaubert! He was also

afraid of being rickety in his grammar. In the first edition of "Madame Bovary" he wrote "Comment voulais tu que je vive sans toi," but in the following editions he altered this to "Comment voulais tu que je vecusse sans toi?" At this period the novelist wrote to the Goncourts that he was sleeping with the "Grammaire des grammaires," and that his green carpet was covered by the volumes of the "Academy Dictionary."

Mademoiselle Lucie Felix-Faure, daughter of the late President of the Republic, is an indefatigable literary woman. Hardly has she finished her book on Cardinal Newman before she comes forward with "Les Femmes dans l'oeuvre de Dante." Therein we have the old, old figures brought up once more—Beatrice and Francesca da Rimini—as if they had not been written about and discussed for hundreds of years and by hundreds of writers. Mademoiselle Faure has succeeded in investing the two ladies of old-time Florence with some new interest. She also tries to make us see that Dante, while cherishing an ideal, ethereal love for Beatrice, was tenderly and forgivingly disposed towards more sensual women, such as the lady of Rimini, who broke her marriage vow. The Florentine poet, in order to keep on the orthodox side, sends down to hell all who have loved outside the pale of marriage, but he has special pity and pardon for them, and regards them with more compassion than he does other sinners.

Among the latest Paris publications noticed before the despatch of this letter are "Fleur de Grève," a Breton story by a very successful man, Maurice Cabs. A Paris painter, eager to fly away from the Montmartre studios and brasseries, goes with his wife, whom he loves, to a Breton seaside place, where he saves a mysterious young maiden named Marie Annic from the incoming tide. Naturally the painter, who has the rather prosaic name of Georges

Richard, falls in love with the young lady from the sea, and she reciprocates his affection. As the artist is decent enough to stick to his wife, the mysterious Breton girl commits suicide by returning to the sea whence she was saved before by her lover. Any one who likes Brittany will enjoy this book.

Of other works I see just offered for sale "L'Oncle de Chicago," by André Laurie; "Profils de Théâtre," by Jules Claretie, that amazing producer of ever-interesting copy, although he is a busy manager of a theatre; "Le Dernier Napoleon," by M. Edmond Lepelletier, the nationalist municipal councillor and journalist who has a strong taste for historical subjects, which he treats with adequate picturesqueness; and "Discours Civiques," by Laurent Tailhade, the literary anarchist. Now Tailhade deserves to be read if only for his marvellous muscularity of expression and his wild picturesqueness of style. The man utters the most abominable blasphemies against all religions, and especially against Christianity, from time to time. He would no doubt be glad to see a good many "bosses" of every sort dynamited or daggered, but if you have a duly eclectic mind you can get over all that and enjoy his diabolical style. Everything is wild, vivid, picturesque, and even when you know that Tailhade has been dipping into an encyclopædia and gleaning some second-hand erudition you cannot help being interested in his amusing resuscitations of dead dogs. I also find that the French have not yet done with mad but brilliant Friedrich Nietzsche, "Critic

of women and breaker of idols." There are hardly a hundred Frenchmen who could write Nietzsche's name straight off, and even many who know his works are leaving out some of the sneezing letters in the said name, but his philosophy and his aphorisms are liked well enough, and he has many admirers in Paris, where an indefatigable man has carefully translated "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and the rest. Just as Darwin was drawn upon by Daudet long ago, and as Schopenhauer was also utilized by French writers of fiction, so Nietzsche is now exploited, notably by the younger school of novelists. The latest French book on the latest of popular German philosophers is entitled "Réflexions sur Nietzsche," by M. Paul Louis Garnier. There are signs, however, that the French are beginning to react against the literature, philosophy, and music of the North. Nietzsche may yet be dethroned here as well as Herbert Spencer and Schopenhauer. So, too, may Wagner, and, in another department, Ibsen, Sudermann, Tolstoy, but hardly Maeterlinck, as being a Belgian, he will always obtain a French hearing. But the French, being mostly of Latin stock, are being urged by Gabriel Hanotaux, ex-Foreign Minister, and others, to go back to the shores of the Mediterranean, to Spain, Sicily, Italy, and Sunny Provence for inspiration and enthusiasm, and to have done with the Gothic, gloomy, and nebulous mysticism of the northern nations.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

IT is customary to use the word poetry in rather a loose way, as meaning whatever is printed in lines of a definite length, either with or without the recurrence of rhyme. I use the word in that sense for the heading of this paper. And the first volume which comes to the front for notice is Mr. Hope's "India's Love Lyrics." There is matter in this volume that will make the respectable squirm in holy disgust. But a book need be none the worse for that; and if that were its only attribute, one might praise it generously. It is very much better that people should be shocked into attention, rather than that they should not attend at all. As M. Maeterlinck says, "Even unhappiness is better than sleep."

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hope has allowed himself to be daring in his choice of theme, while he remains quite prosy in his treatment. The result is unpleasant—and unhappy, too; for while the Philistines will say that he has made altogether too much of the opportunity, lovers of good poetry will say that his opportunity has been lost upon him. If I were not anxious to grant a stranger (to say nothing of an honest craftsman in the fine arts) every courtesy, I should be tempted to say that his style is almost as unrelated and casual as that of the "Epic of Hades." And nothing could be more unfortunate for his purpose. A

commonplace subject with commonplace sentiments may do very well with common diction; but when the artist ventures into the realm of the unusual and unconventional, he takes a dangerous hazard, if he permits himself to speak without distinction and reserve. Polite literature, like polite society, may allow itself a broad range of discussion, so long as it is fine enough and delicate enough in its choice of language. As an instance of what seems to me the fault in Mr. Hope's poetry, let me open his volume almost at random and quote the opening stanza of one of his lyrics.

"The tropic day's redundant charms
Cool twilight soothes away,
The sun slips down behind the palms
And leaves the landscape gray.
I want to take you in my arms
And kiss your lips away!"

Well, no doubt any man might want the same thing, but he wouldn't mention it. Such intimate and vital promptings, natural and universal as they may be, are much too spiritual to be treated with commonness. They form a part of that inward life from which our highest and most religious feelings spring, and they deserve, in consequence, a richness and beauty and variety of diction to worthily enshrine them.

The author of these Indian Love Lyrics is by no means alone in his failure. Whitman made the same mistake when he touched on the sensuous side of love. In a natural disgust at false prudery, he allowed himself to be carried away with a ridiculous frankness—or rather with a baldness of speech quite proper to science but not at all proper to art and religion. Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, with all his frankness, makes no such blunder. His delightful old ruffians in "The Seven Seas," when they relate their amours for polite listeners, do so in no common language, but in a speech to which force and trenchant picturesqueness have lent distinction. And we hear them without taking offence, because of the wonderful vigor and unusualness of their language.

Perhaps I have not sufficiently praised Mr. Hope's honest attempt to do what is so difficult to do for English readers; and it may be others, less critical of the form, will enjoy the substance of his exotic poems more than I have.

In work like "Thoughts Adrift" and "Moses" and "Flower and Flame" one finds chiefly evidences of poetic aspiration rather than notable accomplishment. Mr. Brown's drama, for all its ambition, has too much of the academic about it.

In "The Great Procession" there is more comfortable substance and enjoyment,

with less ambition. Mrs. Spofford has put together a number of engaging rhymes, which she modestly designates in a subtitle "Verses for and about Children." Several of them, like "The Little Irish Girl," have a true charm of their own, while several others on religious and legendary themes recall Miss Alexander's memorable volume of legends in verse published a couple of years ago—a book of most delicious quality and free simplicity of treatment. There is in Mrs. Spofford's poems much of the same unaffected directness of expression. And often, too, there is vigor and freshness, as in "The Forerunner," a poem which recalls Browning's "Amphibian," but may be none the worse for that, and which gives one the touch of spiritual uplift which it is always the function of poetry to bestow.

INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS. *By Laurence Hope.*
John Lane, New York. \$1.50, net.

THOUGHTS ADRIFT. *By Hattie Horner*
Loutham. R. G. Badger, Boston.
\$1.00.

MOSES. *A Drama. By Charles Hovey*
Brown. R. G. Badger. \$1.00.

A REED BY THE RIVER. *By Virginia*
Woodward Cloud. R. G. Badger.
\$1.00.

THE GREAT PROCESSION. *By Harriet*
Prescott Spofford. R. G. Badger.
\$1.00.

Mr. Henry James and the Human Will

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE. *By Henry*
James. Charles Scribner's Sons, New
Ycrk. 2 vols. \$2.50.

BY ALINE GORREN

THE Wings of the Dove" is determinant proof that Mr. Henry James's "last manner" is his final manner. Where critics have been led to suspect this fact it has been customary

to deprecate it. That small group of extraordinary books that represents the output of his few later years—"What Maisie Knew," "The Awkward Age," and the others—many of his best friends and admirers would have liked to think of as expressing a "phase." But Mr. Henry James has passed the age of phases. No contemporary has had a "growth" in a more absolute sense. It has been a going forward and a working out most orderly,

and proceeding from a stable inner principle. It has also been a more and more perfect taking possession of a clearly mapped-out province. He has never been interested, objectively, in the general movements of things and events. Those who are thus interested are, consciously or not, believers in the supreme efficacy of the human will in directing motives, and the whole consequent evolution of action.

This belief has never been entertained, to any extent, by Mr. James. His experience of the human drama, all his close observation, have confirmed him more and more, apparently, in his distrust of the concrete operativeness of will at more than the shortest range, so to say. He may be willing to grant that the act of will of one person, or of many persons, may control the one or two most near-by scenes in the drama; he would assuredly deny that it could be counted on, so far at least as the great majority of cases went, to shape a plan to its end unassisted by a fortuitous combination of outside forces. These outside forces consist of the multitudinously interplaying and inextricably interwoven psychic currents formed by the conflicting impulses of other people. Many of these impulses are evanescent; indeed, the greater part are so. They are not only short-lived, spasmodic; they are often also obscure to those in whose nerve-centres they originate. Much of all that goes on about us every day, changing lives, making or marring destinies, belongs entirely to the sphere of subconscious impulse, and is a darkness to all but the perceptive few. In that sphere nothing, of course, escapes Mr. James's clairvoyance. That his second-sight has there become phenomenal is, precisely, the "mark" of his final manner.

The indolent judgment's temptation may naturally be to assert that it is impossible actually to see so much; and, in reality, that there is as plain matter-of-fact never so much to see. Mr. James knows better; therefore he can afford to be indifferent to the ready opinion of many honest readers who do not care to be disconcerted by being made to realize, in their fiction, things which they do not behold

in real life. There is another question before Mr. James to answer, however. And it is whether, in his extreme and merciless sincerity to what he holds to be the dominant factor in the intricate workings of human lives, he has not lost his perspective.

The will, we may venture to believe, is more, after all, than Mr. James has come to think, and that it is so accounts for the truth that this is a much more solid world than the world of "The Wings of the Dove" or of "The Fountain of Youth." All the play of semi-occult impulse for which Mr. James's stories are so fine is about us everywhere. But what he seems nowadays entirely to overlook is that it has a way of affecting men and women with a will a little stronger than the average in a decidedly reactionary fashion. It "gets on their nerves," to use the phrase of the hour, and often to such purpose as to cause them to make short work of complications, emotional and other, which, spun out unchecked by the morbid-minded, might have reached dire proportions. The world of all Mr. James's later personages is mostly a world of idlers in whom more or less morbid passions can and do flourish to the effect of appreciably affecting the breathable qualities of the atmosphere. Yet even in such a world there are healthy beings, and Mr. James gives them less than their rightful share of attention.

A personage as perversely, grotesquely weak as Densher in "The Wings of the Dove" is almost more than one is willing to accept, even at the superlatively plausible hands of Mr. James. The figure of the girl Kate, calculating and voluptuous, a species of Lucrezia Borgia in the diminished scale appropriate to twentieth century London, is more thinkable, and far more respectable. She has at least continuity, the capacity for sustained effort, and the quality, upon the whole, of bigness. With her deep-laid plot to marry the man she loves temporarily to a dying girl of great fortune—or, possibly, her still deeper intention of so enlisting the latter's affections that, touched at the most vulnerable spot, she will let herself die and, so doing, leave her money

to Kate's own intended husband, and hence to Kate herself—one might be permitted to conceive of her as a somewhat sinister companion for the uses of everyday life, in spite of her "society" scintillations. But she is more respectable than Densher, because she has the power to will in general, and the power, in particular, to inject some will into her love.

And this brings one around to a specially conspicuous feature of Mr. James's now completely evolved theory of the instability of the emotions and the flaccidity of the will. While he is more than ever alive to what is called temperament, the dignity of the great passion receives, under his pen, a treatment of a pessimism perhaps unnecessarily inveterate. Granted that the chances making for the immutability of the passion have been exaggerated by writers, Mr. James's growing disbelief in any chances for its fixity in the largest number of circumstances may fairly strike one as irrational and also immoral. It is perfectly probable that strong—because of their youth, health, beauty, and mutual hope for the future—as was the emotional tie between Densher and Kate, the man's imagination could be captured by poor Milly's pathetic case and half-concealed tenderness to the extent of rendering him untrue, in a measure, to the other passion. But it is also undoubted that the men who would have refused emphatically in the first place any such equivocal situations as that in which Densher found himself placed, by his lady-love's wish, with respect to Milly, are—it may be spoken to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race—far more numerous than men of the type of Densher.

It is true that Mr. James is careful to show that Densher was a not wholly English Englishman. His foolish acquiescences and bland acceptances of the pleasantest, because easiest, course Mr. James would perhaps explain as the fruit of desultory Continental influences. Densher's case, however, is mainly interesting—"The Wings of the Dove" is mainly interesting—because they mark a crystallization of that tendency in all Mr. James's later work as to the validity, usefulness,

healthfulness of which one may have so many doubts. One may repeat that all that he sees in the way of emotional vagaries and subconscious impulses really exists. But one certainly cannot say too often that the great reason for not making them so prominent in literature is that, as to the vast aggregate, they literally do not have it so much their own way as do the conscious and continuous acts of will. This is a more solid world than Mr. James represents, because it is one in which common sense more often has the upper hand. And the highest definition of common sense is that it is generally just the mechanical determination to carry out, with system, a plan of action once conceived, unless some very good ground indeed present itself for changing the course.

Densher is admirably representative of those beings now so much affected by Mr. James who tack so continually with the wind that they arrive, as a finality, nowhere. The determination to be "true," to preserve the integrity of the great passion, may be regarded itself often as a matter of common sense. It stands at least for the thing chosen. The great passion may or may not be noble. But it is really only interesting so far as it has some stability; so far, that is, as it is preserved and guided in an appreciable degree by the will, and is, by so much, taken out of the realm of mere emotion. This is the only ground on which one can make a stand for the identity of great art with high morality. The great book, the great picture, the great musical page, are inspired by, or deal with, an emotion not only powerful, but imbued with some continuity. But emotion, of itself, is rarely continuous. It spends itself without the conscious aid of the will. And emotion, of itself, is non-moral; but the will belongs to the moral world.

If Mr. James's personages were more moral, were all more like Milly and less like Densher, his recent books would really be more interesting. They interest strongly, extraordinarily, now. But they do not "stay with you." They do not convince, because their author has lost the beliefs without which there is no power to convince.

POEMS. By Charles G. D. Roberts.
Frontispiece portrait. L. C. Page &
Co., Boston. \$1.50.

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

MR. Roberts has a right to sing. Again and again he has proved his powers of song, and anything that we may say here will not shake or controvert that elemental statement. He is truly a poet, strong and individual, intensely New World, often vast and sweeping in his imaginative conceptions, full of delight in primitive refreshing nature with a certain "go," an ecstasy in his nobler moments that communicates itself without loss to the sympathetic reader; and he is overbrimming with the associate faults of his grandly assertive qualities. When Mr. Roberts is in form, when he has his true voice, he gives out pure chest tones which carry to the remotest bourne of the world's great amphitheatre; but when he is off the note, when he has in view an oratorical purpose or effect, his natural magic fails him, the wand is reversed, and his poetry is debased into eloquence. Truly no living poet is so unequal as the sturdy lyrist of Canada.

In a prefatory note the author declares that of all his verse written before the end of 1898 this collection contains everything that he cares to preserve; and undeniably he has exhibited good insight and wholesome abstinence in his choice; yet we feel most sincerely that the garden could still profitably have been weeded, that a few of the weaker songs and ballads and nearly all of his very early work could have been expunged for the greater glory of the whole.

Beyond doubt Mr. Roberts is at his best in a certain broad delineation of nature, in the great woods and desolate tracts, on wild and rugged heights overlooking the Northern seas, "In the Wide Awe and Wisdom of the Night." In these circumstances he is absolutely individual and broad. We quote from *The Solitary Woodsman*, a fair type of his power of awakening the sense of universality by artistic representation of increasing natural movements. Where so

much motion is, there must be space in which to record it.

"All day long he wanders wide
With the gray moss for his guide,
And his lonely axe-stroke startles
The expectant forest-side.

"Toward the quiet close of day
Back to camp he takes his way,
And about his sober footsteps
Unafraid the squirrels play.

"On his roof the red leaf falls,
At his door the bluejay calls,
And he hears the wood-mice hurry
Up and down his rough log walls;

"Hears the laughter of the loon
Thrill the dying afternoon,—
Hears the calling of the moose
Echo to the early moon.

"And he hears the partridge drumming,
'The belated hornet humming,—
All the faint prophetic sounds
That foretell the winter's coming.

"And the wind about his eaves
Through the chilly night-wet grieves,
And the earth's dumb patience fills him,
Fellow to the falling leaves."

Yes, this is the poet's true note. What solitude is with us and what wonder! What wide suggestion of subtle forces in the contrast of the wood-mice hurrying up and down the log walls and the calling of the moose, which echoes to the early moon! What poetry—there is no other word to express it—in the lines, "All the faint prophetic sounds that foretell the winter's coming!" We hear the startling fall of that "lonely axe-stroke," and it reminds us of infinity; and thus—we honestly believe—it shall remind our children's children. Mr. Roberts is very masterful in conveying the sense of eternal mystery and wonder; and this from the most ordinary outdoor sights or occurrences. What a suddenness and strangeness, what a veritable

vision it gives us to read his *Burnt Lands*, where—

“—giant trunks, bleak shapes that once
were trees,
Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or
breeze,
Their stern gray isolation grimly
borne.”

Or in *The Flight of the Geese*, a sonnet of such swift and awakening enthusiasm that it rouses in us a poetic wildness and delight something akin to terror!

The flight of birds has indeed a special fascination for him, and his lines on this subject have usually a strange onomatopoeic excellence, which does not, however, pass the limits of imagination and become mere buzzing or phonography. Mr. Roberts never forgoes his ideal; his lungs are filled with the air of universality, which he must breathe or perish. In

“Hark, the flapping, as of banners,
Where the heron triumphs by!”

or in

“The migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon,”

we seem to rise from the perusal of entire natural histories and to be carried far beyond them into the realms of aspiration. Would that all our poet's performance were so pure and natural, so unmenaced by his crafty enemy—rhetoric!

The ballads are, as a whole, disappointing. They seem to us not very different from other people's ballads; the good old pattern is so clearly in evidence. Even the spirited *Laughing Sally*, with its “Yeo, heave ho!” and its “dead men laid a-row,” strikes a Stevensonian, much-used note; and, as for *Manila Bay*, we can hardly reconcile its noise and exaggerated color and platform-superficiality with the master touch so instantaneously recognizable in *The Epitaph for a Husbandman*, for example, or in *The Wrestler*, or in *The Quest of the Arbutus*. These ballads rank with the popular ballads of Newbolt and have little in common with the open, sailor-like sonority of Campbell's *Nelson and the North* or the melodic distinction, the heroism, and the splendor of Tennyson's *Revenge*.

They are neither subtly effective like Hervé Riel nor vital with the pell-mell raw-meat flavor of Kipling. But the fame of Mr. Roberts is secure without his patriotic odes or his ballads.

He has but to pipe of his familiar hills and fallows, to give expression to the benign influence of river or sea, to begin, “O solitary of the austere sky” and we stand about him profoundly silent and impressed. Not seldom indeed his utterance rises to simple grandeur; and, at these times, the listener, inspired by such exaltation, can easily forget the flashy pretentious pose and the impure tone that mar the minstrel's work in feebler moments. Mr. Roberts, like Wordsworth or Byron, ought alone to be judged by the vision that proceeds from his innermost soul, the seed of which has been planted safely by genius, and cultivated through affection and experience.

OUR LITERARY DELUGE and Some of its
Deeper Waters. By Francis Whiting Halsey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

THE writer knows his subject. He is familiar with every kind, quality, and degree of book; he has measured them, weighed them, put to them all conceivable tests, and the result is, as might plausibly be expected, yet another book—a book from Mr. Halsey's own hand; in which, however, it is difficult to find any marked distinction from the vast horde of commonplace volumes so justly and deprecatingly criticised by him. The deluge is with us, no doubt. Civilization groans submerged under such a terrifying downpour of mediocre thought, as makes us apprehensive sometimes for that chosen few whom Art has so sagaciously placed in her floating refuge. For them we need not greatly fear; the heart will take care of the classic. But what good can come, we put the question gravely, not impertinently, by swelling these already unmanageable waters on which the spirit of permanence moveth not, why pay trib-

ute—even of one ink-drop—into that formless, tyrannical flood? "Our Literary Deluge" is penned by a journalist, not written by an artist; it is composed of businesslike editorials, not literary essays.

The author is doubtless a very sane man, he has excellent sense and wholesome self-restraint, he has read carefully and widely, and accumulated far more than the ordinary sum of knowledge. Yet these conditions, indispensable though they be to the highest achievement, will not alone make a writer. Much of emotion is needed even for the quiet work, the power to carry one beyond sentences to paragraphs, and beyond paragraphs to elemental comprehensions of things. Mr. Halsey deals almost entirely with sentences, and a literary unity is therefore hardly perceptible in his larger linguistic sections. At the present time, owing to a reaction from the lachrymose idealist and the morbid realist, sanity is at a very high premium. We might safely declare that in some quarters this tendency is carried to the point of delusion, and that there exists an insane desire for sanity. Now nothing is much more equestrian (as Henry James would say) than sanity in connection with high ideas, but when sanity stumps alongside weary, well-known facts, she loses her immortal habiliments and takes to a very dusty road-dress.

There is probably a demand for books of the kind of this by Mr. Halsey. The book is well-cargoed with the names of celebrated writers, which fact in itself flaunts afar and wide the trade-banner of popularity and commends the volume to the unoriginal literary aspirant, to the student-off-on-holiday in search of "good-reading," to the inexperienced traveller in Bookland, who desires a Baedeker or Cook. But those who prefer style to statistics, who desire something more nourishing than mere statement, will get up from this reading far from refreshed. We were previously familiar with only two of these essays, but we feel as if we had been over them all, O, so many times! The same antique story of the price paid Milton for the original "Paradise Lost," and what the same manuscript would be worth now, the assertion that bad books

will die and good books will live, the remark that Scott is wholesome reading, that Jane Eyre will be remembered when the (then) prime minister of England is forgotten, these and many hundred more such trite opinions fall flatly and unprofitably on the ear. They are not ideas, they are not irreproachably expressed; they have, indeed, little value beyond the cheap *éclat* that goes with all extreme records or remarks relative to great people, and seem to us inevitably and hopelessly commonplace, when published in a book.

STILLMAN GOTT, FARMER AND FISHERMAN. *By Edwin Day Sibley. John S. Brooks & Co. \$1.50.*

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

AN imagination fed on the historical novel might find the story of Farmer and Fisherman Stillman Gott's placid life rather tame reading. His quaint dialogues are not intended by Mr. Sibley to swell the heart. But the book is one that will strike directly to the soft corner of your heart—and if you haven't that soft corner, so much the worse for you. Stillman Gott isn't shrewd and assertive like David Harum, and he isn't as canny as Eben Holden, but he's a precious old chap—one of the best Maine sort. He is an "old bach," one of the quiet, self-sacrificing, pathetic old figures that you find scattered all over the Pine Tree State. Mr. Sibley is the first novelist to appreciate this phase of Maine character, and while his portraiture is not as clear-cut as one would like, nevertheless, after you lay the book down, Stillman Gott will be enshrined along with other plain idols in the soft heart-corner that you have or ought to have. If Mr. Sibley writes more about the Maine farmer folk he will not be quite so extreme in his dialect, for he is almost "Josh Billingsy" in his spelling. A deft touch of dialect here and there makes smoother reading, and does all the business in the case of the reader who understands the people the author is writing about. And the people who do not understand such characters as Still-

man Gott will hardly appreciate all of the art in Mr. Sibley's portraiture, and must miss the best flavor of the book.

On the other hand, in the employment of Yankee phrases, the author strikes the happiest of veins. In writing dialect it is easy enough to clip consonants and elide vowels, but the true test of dialect is the use of the old-fashioned expressions and words that are the current conversational coin 'way back in Yankeeland. Country-bred folk who have lived long in the city will find Mr. Sibley's book a constant delight in the respect indicated. Nearly every page of dialogue has some of those dear old expressions that you probably had forgotten until they pop at you from the page like the "Hullo" of old country friends leaning on a pasture fence. The author puts a few good stories into the mouth of Stillman Gott, along with plenty of quaint and apposite illustrations of his apothegms. For instance, who but "Aunt Sumun" or "Uncle Whats'name of Yankeedom" could evolve a simile with the tang of this one: "Every one to his likin', as the monkey said when he married the hen"? Mr. Sibley confesses in his preface that he has lived and hunted and fished with the Maine coast folks many a season, and his novel indicates that he kept his notebook busy. Every one of his Yankee expressions is common in the vicinity of the back lots, but the city folk have not heard them for so long that they will sound almost new. The humor of the book is of the real Yankee sort, quiet and dry, and consisting not in pranks, but in quizzically turned phrases. The reader will relish all of it. As has been remarked, Stillman Gott is not a character as clear-cut as some of the cameos of country life with which book readers have been entertained since David Harum set the pace behind his mare, but Mr. Sibley has given us a type that is as sweet as a red clover blossom.

The incident of Gott's fight with storm and sea when he went off to the mainland to bring a doctor for a suffering little child of a neighbor, his passionate demand on the shrinking physician, and the journey back, are the most dramatic things in the novel, and suggest that another novel might be written around some

of those devoted men who practise medicine along the rocky and storm-beaten coast of Maine. There is a love story in the book, of course, and it is a pretty little love story of the rather lukewarm sort. You will not read the volume for that story, but you will follow "Still Gott" through the pages with deepening interest in him and other lonely old half-hermits of Maine, the pathos of whose lives cannot be imparted to readers other than those who have looked in on them and have known them.

STAGE CONFIDENCES. *By Clara Morris. Illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Company. \$1.20, net.*

BY JOHN D. BARRY

IT is now about ten years since Clara Morris, the actress, began to write for publication, contributing several short stories to the "St. Nicholas" magazine. They were clever and vivacious; but they attracted comparatively little notice even among those who admired the writer as an actress. Of course, Miss Morris worked against the disadvantage of appealing to an audience altogether different in kind from her audience at the theatre. Gradually her name began to be seen in other periodicals, attached to stories somewhat more ambitious. These, however, had an amateurish and a melodramatic quality that, in spite of their freshness and their spirit, at once placed them in the category of commonplace or mediocre invention. Three years ago Miss Morris published the first of a series of articles dealing with her stage career, and she was speedily lifted into new distinction. Many of these contributions have since been collected in a volume, "Stage Reminiscences," which ought to become a classic. It is one of the most remarkable records of the American stage printed during the past forty years; indeed, one of the most remarkable records of stage-life ever written. Its sincerity, however, does not altogether reflect credit on its author. Miss Morris is often interesting because she tells so much that other people would conceal. On reading her book you feel at times like an eaves-

dropper. Now and then her revelations are inexcusable, especially when she deals with the history of Lawrence Barrett's family and other matters equally private. Incidentally, she makes a betrayal of stage-life, of which she is wholly unaware, in the impression she subtly conveys throughout the book, of its shallowness, its sordidness, and its vulgarity. It is one of those impressions that carry with them the conviction of truth.

After the appearance of "Stage Reminiscences," Miss Morris became established as a writer. Anything she wrote was now sure of finding a good market. A few months ago she brought out a novel, "A Pasteboard Crown." As it dealt with stage-life, and as its author had already shown that she possessed an absolute knowledge of the theatre and a profound insight into its conditions, it seemed not unlikely that it would be a notable book. It proved to be a great disappointment. The material which Miss Morris could so successfully reproduce as facts became, transferred through her imagination to fiction, unreal, conventional, and tawdry, an innocent and an absurd misrepresentation.

Again Miss Morris comes before the public with a book. It is called "Stage Confidences," and it consists of a series of short papers treating in apparently inexhaustible spirit such matters as the stage as a career for girls, the curious verifications of plots or incidents in plays by episodes in the lives of people in the audience, stage-dressing, "mashers," stage-children, social conditions behind the scenes, religion in theatrical life, unpleasant experiences in the life of an actress, and acting with Salvini. On reading the first essay you can not fail to be amazed by the vitality in it, and attracted by the colloquial flavor. It seems as if the voice of the woman rang through it. It is unmistakably the voice of the actress, who, like Mrs. Kendal, is used to speaking with authority, and to speaking a good deal. And yet it is so good-natured that it not merely holds the interest but conveys a great deal of charm. Even when the writer, in her zest for talking the matter out, becomes somewhat twisted in her speech, you never fail to

catch her full meaning and to be carried along by her enthusiasm. If, now and then, you suspect that beneath the good-nature there may lurk a contradictory quality, you can readily forgive it. After finishing the book you are likely to come to the conclusion that Miss Morris has a remarkable style, often incorrect, often betraying deplorable taste, but of an undeniable vividness. Her cardinal defect is, indeed, lack of taste, of discrimination. And here, perhaps, may be discovered one of the causes of her failure as a novelist. In "Stage Confidences" Miss Morris frequently falls into small anecdote, employing the manner of fiction, and inevitably failing to create the illusion of truth. As soon as her people talk, even when she maintains that she is quoting remarks she heard, she makes them use, not human speech, but the language of print, generally the language of old-fashioned and second-rate fiction.

Wherever Miss Morris deals with the practical aspects of stage-life she shows sound judgment; as in her more ambitious "Reminiscences," she again, as probably unconsciously, reveals the superficiality of the theatrical career. Her new book, too, is far more modest than its predecessor, which devotes an astonishingly large amount of space to compliments for Miss Morris herself. Its chief defect lies in its occasional triviality; incidents are recorded that seem hardly worth finding their way into a book; yet these serve a most important purpose in showing how strangely familiar and trifling, and yet human and kindly, may be the intimate life behind the scenes. One well-known actor has lately deplored the publication of so many articles and books relating to the theatre, as he believes that they tend to destroy the glamour that formerly enveloped the stage. But in reality it is foolish glamour, and if it cannot endure close examination it is hardly likely to be wholesome. A book like "Stage Confidences" certainly can do no harm, even if it does shake a few illusions. On the other hand, it may do a great deal of good, especially to those young people who are tempted to go on the stage without realizing just what they are doing. Finally, it justifies itself to the play-lover,

who knows the theatre only from the front of the footlights, by being indefatigably entertaining.

Miss Morris will never be accused, as other players have been, of having her writing done for her or of having been assisted by any one else. It seems a pity, however, that she was not effectively counselled against telling of the Denver woman who was converted from a wicked life by seeing her as "Camille," and against telling the story of her old friend of the theatre, Samantha. These stories might be told without giving the least offence, but the telling would require more tact and art than Miss Morris has as yet acquired.

THE STORY OF MARY MACLANE. *By herself. Frontispiece portrait. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.*

BY R. V. RISLEY

THERE is something unconsciously pathetic in the naïve self-consciousness of Mary MacLane. Her book is a cry. This backwoods Bashkirtseff voices the same great loneliness that was in the heart of the Marie of the Diary; but the one is of the Old World, the other of the New.

The Diary is that of a nature artistic, ironic, sensual, effete, morbidly self-realizationary; the Life is that of a soul yet crude and indeterminate in its angry yearning, avid with a certain rough force, vibrative with an energy repressed, jejunely earnest—a soul groping, unaware either of its possibilities or of its limitations. If Mary MacLane had a sense of humor!—

She is precociously old—old with that agedness that departs with youth, that agedness which impels the boy poet to deal in sunset, Autumn, and Death.

She is never silly. It is the very grimness of her recalcitrant rebellion against destiny that provokes her into absurdity. The six tooth-brushes are ridiculous; but what a weariness of anger lies behind that wilful ridicule! It is a gibe—a sneer flung at existence by one to whom life seems only the misery of futility, the

sinister tragedy of predestined unfulfilment.

We laugh at these things. But children laugh at the pitiful playfulness of caged animals. A man's or a woman's soul can be caged; all idealists pace the prison of reality—all who dream look through the bars of life.

Mary MacLane would probably repudiate the name of dreamer (she is provincially old-fashioned enough to apply to herself the inane cognomen of "genius"), and she is too young, in spite of her premature agedness, to realize that in life there are two dreamers—the dreamer of dreams and the dreamer of deeds. Out of the brunt of the storm of her meeting with reality will her spirit rise buoyant, a spirit that is of the latter, and no more of the former, variety?

As yet she is a curiosity—a freak in the jumbled museum of contemporary letters.

I am reminded of the saying of the greatest of Frenchmen—"only the unordinary have possibilities."

The author of the "story" distinctly has "possibilities." If she have the strength of will to withstand herself; if she possess that openness of nature which is necessary to growth—the growth from without, in contradistinction to the growth from within—the growth which implies observation and means accumulation; if she have these abilities she may do better things than this angry, significant, absurd, and pathetic appeal.

She has, as yet, shown no sign of that highest and deepest of all literary qualities, the creative imagination; nor has she exhibited anything of that lesser form of imagination which I may perhaps characterize as the tableauxque. But her first book hardly allows place for either. It leaves one wondering whether or not she is really individual or only personal.

Precocity has a discouraging way of flaring transiently, like a blaze from dry wood.

It is possible that those latent powers which are not merely forces—those pregnant possibilities of which the Frenchman spoke—it is possible that, in the gradual upheaval of experience they may come to reasonably order and discreetly direct this wild-flown energy.

As yet, Mary MacLane has done nothing further than to achieve a certain semi-morbid and semi-sentimental notoriety. She "trembles in the balance"—the balance that weighs her yesterdays and to-morrows, as it has done those of all who ever, save numerically, had any property in either.

Mary MacLane does not realize Life.

She has bored an artesian well in her heart—and the well has "spouted."

She is peering into the crater of her emotions; she has not yet opened her mind to take a bird's-eye view of the world.

Omnivorously, rather than selectively, read, her book lacks, in nearly equal degree, style, method, and proportion. She erupts her mental palpitations in a staccato volley; her emotion has no contiguity; she, I think, disdains that quality which we know under the name of "poise" because she has so far failed to acquire it—disdains it with the spontaneous and almost instinctive contrariness of her rebel spirit. One might be tempted to say that the chord of her discordant soul was pride.

This half-edged energy—this unself-controlled avidity—this vindictive, sombre, and desperately desolate nature—is significant; significant even though it lessen and disappear, of that infinite emancipation which has grown through the dark of the centuries—of that sudden liberty which proclaims at last that humanity dares to be itself.

Mary MacLane is as yet not more than a sign-board; but the hint she unconsciously gives is momentous.

TEMPORAL POWER. *By Marie Corelli.*
Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

BY HENRY TYRRELL

TEMPORAL Power" is the somewhat didactic title of Marie Corelli's latest novel. It might have been more characteristically called, perhaps, "The Throne Well Lost," or "A Romance of Monarchy." At the same time, the book is what its sub-title purports—a Study in Supremacy. By whatever name it was called, this new work of Miss Corelli's

could not fail to please her following of readers, to whose legions it will most probably add. If the author's recognized faults and limitations are here, let it be acknowledged that her splendid abilities are likewise in evidence—that her qualities of heart, mind, and observation, combined with a dramatic gift as rare as it is unmistakable, give to "Temporal Power," in a higher degree than to any of her previous romances, certain aspects of real greatness.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the thesis or fundamental proposition of the present novel is this: that Autocracy, or Kingship, would be the best and noblest form of government in the world, *if* kings' hearts were true, and if autocrats could be found who were intellectual and honest at one and the same time. With no concrete example of the kind in view—unless in the legendary reminiscence of the good Haroun Al Raschid—Miss Corelli imagines an ultra-modern constitutional monarchy, which might be that of Britain or of Italy to-day, ruled by an hereditary king possessing those ideal attributes mentioned, together with the genius, the strength, and the courage to put them in practice to the full bent of Socialism's wildest dream. Her conception is interesting, her development of the idea brilliantly audacious, and in its culminating effect profoundly moving.

Yes! Miss Corelli is theatrical and sometimes luridly melodramatic. Her stage management is as obvious as it is clever. Her reasoning is "a woman's" (this is not necessarily said in disparagement), her arguments are too insistent and polemical, her justice is mostly of the "poetic" kind, and her vision uniformly turns Utopia-wards. Yet withal she enlists and holds the sympathies, challenges and excites the mind, and in the end—may it not be said?—satisfies the heart. The speeches of the various personages are, as a rule, admirable in character; while the author's own thoughts and comments are by turns epigrammatic, startling, tender, eloquent. No need to mention names, when she says: "A general whose military tactics succeed in killing a hundred thousand innocent men receives a peerage and a hundred thousand a year;

a speculator who snatches territory and turns it into stock-jobbing material, is called an 'Empire-Builder'; but the man whose Thought destroys or moulds a new world, and raises up a new civilization, is considered beneath a crowned Majesty's consideration." Perhaps Andrew Carnegie will overlook the following remark: "Far away in Great Britain, a millionaire has recently made the Scottish University education 'free' to all students—instead of, as it used to be, hard to get, and well worth working to win. Now, through the wealth of one man, it is turned into a pauper's allowance—like offering the smallest silver coin to a reduced gentleman."

The whole argument of the book is, in a manner, summed up here: "Once in a hundred centuries a woman is born like Lotys, to drive men mad with desire for the unattainable—to fire them with such ambition as should make them emperors of the world, if they had but sufficient courage to snatch their thrones—and yet, to fill them with such sick despair at their own incompetency and failure as to turn them into mere children crying for love—for love!—only love! No matter whether worlds are lost, kings killed, and dynasties concluded, love!—only love!—and then death!—as all-sufficient for the life of a man. And only just so long as love is denied—just so long we can go on climbing toward the unreachable height of greatness: then, once we touch love, down we fall, broken-hearted. But, we have had our day!"

This novel, "Temporal Power," is in itself sufficient to account for its author's enormous vogue—a vogue which certain reviewers would have us believe (although they know better) is merely the result of smart advertising!



TOM MOORE. *By Theodore Burt Sayre.*
Frederick A. Stokes Company, New
York. \$1.50.

IN this book Mr. Sayre has given in fiction form an account of the early struggles and hardships of the Irish poet, Tom Moore, leading up to his first transient success in London, and of his sub-

sequent fall from princely favor and restoration thereto by the grant of the laureateship. The story is to be judged not as a novel but as a tale. As such it is delightful. There is an ease and lightness in the telling, and a spontaneity of humor that go far to recompense us, at least temporarily, for the lack of the more serious qualities which we are justified in expecting in a book of more than three hundred pages. Save for the venial sin of split infinitives and an occasional failure to grasp the exact meaning of a word—as in the phrase, "The peccadilloes really beyond all extenuation or apology"—the style is good; furthermore, the characters are well drawn and lifelike. Add to this a story always interesting, if not highly dramatic, and it will be seen that the ingredients of a readable book are at hand. Further than this in commendation one cannot go unless it be to state that the picture of the times is historically correct, although possessing little of the vividness and variety which belong to really great historical novels.

Tom Moore was a sympathetic character, but his life hardly offers material sufficiently dramatic to justify a book in which he is constantly the centre of interest. It is for this reason that when one has escaped from the undoubted charm of Mr. Sayre's tale the "thinness" of the story is realized.

Plays cannot be written from books nor books from plays with impunity. To use a German expression, the source of the subsequent production is almost inevitably "felt through." Nor is the story under consideration an exception; certainly with the knowledge conveyed on the paper wrapper of the book that the romance was founded on the play of the same name, the reader rapidly becomes aware of the transferred restrictions which have governed its construction.

Nevertheless, despite the shortcomings here pointed out, the book is well worth reading, if only for the sake of the humorous makeshifts to which the needy poet is put in his early London days, and of the flippant brilliancy of Sheridan, "Beau" Brummell, and others of the court set who are introduced to us anew.

W. W. W.

THE POEMS OF ERNEST DOWSON. *Verses, The Pierrot of the Minute. Decorations in Verse and Prose.* Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. \$2.50, net.

FRAGILIA LABILIA. *By John Addington Symonds.* Thomas B. Mosher. \$1.00, net.

POEMS AND BALLADS. *Second and Third Series.* *By Algernon Charles Swinburne.* Thomas B. Mosher. \$5.00, net.

POEMS. *By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Frontispiece portrait.* Thomas B. Mosher. \$5.00, net.

THE four volumes here brought together bear strenuous witness to the happy faculty of selection and presentation which never seem to desert their editor and publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher. Again Mr. Mosher is to be congratulated upon issuing thoroughly charming editions of volumes which will make intimate appeal to the hearts of all true book lovers.

"The Poems of Ernest Dowson" is to us one of the most fascinating of all Mr. Mosher's publications. Ernest Dowson is dead now, and there is nothing more to be heard of him than is contained in this book; or to be said of him than is so admirably said by Mr. Arthur Symonds in the personal study of his friend and his work included in the volume. In this respect the book is gratifyingly complete, in singular contrast to the curious, wayward life of Dowson himself, with its startling contrasts and lamentable failures. But in one thing at least—his poetry—Dowson did not fail. His poem "Cynara" will live for ever in anthologies, while the rest of his work will always have interest and fascination for those who care for poetry.

A delightful specimen of book-making is "Fragilia Labilia," by John Addington Symonds, a reprint of one of twenty-five copies privately printed for the author in 1884. Symonds's verse was too much the recreation of a prose-writer, and too conscious of its inspiration ever to be popular, but it has interest and charm far above the verse of the day. Here is a characteristic verse:

Come not to stir again
The old sad dream of pain,
To smile and weep:
Your melancholy eyes,
Your soft remembered sighs,
Oh, let them sleep.

In issuing a second volume of the poems of Swinburne, Mr. Mosher has deserved the gratitude of all lovers of poetry. Mr. Mosher should soon dispose of his limited edition of the two noble volumes containing the three series of "Poems and Ballads."

A complete reprint of the 1870 edition of Rossetti's "Poems" in a satisfactory and beautiful volume, uniform with the volumes of Swinburne, is equally welcome.

M. K.

THE DIARY OF A SAINT. *By Arlo Bates.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THE Diary of a Saint "is much more than clever; it is full of a strangely sweet human quality, which, expressed in a style at once graceful and apt, awakes in us that delicate sympathetic response seldom evoked by any but the old masters.

The title might lead one to suspect a vixen, but here the saint is real, with nothing whatever vixenish in her make-up; a good woman indeed, who never fails of her goodness, and who, as she records with unwarped heart her little New England village existence, day by day, month by month, for a whole year, always leads us on entertainingly to noble things. And this is done skilfully. The story is not subservient to the wisdom, and both story and wisdom are vivified by humor and love. It is, truly, a distinguished mark of the writer's talent that we, after running through 300 pages of rather close introspection, should come out with so much genuine liking for the introspector. Her unselfishness prevents her from growing morbid, and her innate sense of propriety would never allow her to insult even the pages of a diary with ugly and unbecoming thoughts.

We reverence the classic writers; their names are brought, far too often, into

critical use wrongly and inconsiderately; we do not see Balzac in every pander of realism, nor Scott in those romance venders of the day who block the high-road of literature with their Eastern and Italian pushcarts. Yet when we find English so clear and natural as that of Mr. Bates; when the use of words has become but an echo to the use of thought, and when that thought is good; when a certain sense of finish has taken hold of a man and made him forever the willing worshipper of proportion and melody and beauty: then we declare, as we can rightly do in this case, that he is loyal to the best traditions of his craft, and may stand—not absurdly out of place—in the presence of Richardson and Mrs. Gaskell and Jane Austen.

There are, of course, imperfections. Save the heroine, Ruth Privet—most felicitously named—and her father, who is indeed not an actor in the story, but who lives only in his daughter's memory as a model of integrity, wisdom, sententious humor, and family affection; and Kathie, an odd child made hysterical by New England religious training, the characters are not drawn with exceptional reality or clearness. Aunt Naomi and Cousin Mehitable, Deacon Daniel No. 1 and Deacon Daniel No. 2, confuse us at the beginning and compel us to turn back to see who they are and what their importance can be to the plot. A little early description might have been less perilous, and surely it would have given greater satisfaction than some of the abstract entries in this usually interesting journal. Then there is altogether too much conscience! Poor little Ruth Privet of the blameless life, whose mother was a saint before her, and who is by no means destitute of laughter and good sense—why should her conscience be a pin-cushion where lurk so many needles to make the gentle white finger bleed? It is because she is drawn so humanly that we ask the question at all. We do yearn sometimes for the broad school, the school of Fielding and Thackeray, whose doors are so irrevocably closed to American writers. Besides, the diary is now and then humdrum, even commonplace—as diaries will be—and we are aware of too much metaphysical hair-

splitting and colorless self-inquisition over religious subjects.

But the work as a whole is exceptionally good. The writer has taken a woman's rôle with rare intelligence, and carried it to a conclusive success; his dramatic insight is acute, his humor individual and unforced. The construction—if we may except the rather facile bid for unity of character and time which a journal must perforce make—is well concealed and skilful, and the English is the English of literature. "The Diary of a Saint" is a simple, tender story that we seek not to classify, but which we recognize as art.

J. S. D.

LETTERS OF HUGH, EARL PERCY, FROM BOSTON AND NEW YORK, 1774-1776. Edited by Charles Knowles Bolton. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. \$4.00, net.

BOTH Mr. Goodspeed, the publisher, and Mr. Bolton, the editor, are to be congratulated for this very prettily printed and interesting book. Earl Percy was in command of the British forces around Boston in 1774, and, although an opponent of the policy which precipitated the Revolution, he yet bore his part as a soldier and an Englishman. His first opinions of the temper of the American people were not at all in sympathy with it, but he learned later to appreciate the spirit which moved it to a final separation from the mother country. His letters as printed for the first time in this volume, are extremely readable, and bring the modern reader in close touch with some of the more important events of the last campaigns, before the Declaration of Independence. We agree with the editor in deploring the absence of letters descriptive of Percy's splendid assault on Fort Washington, and his operations in Rhode Island. But what we have must suffice, and the memory of the Rev. Edward Griffin Porter, who first discovered these letters in the library at Alnwick Castle, is fittingly preserved in as excellent a sample of printing as even the Merrymount Press, of Boston, has produced.

T. S.

THE REBUILDING OF OLD COMMONWEALTHS. *Being essays toward the training of the forgotten man in the Southern States.* By Walter H. Page. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00, net.

THE child, whether it has poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State." This sentence, so eminently true, so clearly expressed, is the keynote of Mr. Page's "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," a group of three papers on education in the South. They are fine examples of special pleading, and it is special pleading that does the work. If Mr. Page were more philosophical and less enthusiastic his influence might be smaller than it is, which would be a loss to the community, although he might be a little more acceptable to his own section of the country, which is rather inclined to look askance at him just because of the very enthusiasm that sometimes affects his judgment.

Education, education, and more education—theoretical, technical, and industrial—this is the author's panacea for all the ills North Carolina is heir to; education that is universal, all-inclusive, and democratic, and he urges the point with an enthusiasm and an eloquence that sometimes lead him into contradictions. For instance, in condemning North Carolina to her fate he charges all her backwardness to the old aristocratic system of education. Yet a little later he holds up for her emulation Virginia, where this same aristocratic system was yet more supreme. Again, in speaking of a typical old planter, the perfect representative of what the system could and did produce, he says, "God rest his soul! He opposed most ideas that I hold sound, but he loved all men and women that are lovely and strong, and he was a radiant gentleman." Hardly an utter failure that could result in such product.

In his enthusiasm for popular education as representing the crying need of the South to-day, Mr. Page seems to forget that the splendid type of manhood and womanhood found there during the last half of the nineteenth century was the direct product not alone of race but of race in union with this "aristocratic

system" of education. He would concede nothing in granting this; the system is dead, another must take its place, and that other the very system he advocates—education for all, in all; education of the mind and body and hand. But the final success of this education will be due quite as much to the dignity, honor, and adaptability of the types of humanity created out of a pure and vigorous blood by a system of education that has passed, as to the inherent virtues of the new system that is to take its place.

Mr. Page's English is strong and virile, his style clear-cut, simple, and distinguished; he writes with conviction, and therefore he convinces.

R. A. C.

TYPHOON. *By Joseph Conrad.* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.00, net.

A MORE interesting sea sketch than "Typhoon" we have never known. Of its kind it comes very close to perfection. The characters are clearly and originally drawn, the story unfolds naturally and harmoniously, the descriptions are graphic and brief—we have been entertained royally from beginning to end.

Regarded from the romantic point of view there is no story at all in "Typhoon"—merely the account of one hellish night in a trading steamer on the China Sea. But the whole thing is done in such masterly style, the events are so vivid, the people so vital, that we toss away all business, give up all our engagements till the turning of the last page; and the sacrifice has not been too great. Where, truly, outside the most celebrated fiction shall we find the strong imaginative sailor better conceived and better modelled than in Captain MacWhirr of the "Nan Shan"? Where, for grotesque yet awe-striking fantasy, shall we find surpassed Mr. Conrad's tale of the two hundred Chinamen in the "'tween decks," whose chests have "carried away," and who go fighting, scrambling for life and dollars from one side of the deck to the other with every lurch of the storm-buffed steamer? We have all read of a hurricane from the point of view of the bridge, but here we

have it also from below decks, from the engine room and the stoke hole; and the account fairly bristles with exciting yet unsensational realities. The purchaser of "Typhoon" will have two hours of very genuine pleasure.

C. N.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS. *Essays in Appreciation: Art.* By W. E. Henley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00.

TO do Mr. Henley justice for this "bookling," as he calls it, we must be careful to remember the title—"Views and Reviews." That is to say, we are not to take it as a work of the critic, but are to accept it as the expression of the opinions of a thoughtful and educated appreciator. If this is the case, it may be asked, why should we be invited to read Mr. Henley's "views" rather than the opinions of any other person? The answer is obvious: Mr. Henley has earned the right to assume our attention because of the power with which he has already caught and held it. Moreover, to hold views and to publish them, as he says in the preface to this book, is human, and Mr. Henley, in this respect, is also one of us. He does not claim for his views that they embody the whole of the truth, but he believes that they are "mostly by way of being true," and if they fail even in that, they are at least fairly well purged of sentiment, and to be well purged of sentiment is, with Mr. Henley, to have improved on Hazlitt and Ruskin.

The most important essay in the volume is the initial one on the Romantic movement in France—a movement which reached its most potent expression with the men of 1830—"cette grande génération de mille-huit-cent-trente," as Gautier called it, "qui marquera dans l'avenir et dont on parlera comme d'une des époques climatériques de l'esprit humain." Mr. Henley very shrewdly suggests the prime cause of this movement to be the influence of Napoleon. Not that Napoleon wittingly and of set purpose determined to bring about such a movement, but that a man of his transcendent power and

genius had so set his mark on his own age, that the succeeding age, looking back over a waste of unfruitful years, seemed to spring into life in protest, as it were, against a possible charge of senility and impotence, and found its protestant expression in a literature and an art that were the antithesis of classicism. Like all protests, however, this one of romanticism had already begun to be heard in the dying moments of the reigning monarch—in the days when the classic convention had become ridiculous in artificiality. In Germany and in England the convention had been discarded, even before the French Revolution. The traditions of Shakespeare and Milton in England had not been lost, they had been transmitted and influenced Goethe in Germany; and these traditions flowered into Scott, Byron, Turner, Schiller, Beethoven, and the rest. But in France, "classicism lay on the arts like, not a bloom, but a blight," and when the time for quiet reflection came, the murmurings against the blight were encouraged by these liberators in England and Germany, and the Romantic movement was precipitated. To Scott and Byron this movement in France owes much. Scott taught its men how "to admire and understand the picturesque in character and life, to look for romance in reality, and turn old facts to new and brilliant uses." Byron, "with his lofty yet engaging cynicism, his passionate regard for passion, his abnormal capacity for defiance, and that overbearing and triumphant individuality which made him one of the greatest elemental forces in literature—Byron was the lovely and tremendous and transcending genius of revolt."

What did such influences and such personalities do for France? That question Mr. Henley answers by pointing to Hugo, Berlioz, and Delacroix; to Dumas, De Musset, and George Sand. But if the elements were imported, the style in which these elements found expression was native.

This is excellently discriminative, even to the verge of criticism, and removes Mr. Henley from the company of those gentlemen "from St. Beuve downwards," which includes the "writing and painting

creature which has failed, but which in its endeavor to succeed, had learned enough to be able to make the worst of any good thing done outside the confines of its crawl." Such is Mr. Henley's ascription to Balzac of what the latter considered a critic to be, and this kind of critic R. A. M. Stevenson, the subject of the last essay of this book, certainly was not. For though he may have failed in his painting, he had "the divine gift of appreciation." If this definition of a critic be the truth of his office, then assuredly is Mr. Henley also a critic, and this book a book of distinguished examples of his functional activity. Certainly, also, all that Mr. Henley says here of his friend "Bob" must stand. But what is meant by "appreciation"? Until the satisfying reply be given to this question, the term critic remains as it stood, and all judges of the critic's work must continue to abide by the historic canons. Mr. Henley would, we take it, omit from its meaning the personal sensibility, for on that no judgments could be assured of validity: the appreciations would depend for their value and quality on the mental and emotional equipment of the appreciator; they might or they might not "abide." Then appreciation must be founded on *principles* which shall act as the solvent of what is bad and the reagent of what is good. What, *then*, would be the critic, if he were not also the creator—the artist? It is a question big with potentialities, and we leave it for Mr. Henley's consideration. But whether Mr. Henley, in his definition, has hit the gold or no, his own work is certainly the work of the artist; and until he deliver himself of his dogma we shall believe him to be better than his creed.

T. S.

IN THE COUNTRY GOD FORGOT. *By Frances Charles. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

AMONG the books of 1902, "In the Country God Forgot" must hold a post of high honor. It is picturesque, strong, vivid, and it attracts by the strangeness of its style. In this respect it is one of the oddest of all co-

herent works. So far as mere construction is concerned, it is either one of the most utterly confused and hasty, or it is one of the most strikingly artistic, novels we have seen in years. The author begins with the tale, then goes back for explanation, then advances, then retreats, and so forth over and over again. Such a method is hideous to a large class of readers who "wish a story told just as it happened," but in point of effectiveness and dramatic possibilities it adds much to the work and, in view of other literary tricks of the author, was undoubtedly a part of the deliberate scheme of the book. Indeed, this method, in its unconventionality, which savors of nothing so much as placing a rich feast before one's guests, only to be constantly adding to the table parts of the menu belonging earlier in the courses, is most attractive by reason of its very cheerfully Bohemian quality.

The country which God forgot is Arizona, and the principal characters in the story are a rich, brutal land owner, his son and family, another family from New York who own mines there, and the fascinating "hoi polloi" of that section. These characters are drawn with the free, bold hand of a master. There is no doubt that, whoever Frances Charles is, she has caught the courageous, unfettered spirit of the Southwest, instead of being cowed by its remoteness and isolation, and has painted her men and women from actual types now living. Her city-bred people she knows not quite so well, although the lapses in their descriptions are few. Her swift changes in style and her putting into the mouths of the illiterate characters of the book some of the reminiscent and highly dramatic parts of the story—are tricks immensely effective, and always tempting to the novelist who wishes to hide his own conventional self and let one of his free characters tell the story in ungrammatical, slangy, and even somewhat outrageous style, but who seldom carries through such a wish for fear of inconsistency.

The work is a powerful one, the plot ample and intricate enough for its great, moving actors. Its denouement and closing remind one of the breaking

of a great thunder storm and the muttering echoes as it passes away. But, with all its sweetness, strength, and humor, the story presses upon the reader and leaves with him an impress of sadness and even horror. One cannot resist feeling that the book is well-named—its scenes are laid “in the country God forgot.”

F. B. T.

PINE TREE BALLADS: *Rhymed Stories of Unplanned Human Nature up in Maine.* By Holman F. Day. Illustrated from photographs. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00.

IN this book Mr. Day has again shown himself a master in the difficult art of writing dialect verse that is readable. Ordinarily in taking up a book of such verse one hesitates to read it aloud without first reading it to one's self to get the pronunciation and the metre into one's mind. But with Mr. Day the case is quite different—his spelling is clear and invariably conveys the proper pronunciation, and he has a wonderful faculty for metre and rhythm—his verse fairly reads itself; you cannot stumble over it. Whether or not one cares for dialect verse is purely a matter of personal taste, but one must acknowledge that of its kind Mr. Day's verse is the best. The stories that he tells are also admirable of their kind, the humor being the real country sort; broad, of course, but not vulgar. As an example of how easily his verse reads the following lines are worth quoting:

A-yoopin' for air he laid on deck, an' the
 skipper he says, says he:
 You're the wust, dog-gondest, mis'able
 hog that swims the whole durn sea.
 'Mongst gents as is gents it's a standin'
 rule to leave each gent his own—
 If ye note as ye pass he's havin' a cinch,
 stand off an' leave him alone.
 But you've slobbered along where you
 don't belong, an' you've gone an'
 spiled the thing,
 An' now, by the pink-tailed Wah-hoo-fish,
 you'll take your dose, by Jing!”

J. W. H.

THE KINDRED OF THE WILD. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$2.00.

IN spite of all that has happened to the novel, the short story, and even to poetry and art, the animal story still belongs to the idealist. The realist may have a scientific knowledge of the animal, supplemented by innumerable photographs; he may even be wiser than Job, and know “the time when the wild goats of the rocks bring forth,” or that equally difficult point about “who hath sent out the wild ass free or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?” but when he undertakes to write an animal story and make his characters speak, he is forced to draw on himself for the emotions and thoughts that he ascribes to them.

In his collection of stories, “The Kindred of the Wild,” Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has done something that cannot fail to appeal to all who love nature and are not afraid of the vast solitudes. At the same time he has not gone over to the animals so completely as most of his rivals in this department of fiction. In the majority of his stories there are human characters who fix themselves on the memory with great distinctness. Moreover, none of his tales gives the impression of being a sugar-coated pill, designed to convey much salutary information in a pleasing form. His wood-craft is excellent, but it is not that of the plodding naturalist. His knowledge is that of the observant poet, and seldom exceeds what is already well-known to the reader who has lived much in the open air. His word-craft, however, is of the highest order. Every story has a freshness and charm of phrase, and his word-pictures are admirably vivid. Indeed, in “The Lord of the Air,” he performs a feat that is unique in literature. He introduces the reader to the favorite haunt of the great eagle and leads him to a keen interest in his pursuits. It is only after the story has been read and we recall its pictures that we realize that they were all seen with the eye of the eagle. Our point of view is from “the crag of the rock and the strong place,” and our vis-

ion is that of the Lord of the Air when he "seeketh the prey" and his "eyes behold afar off."

There is not a story in the collection that is unworthy of particular attention. All have a true ring, and though there is here and there a repetition of phrase, the pleasure they give to the reader leaves him indisposed to criticise trifles.

Mr. Roberts's book is a notable contribution to that department of literature to which it belongs, and has no need of his illuminating and defensive preface. His stories are their own justification. They were originally published in leading magazines, and from the first attracted the attention of all who value good storytelling and artistic workmanship. "The Kindred of the Wild" is a book we take pleasure in recommending to all readers.

P. M.

JANET WARD: *A Daughter of the Manse.*
By Margaret E. Sangster. Frontispiece. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.50.

AFTER years of success in the writing of essays and poetry, after reaching that goal of ambition, the "Ladies' Home Journal," Mrs. Sangster has been pining for more words to conquer. Her name has been so constantly before the public that it is somewhat of a shock to be confronted at this late day with a "first novel" from her pen. The subtitle, "a college girl's story," shows that it is not a very daring fictional flight; that it is, in fact, only Mrs. Sangster's good advice and practical religious views expressed in some other than their usual form. "Janet Ward" is a story with considerable interest and not a little delicate literary skill, but there is no character-drawing worthy the name. The heroine is taken through college and a literary career and her classmates are disposed of in various ways, all designed to show the influence of college training on girls of differing types. College life takes up a comparatively small part of the story; it is in the middle of the tale, with a short prologue and an extremely lengthy epilogue which is the best part of the book.

Although Mrs. Sangster takes her girls from widely separated social spheres and proclaims them different, there is not much light and shade in their drawing. They all talk alike, and, except for their differing talents, they all act alike. The men are large-hearted, scholarly, religious, pleasant to meet and quite unoriginal. It is only in Janet's mother, a woman with a bravely fought tendency to melancholia, that Mrs. Sangster does any artistic character drawing. This applies only to the folk concerned in the main plot of the book; the opposite is true when Mrs. Sangster treats of newspaper life in New York, or of mountain life in Tennessee; then she draws half a dozen clever little sketches of persistent shabby-genteel contributors and bored office-boys, or of bucolic lovers and mountain ne'er-dowells. Every here and there throughout the book are scattered such dainty bits of work that they go far to prove Mrs. Sangster might readily adorn a tale, were she less anxious to point a moral.

The conversation is the book's weak point and shows the 'prentice hand which, after years of arduous literary work, she brings to fiction. It is almost invariably stilted and not infrequently impossible. When the talk turns on things religious (and it is always doing this), one is sometimes alarmed by a remark like this from a clergyman's wife to her discouraged husband: "'I have heard you say, sir,' she answered archly, 'that nothing is humiliating which God appoints, and that failure can come to no man who is living within the will of God.'" Could any mortal say this "archly"? There are many glaring instances of this sort of thing, and they keep one perpetually irritated with what might otherwise be an unusually enjoyable book of its class, and one's belief in the truth of the story droops and fades under the weight of its grandiloquence. To analyze too minutely a tale so slight and sweet is unnecessary critical fidelity, for Janet Ward is an eminently sane and wholesome young person, an agreeable companion for any girl, college-bred or not.

M. D. M.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.
By Dmitri Mérejkowski. Authorized translation from the Russian. Edited by Herbert Trench. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

IN "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" Mérejkowski has most assuredly attempted to write history, although it is history "in a very flexible manner." He has no tale to tell at all; and the title, which has been derived from the French translation, is a misnomer. Leonardo is the personality around which the chief sketches and incidents of the book are grouped, but it is a spiritual tragedy which the author unfolds rather than a romance. So far from being a hero of intellectual achievement, Leonardo is depicted rather as the victim of a fatal intellectual infirmity. He is the embodiment of irresistible scientific and mechanical curiosity at a period when science and mechanics had not advanced beyond the most rudimentary and experimental stage; and this curiosity, not being disciplined by proper methods or accomplished results, and being betrayed by the variety of its objects and the very energy of its imagination, leads its possessor astray and condemns his efforts to sterility. His science, which, although akin to the poetic cosmology of the Greek naturalist, yet still seeks mathematical exactitude and inductive verification, leaves his contemporaries unconvinced and suspicious. His mechanical schemes are too vast and too flighty to be realized by the men and resources of his period, and bring only disaster upon those who believe in them. His most ambitious mural paintings were doomed to disappear and fade away because he must needs try doubtful and experimental technical methods. His great equestrian statue is destroyed before his own eyes because his single-minded intellectual passion has not left him the will to save it. In short, he becomes an incarnation of the contemplative life, pure and simple, and so his capacity for efficient action is destroyed. His fearless and indefatigable curiosity becomes a sort of fearful and pathetic incompetence when decisive action is needed. He does not even

dare to seize the woman he loves lest such an act of violence should color too strongly the white light of his intellectual passion; and his portrait of Mona Lisa, unfinished like the rest of his work, remains the symbol of that final mystery curiously akin to the knowledge it defies, which his mind could not fathom and his will did not dare to touch.

The book, however, contains a good deal more than this interpretation of the tragedy of an intellectual passion. Mérejkowski also seeks to portray many of the typical incidents and personalities of the Italy of Leonardo. He shows us, among other things, the intrigues and diversions of the court of Ludovico Il Moro, the ferment of blood, treachery, and poison which was started by the exploits of Cæsar Borgia, the way that Machiavelli talked and lived during his diplomatic errands for the Florentine republic, and the manner in which the star of Leonardo was dimmed for his contemporaries by the brighter radiance of Raphael and Michel Angelo. More than this, he attempts to suggest movement of ideas as well as incidents and personalities. The Russian title of the book is "The Resurrection of the Gods," for in the opinion of M. Mérejkowski a Dionysiac paganism was revived during the Renaissance, and the gods, who had been asleep since the early domination of Christianity, again obtained their rights. Back of all this there is a very questionable philosophy and a vague symbolism, which, had they been intruded, might have spoiled the book, but which, as it is, remain so much in the background that they may be ignored by those who do not like them.

H. D. C.

CHARACTER BUILDING. *By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.*

THE only regret that one feels in reading this book is that the price is a dollar and a half. We do not mean by this that the book is not worth a dollar and a half—judging by the ordinary dollar-and-a-half book this one is worth ten dollars—but the trouble is that

it is worth four times its price to the very people that cannot afford to pay more than a quarter of it. In other words, this book is of value principally to the class of people for whom it was written (we should not say written, but spoken): the young and the uncultivated—that is, those who cannot buy expensive books. For them it is admirable, unprecedentedly so. All the other books of a similar kind which we remember to have read, or heard of, beat about the bush and talk of things which the people for whom they are written have never heard of and have no understanding of. This book of Mr. Washington's is straightforward, direct, simple, to the point, and absolutely "adapted to function"—which Professor Norton says is one of the chief canons of beauty.

"Character Building" is made up of the talks which Mr. Washington gives to the pupils at Tuskegee in the chapel services. To one who has had the good fortune, as the present writer has, to have heard some of these talks delivered, the reading of them calls up, in a most vivid fashion, the simple directness of Mr. Washington. The subjects of these little lectures are the ordinary matters which occur in the lives of the simple folk for whom they were written—in the lives of all of us, for that matter; but the illustrations are very properly drawn from the lives of the humble. One can imagine nothing better of their kind than the talks on "Two Sides of Life," "Some of the Rocks Ahead," "What Will Pay?" "The Gospel of Service," and "Individual Responsibility." From these, and most of the others, even the most sophisticated may well draw lessons (though they are frankly not written for the sophisticated), and benefit by reading them. But to go back to what I said in the beginning, it does seem unfortunate that this book should not have been published in a cheaper edition, for it is a book that every teacher should be able to buy without feeling the burden of the purchase; that every college settlement should have handy; that every town library should have on its shelves. Another thing that seems unfortunate in regard to this book is its title—most young people avoid a

book with so didactic a title if they see it on the shelves, or, if any one recommends it, they are apt to think, if not say, "Oh, we don't want any more of those 'Self Help' books." These two literally extraneous faults do not, however, take away from the great value of the book—a book that this writer finds admirable in every way. Indeed, he finds it so excellent that he can think of no better thing for some waiting philanthropist to do than to buy a big edition of the book, induce the publishers to give it a more attractive title, and scatter it broadcast through the land.

J. W. H.

THE VIRGINIAN. *By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.*

ONE phase of social and economic life succeeds another so rapidly in this country that many interesting and picturesque moments in our social transformation pass into history before they have received anything like their full literary value. The cowboy, for instance, as he was before the days of wire fences, has already become material for the historical novelist. He has become partly a memory and partly a tradition, and as such will doubtless soon attract the attention of many young novelists who persist in writing about people and events of which they have had, and can have, no immediate experience. Fortunately, however, Mr. Owen Wister has already raised a good crop in this field. He shares with President Roosevelt the distinction of being a literate man, who actually lived in the Far West during the days of cowboy domination, and he has made various attempts to reproduce the comedy and the romance, the peculiar flavor and thrill of cowboy life. "The Virginian" is the latest and most elaborate of these attempts. After having worked up his material, first into a number of short stories, and then into that very racy collection of episodes in the life of Lin McLean, he now seeks in "The Virginian" to give us a type of the cowboy at his best, and to pass his hero through a love-story that brings out both

the finest qualities in the man, and the lively contrast between Eastern and Western ideas and conditions.

One would like to believe that such a fine fellow as "The Virginian" is only a legitimate idealization of the real cow-puncher. If he is a type as well as an individual, no country could boast of a better. He is represented as being a tall, lithe, hardy man, thoroughly square and loyal, extremely reticent, of great natural dignity, his strong passions held completely under control, and his tenacious purposes achieved by means of great fertility of resource. But through all and above all he is a humorist, with a humor which is capable not only of good retorts and reckless escapades, but one that relieves and enlightens all the fundamental actions and relations of his life. There are no parts of the book so fresh, so delightful, and apparently so veracious as those episodes in which the comic element predominates—the first meeting between the author and "The Virginian," the beginning of their friendship through a common interest in an anomalous hen, the shifting of the babies, which is an old Western story, but a good one, and the episode of the parson. I wish that I could say as much of Mr. Wister's carefully worked up tale of how "The Virginian" kept his authority over a bunch of rebellious cowboys by means of a long-winded frog-story, but however veracious the idea at the bottom of this incident may be, the incident itself, as told by Mr. Wister, is by no means convincing. Yet in spite of this failure, which is the first serious disappointment one meets in reading the book, Mr. Wister is for the most part peculiarly successful in showing, how in the life of such a man, the ready, playful, and sympathetic mind which the genuine humorist possesses may be of as much practical as it is social benefit.

Some of the more serious episodes in the life of "The Virginian" are told with equal skill and veracity. The ghastly story of the lynching in the hills, and the ride of the author and his hero through the mountains on the trail of the escaped cattle-thief and murderer, as well as the culminating incident of the shooting

affray on the eve of the wedding of "The Virginian," are admirably selected and managed for the author's purpose in bringing out the contrast between Eastern and Western ideas and conditions. The contrast is intense, fed by the fact that the girl whom "The Virginian" loves is a school teacher from the East, to whom lynching and shooting affrays are repugnant, and who very nearly gives him up for his participation, against his own will though it be, in such desperate adventures. He conquers the girl, but I am afraid that he pays for his conquest by the partial loss of his own individuality. The love-story, as apart from the incidents above mentioned, is the least successful part of the book, which remains at its best a chronicle of a Western life rather than a novel. The personality of the girl remains pale and ineffective beside that of "The Virginian." Yet just because she is an educated girl, brought up in refined surroundings, "The Virginian" is deprived of his local and personal virility so that he may become her husband. Mr. Wister would have done better to have ended his book with the duel and the wedding. Their subsequent romantic adventures in the woods, and the pictures suggested of his future as a successful business man, tend to make sentimental and commonplace a figure which, up to a certain point, is peculiarly well proportioned, distinctive, and wholesome.

H. D. C.

THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN. *By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

LAST evening we passed the house in Tenth Street which the gentlemen of "The Stone Mugs" once made their headquarters. In the neighborhood it is known as the old Tile Club. On the opposite side of the street and a little further down towards Sixth Avenue is the old Tenth Street Studio Building, where one or two of the older men still have the same old studios that they occupied when the "Stone Mugs" gave their famous parties there. If one were to go in and

ask them whether they remembered Oliver Horn and Margaret Grant they would probably shake their heads until you gave them the further particulars—explained how Horn was the young Virginian who came up to New York to earn his living and became one of the night students at the Academy, and you should not be over confident that the name was Horn.

There is a certain charm about a book whose romance is the romance of personal reminiscence, which the books of romance pure and simple never quite counterfeit. The characters that walk through these books are taken for granted. A captious reader does not quibble over a word or an action, with the comment that such a word would not have been spoken, such a thing would not have been done. The glamour of the golden age is over them, and we of the later day, who have nothing to remember, fall captive to the spell of "far-off things and battles long ago."

But, vivid as are the impressions of the nights in the garret on Union Square, and the rollicking horseplay of the men whose life was one hard struggle for the art they loved and were lifting to the dignity of a profession among the philistines, Kennedy Square is more vivid still. That Kennedy Square before the war, with the Horns, the Claytons, and Miss Lavinia and Nathan Gill—these are the people whose personalities come before you, delicately outlined like the old-fashioned silhouette, and the air you breathe holds the fragrance of old-fashioned roses, mingled with a whiff of Malachi's famous apple toddy, or Richard Horn's matchless old Madeira. You hear the laughter of the young people sitting on the doorsteps in the summer evenings, and catch the gleam of white dresses, and you feel the haunting sweetness of Nathan's flute.

"Some civilizations," Mr. Smith says, "die slowly. This one was shattered in a day by a paving stone in the hands of a thug."

The war is but lightly touched on, yet one retains a memorable consciousness of it through all the difficulties of the Horn family. Richard Horn, inventor, scholar, musician, seeing far beyond the limited horizon of his neighbors and his own day, is a character whom no writer but one

who was also a painter could have drawn so perfectly. Using words as he might use pastels, the author has caught the spirit of a fine mind, and preserved it in just such a perishable medium. For with all its charms, all its intimacy, all its sweet wholesomeness, it is not a great book. Its central figure is Oliver, who is a very young man; and while it is true that he finds himself in his art and in his simple love story, he offers no such opportunities for the character study that is Mr. Smith's special gift, as do the older men who are only the side characters. Oliver at the end of the story is still a good deal the same Oliver who took an entire day to carry a message of importance from his mother to Colonel Clayton, across the square. But you have the colonel before you in a word as he describes his setting foot on Northern soil for the first and last time, when he chased a wounded canvas-back across the Susquehanna River. "And I want to tell you, sir, that what you call 'your soil' was damned disagreeable muck. I had to change my boots when I got back to my home, and I've never worn them since."

M. T.

A SPECKLED BIRD. *By Augusta Evans Wilson.* G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. \$1.50.

TO err is human, to forgive divine.

Were this Mrs. Wilson's first book, it would, indeed, be difficult to exercise the divine quality; but in recollection of the seven volumes which have preceded it from her pen, justice gives place to charity, blame to indulgent suspension of criticism. Who that has read in early youth those marvellous stories, "Beulah," "St. Elmo," and "Infelice" can ever forget the debt of gratitude under which his credulous heart was laid? What endless vistas of romance and adventure and high emprise opened up before our eager eyes with the opening of those pages, to what noble sentiments from cavaliers and ladies were we privileged to listen, to what elevated declarations of human rights, what burning denunciations of wrongdoers and oppressors! All this,

and much more, was there—a magic world of romance and unreality. How many have shared with me, I wonder, the ardent, but hitherto unconfessed, hope of being able, one day, to write in the grandiloquent manner of the creator of the pessimistic “St. Elmo.” The secret at that time I fondly thought to lie in tireless searching of the dictionary for the meaning of strange and recondite words.

Coming, with a heart filled with such memories, to the perusal of Mrs. Wilson’s latest novel, published after a silence of sixteen years, it is sad to find the ancient magic lacking. “A Speckled Bird” is but a commonplace, stilted story of love and pride and transparent complications. Alas, that genius should fall from its pinnacle!—for that genius was lacking in those early favorites I firmly refuse to believe. True, there is here the same stern, unbending Southern pride of blood and race, the same incorruptible manly virtue, the same chivalry, the same adjectives—but the charm has fled.

“With dry eyes she looked long at one portrait, then at the other: the husband of her youth, and the only child that had come as a crowning blessing to a happy married life where no dissensions muttered, no discordant clash jarred the perfect harmony. As the dead years babbled, she listened now to echoes of manly tones, and now to a baby’s prattling lisp, still dividing as of yore her heart’s homage.”

Alas, that this no longer moves me—“as of yore.” May such not be the case with all the gifted authoress’s readers, who, she says, have desired and asked her to write again, and to whom this latest flower of her genius is dedicated.

W. W. W.

THE RIGHT PRINCESS. *By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IN “The Right Princess” Clara Louise Burnham has undertaken a difficult task—to write a novel the plot of which is the conversion of a whole family to Christian Science through the mediumship of the heroine, a young disciple of Mrs. Eddy.

Mrs. Burnham can hardly be blamed for producing neither a good story nor a good tract—the book is certainly neither. It is not a good story because neither plot nor characters have interest, save the curious and extraneous one of Christian Science. It is not a good tract because it is impossible that it should appeal to any save those who already believe in “science.” The great fault of the whole book is the lack of any sense of humor. This charge has been laid time and again to everything connected with Christian Science, and here is a good example of the truth of the charge. One cannot help wondering if Mrs. Burnham intends to show Christian Science in a pleasing light (and she must intend that, or else the book could never have been written), why she makes her first demonstration in the case of a sick dog who has taken poisoned meat and is cured by “a treatment.” This immediately sets the whole book into the order of a farce; for no one can seriously sympathize with a heroine who asks to be alone for a “treatment” on a pet pug dog in the library while the family stands around outside and weeps. Presently the heroine appears with the dog in her arms, and the following conversation takes place:

“It was a very bad dream he had—a very bad dream,” said the girl, half laughing gently into the pug’s flat face, as she yielded him into the arms of his mistress.

“Dear child, what does it mean?” asked Miss Hereford at last, brokenly.

“It means that God healed him.”

“My dear—my dear!” The English lady’s shocked suspicion of irreverence mingled amusingly with her joy.

“Why not?” asked the girl kindly. “Have you an idea that any one but God made your little dog?”

“Certainly not, of course.” Miss Hereford dropped an agitated kiss on the wrinkled velvety forehead. “But it seems almost too much to ask of the Almighty, my dear—the *Almighty*, doesn’t it? Only a little dog.”

“It doesn’t seem so to me. ‘Not a sparrow falleth’—don’t you remember?”

“Yes, yes! Oh, Timmy!”

“Miss Hereford,” she said, “do not

be turned from gratitude to our Father for this proof that no life is too trifling to be preserved by His tender love."

This incident is not one selected because it is amusing; it's the genuine starting point of the book, the thing which gives the characters their interest in Christian Science. It is certainly dangerous ground, this, for any one but a genius to treat if she wishes to be taken seriously.

The rest of the book consists of the treatment and cure of an idiot youth by the young "Scientist," and the consequent conversion of the whole family. The family goes back to England—and, at family prayers, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" is read to the servants, instead of "The Book of Common Prayer!"

There is, of course, the love interest as well as the "love" interest, and there is the marrying and giving in marriage at the end of the book.

One can only feel sorry that this, the first novel dealing with Christian Science, should expose the "science" and its teachers to the ridicule of a world that is waiting to be converted to something. A sane novel dealing with Christian Science might be a valuable help to the spread of a doctrine which, whether one believes in its minutiae or not, is certainly helpful and beautiful in its larger outlines.

J. W. H.

LUCK O' LASSENDALE. *By the Earl of Iddesleigh. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.*

IF for no other reason than that it is clean and sweet, and represents an English family of pedigree attending to its own affairs, "Luck o' Lassendale," by the Earl of Iddesleigh, is unique among modern English novels. It is a little bit of a book, but quite big enough to acquaint us thoroughly with the Lassendales, root and branch, and to convince us that they are the most delightfully dull people we have ever met. It is a triumph to have woven into so threadbare a motive as that of an eldest son coming into the estates and dissipating them in wild

speculation, an ingenious realism that deceives the reader into seeing the people as real people.

There is a saying in the Lassendale family that if there should ever come a weak or a frail son it will be the end of their proud and haughty house. And, true to the letter, comes Alfred, who, as he is only the second son, gives no one any concern for the family legend, since no self-respecting legend would pay any attention to a second son, and his elder brother, Sir Francis, is as fine and fit as a young English country gentleman need be. Nevertheless it is Alfred who puts all the sticks in the wheels, and it is Alfred whom the reader grows to look for at the bottom of every catastrophe, and Alfred is always there. Alfred, consulting the solicitor in the city about his fifty shares in the mining company with the unpronounceable name, is as irresistible in his way as David Harum and the Sunday horse trade. It's a far call from Lassendale to David, and yet the faults of both books are the same; the trite, ingenuously written story, with one real character lifting the whole mass out of the hopelessly commonplace. The love story in "Lassendale" bears much more on the story than that of the young people in "David Harum." In fact, Mary Lassendale's lover is almost embarrassingly ready to assume all the responsibilities of that ill-starred family. But it is Alfred who is the delight of the heart and the despair of every situation. Who let Sir Francis in for his Quixotic offer to buy in all the stock from the dissatisfied members of the mining company with the unpronounceable name? Why, Alfred. Who was it that kept Sir Francis from accepting Mary's lover's offer to take a part of the bulk of the shares off his hands and save him from ruin? Of course, Alfred. Who was it that kept Mary from accepting her lover just when she was finally convinced that Giles would certainly never propose again if she didn't? Who but Alfred? Who caught Sir Francis back, when he was rushing across the street to save a child's life, and made him lose his balance at the critical moment? It was Alfred. Not a patent jack-in-the-box invented to fit the emer-

gency, this Alfred, but a highly organized being of super-sensibilities, a delicate *malade imaginaire* with the tastes of an epicure; a frail uncourageous person with the one fixed principle in life that a man's first, second, and final duty is to himself; an absolute egoist with petty precautions in the place of brains. To have delineated such a personage as that, and to have made him irresistibly delightful, so that the reader would give a lot to see him represented on the stage, personated by some one who would bring out all his fine points, is an achievement to be proud of, and to make people read the book for the sake of his entrances, and look for another book by the same author.

M. T.

THE BLAZED TRAIL. *By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IT will be enlightening to compare Mr. White's present work with "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" of Victor Hugo. And by this we do not mean to imply that there has been any copy or attempt at copy on the part of the American writer; he is altogether too sincere and full of experience for that. Nor do we believe that "*The Blazed Trail*" is so important a book as "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*." Our intention is analytical; neither for direct praise nor direct blame. Yet we feel that this comparison would not be undertaken should it too much belittle Mr. White, and he may indeed accept it as a distinct and decisive offering to his talent.

The points of similarity are many. In each design we have the energetic, enduring Man, the silent, sagacious human creature, composite and representative of a laborious and rugged class; who, when his jaws are set with purpose, makes that purpose his religion, gives all his mental and bodily powers for its accomplishment, and dies doing it, if need be—yet unwillingly, because death ties his hands. In Gilliott or in Thorpe we have the deification of will and persistency and strength. Success in a certain kind of severe personal labor is the star of each—not for the bodily ease or earthly benefit that

success may bring, but because without it God is not in sight. To attain each his end—hunger, wounds, rags are as nothing; every thought, every heart-beat is fuel on that blaze. The Man is a martyr, a hero of old. There always comes the hour when in the face of imminent failure, when all the purpose and struggle seem as for naught, when his hopes and his works lie about him in shreds and tatters, the light of heaven falls suddenly upon him, and the Man weeps and learns.

To attain this magnificent effect—one of the supremest effects possible in literature—it is essential that the earth's naked forces be brought freely into play. Victor Hugo flings his fighter among rocks and bids him contest with the sea; Stewart Edward White, tossing his man an axe, commands him cut his way through the primeval forest. Sea or forest—where is the difference? Each is symbolic of war, of Titanic difficulty, seemingly unconquerable resistance. Each author attempts what his hero attempts; each author fails somewhat in his purpose, but succeeds in sufficient degree to make the labor worth while. Each is too wordy, didactic, prone to smother us with his epic idea, his creed of work; yet both are grand amid their individual faults.

The scene of "*The Blazed Trail*" is laid in the lumber camps of Upper Michigan, "way up there where the moon changes," where the winter strikes with an iron hand; and we are made to feel the living influence of the white pine groves—"vast, solemn, grand, with the patrician aloofness of the truly great;" of the animals "venturing out across the plains in search of food"; of the "big white hares; deer—porcupines in quest of anything they could get their keen teeth into." We see the raccoon tracks, we hear the ravens croaking and the wolves howling, and we meet the American pioneer, the lordliest and most elemental of all human beings; who, in his various rôles of prospector, scaler, teamster, riverman, swamper, canthook man, is equally picturesque and practical. "*The Blazed Trail*" is a book either for the poet or the man of business; a good, sterling story—and very much more.

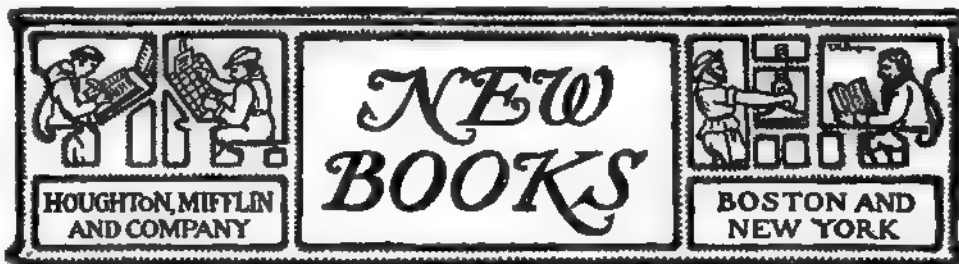
J. S. D.

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66 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



MR. ARTHUR WING PINERO

The Reader

VOL. I

DECEMBER, 1902

No. 2

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

THE reception accorded THE READER by the public, the press, the publishers, and our friends the newsdealers, has surpassed our utmost expectations. Starting a new magazine is no light matter of work or investment, but it was with a light heart that we made appeal with THE READER. We believed that a large number of readers in America desired a literary magazine as a cheerful companion in their libraries, and would welcome entertaining articles on literary subjects and intelligent and unprejudiced criticism of the representative new books of quality and popularity. We invite from our readers contributions appropriate to our policy.

THE portrait of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero by Mr. Will Rothenstein, which we print as a frontispiece, is as admirable a likeness as was the portrait of Mr. Henry James by the same artist in our November issue. Mr. Rothenstein is invariably successful in conveying the characteristic pose of his subjects, which makes his lithographs far more life-like than the average

photograph. Another successful example of Mr. Rothenstein's genius is the portrait of Aubrey Beardsley, reproduced in this number by permission of Mr. Albert E. Gallatin.

Mr. Pinero would stand out as the leading playwright in England to-day if that epoch-making drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," had not been followed by "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" and "The Gay Lord Quex." It would be almost impossible to overestimate the value of Mr. Pinero's influence on the modern English and American drama, while we venture the assertion that no single play has ever been accorded so much comment and discussion as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

THROUGH the generosity of Mr. John Drew, the Harvard Library has secured the entire dramatic library and collection of the late Robert W. Lowe. Mr. Lowe's name is familiar to all who are interested in dramatic literature as the writer and editor of many volumes about the stage.

ANATOLE-François Thibault, academician, poet, novelist, and critic—born at Paris, 1844—whose recent speech at Zola's funeral revives interest in his personality and works, is best known to those of us who are unfamiliar with French through three English translations: "The Red Lily," a modern, worldly novel, keenly analytic and containing some wonderfully descriptive passages (Brentano); "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard," a delightfully tender romance (T. Y. Crowell & Company), and "The Curate's Mignonette" (A. Wessels Company), this latter being one of seven fanciful narrations published collectively under the title of "Balthasar." By his contemporaries in literature, this most versatile man of unusual wit is variously designated as "*Académicien d'esprit*," "Voltaire of his epoch," "*fantaisiste*," and, first, last, and always, *dilettante*."

Anatole France first figured in the literary world as poet, among that cot-rie of *Parnassiens*, of the dispassionate pose, which, in 1865, included Sully Prudhomme, François Coppée, de Heredia, Verlaine, and Catulle Mendès, with Leconte de Lisle as their master; this latter, the first of poets to depart from the school of Romanticists. But only in these earlier years, and in certain portions of his "Nuits Corinthiennes," has he transmitted the teachings of André Chénier, the *ronsardiste* of the sixteenth century, of whom he was an admiring disciple, and, like him, a *néo-humaniste* in literary taste. Later, as novelist, mysticism and soul-evolution formed the motifs of his stories, and, through these and his critical work, he has been adjudged as both satirist and atheist; but, speaking impassively, he is neither, for his most searching observations are tempered with smiling indulgence of attitude as he watches and analyzes the jumbled pageant of human foibles: and though

such phrases as "When God created the world it was a great crisis in His existence," or "A God being everything, He cannot move in space without endangering the balance of the world," or, again, "The bible, manipulated by theologians, has become a text-book of errors," must fall irreverently on reverent ears, yet they are merely uttered by their author in the spirit of impersonal, generic raillery, by which he is inherently animated.

This author possesses that rare synthetic grasp that comprehends, and presents to view, a man's personality or mannerisms in a single, conclusive phrase that, once heard, clings forever to the unfortunate subject, attached to him as a boldly limned poster placard: a mordaunt that bites into the memory of the reader with the fanged tooth of caustic wit, while the ameliorating elaboration retreats into oblivion. Of Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs he said: "Their chief merit is the death of their author," and of one of Jules Lemaître's characters: "It is the history of a saint whose tombstone inscription is his greatest virtue." Of Zola he declared, "He does not know how to make his peasants speak in 'La Terre,' since he gives them the loud garrulousness of city-folk:" of Balzac, that he was the "historian of his times and not the novelist." One of his own female characters is described as follows: "She walked without moving her legs; she spoke without moving her lips," a most adequate picture.

The French journal, "Le Temps," published M. France's "Vie Littéraire," wherein his critical acumen glows preëminent; it is a fascinating collection of impressions gathered from his personal environment. In these later years he has amused himself by composing a series of sketches forming an extremely spirituelle, sarcastic, and piquant picture of the customs and opinions of contemporary France.



M. ANATOLE FRANCE

Art, in all its forms, has, for him, a profound charm which he employs all his talent to convey to his readers. An artistic conviction is an object which he polishes, perfects, and sets in jewel shape, in such manner that we may be forced to cherish and admire it. And even should the thought, thus transformed, become no longer the exact image of the object that inspired it, perhaps we should be the enemies of our own enjoyment if we wished it otherwise.

In "Le Livre de mon Ami," which has been termed "the very essence of moral grace," Anatole France seems to review his own childhood days: "I am half-way along the road of life. On the hypothesis that the way was equal for all and led towards old age, I knew twenty years ago that I should have to reach this point; I knew it but I did not feel it. Now that I have climbed the hill, I turn my head in order to obtain a view of all the distance I have come, and I would willingly pass the night so, in calling up phantoms. I no longer have confidence in my friend, life, but I love her still."

MR. R. V. Risley, whose portrait is printed on the opposite page, is a writer from whom much may reasonably be expected. Each of his four published books have given evidence of extraordinary power, with flashes of something very like genius. His new novel, "The Life of a Woman," is being widely discussed. Mr. Risley was born in New York twenty-eight years ago, but at eighteen he was appointed Secretary to the American Legation in Denmark, living afterward in Paris, Stockholm, and Germany. He is now living in New York, but before very long Paris is likely to claim him for her own, and Mr. Risley will be a willing victim. A more brilliant—and erratic—personality than that of Mr. Risley has not

occurred in American literature for many years.

THE names of many of the Persian poets are well known in this country from the assumption of them by scribblers for newspapers. The celebrated Hafiz has not escaped the contamination, but, though sweet and sublime, these Oriental compositions are not popular"—wrote a critic in a New York publication in 1823, in the strength of his timely convictions. Could the now slumbering penny-a-liner revisit us he would stare in amaze at the transition of opinion which guarantees the publishing of continuous new editions of the "contaminated" Persian poets.

Two unusual examples of the Rubäiyat are announced as forthcoming the present season which, from their shadows cast in advance, would seem to indicate special attractions: that to be issued in two editions by Mr. Wieners from Fitzgerald's text, promises ornamental borders and specially designed initial letters by Mr. Louis B. Coley; unilluminated, unless by special order.

J. F. Taylor & Co.'s intended issue contains elaborate title-page and ornamentations of Persian designs in the vivid tones known as "spiritual blue," and the "Sufi Interpretation" is given by C. H. A. Bjerregaard, who is now engaged in compiling a remarkable book on Eastern mysticism which will soon be issued.

FROM an historical, if from no other view-point, the special edition of "The Anti-Slavery Papers" of James Russell Lowell, announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, has more than ordinary interest. The work will be made up from Lowell's contributions to anti-slavery journals, covering the three years 1847, 1848, and 1849. They are to be issued in two volumes in a limited edition of 525 copies.



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P. V. Risley

W. W. Jacobs, an interview with whom we publish in this issue, and whose portrait appears opposite, has been widely known and appreciated in Great Britain since 1896, when his first book, "Many Cargoes," gave him a deservedly permanent standing in literature. Since then he has published only one volume yearly, but his standards of excellence are all the more likely to endure in that he is sufficiently favored of Fortune not to feel forced into a calamitous state of overproduction for merely material reasons. His methods—though he distinctly disclaims having any—are sure and direct, and his writings pervaded with a wholesome atmosphere.

THE death of Mr. Frank Norris in California, last month, removes from the world of letters a man whose work as a novelist entitles him to a place in the front ranks of American authors. He was in every sense an American; born in Chicago in 1870, and graduating from the California State University in 1894. He was a participant in the lively scenes in the Transvaal and in Cuba, from which experiences he drew many excellent pen pictures. Mr. Norris was a contributor of short stories to the magazines and wrote five novels. They are "McTeague," "Blix," "A Man's Woman," "Moran of the Lady Letty," and "The Octopus."

A FIFTH edition of Richard Burton's book of verse, "Dumb in June," has just been printed by Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston. The Lothrop Publishing Company, of that city, of which house Mr. Burton is now Literary Adviser, will bring out in the spring a new volume of his poetry, embracing his latest contributions to magazine literature and a number of major pieces hitherto unpublished.

THE manner in which "Henry Somerville," author of "Jack Racer" and "Racer of Illinois," baffled her publishers in their efforts to discover her identity is rather in the spirit of a by-gone age, when women writers were regarded with more stern disfavor than in that of the present time, when men and women stand on an equal footing. As Miss Mary Gay Humphreys, the new author was well known to the members of McClure, Phillips & Co., for whom she had long done special work, but under the pseudonym of "Henry Somerville," the pretended resident of Yonkers, with whom all communications were conducted by letter, her identity was for a long time successfully concealed—in fact, until after the appearance of her second story at the beginning of last October. As a result of an urgent request from the publishers for a personal interview previous to the signing of the contract, Miss Humphreys saw herself forced incontinently to ship the fictitious "Henry" West to obliging friends in Ironton, Illinois, through whose intermediation further correspondence was thenceforward conducted, necessitating a sad increase in postage. Finally, following the acceptance of her second book, the author found herself face to face with the photographic problem; but so well did she succeed in disguising herself for the trying ordeal that further suspicion than that regarding sex was not aroused. Wearied at length, however, by the complications of the situation, Miss Humphreys one day shortly after the appearance of "Racer of Illinois," boldly repaired to the Lexington Building in East 25th Street and entered Mr. Phillips's office upon the heels of the boy bearing the card of "Henry Somerville"—and the comedy was at an end. Before these ventures she was well known in her journalistic efforts to help the working classes.



*Yours truly
W. W. Jacobs*

MR. W. W. JACOBS

IN addition to the well-known Lark Series, Mr. Godfrey A. S. Wieners, the successor of Mr. William Doxey, is publishing The Lark Wisdom Series, at the Sign of the Lark, 662 Sixth Avenue, New York, the first issues being "The Wisdom of A. Kempis" and "The Wisdom of Schopenhauer." These flexible little leather and cloth volumes of classics are specially adapted to the purpose of the busy man who seizes grains of wisdom in the odd moments of travelling to and from business, being sized to the pocket and not easily marred, even by the roughest usage, owing to the preparatory process to which the covers have been subjected. The scholarly introductions by Howard V. Sutherland are tiny monographs of the subject-matter.

A SIMPLIFIED form of the unit publishing system, which has already been in existence for a year in London, elaborated from that of Phillip Reclam of Leipzig—founder of the "Universal Bibliothek"—by Mr. Howard Bell, is about to be launched in this country under the title of "American Home Library." The plans of this company provide for an encyclopedic issue of reprints, both copyright and non-copyright, not to be subjected to "a cruel and procrustean docking," but carefully edited by a staff of university men, for the benefit, primarily, of people whose income is limited; the price bears a definite relation to the size of the book, ten pages forming the unit of printed matter. Thus, an issue of three hundred pages, in paper covers, will cost thirty cents, with an additional fifteen cents for cloth bound edition, and forty cents for leather.

If "sinews of war" furnish a criterion wherefrom to prophecy, the unit system publishing scheme, in which one of our recently elected congressmen figures largely as promoter, may be

pronounced a success, though, as yet, the American fledgling is still evolving in its gold-lined nest, and will not be in full-winged evidence before April. It is understood that Thomas Nelson Page will act as editor in general, but Mr. Bell is the "ghost" who haunts the abode at all seasons with felt presence.

TWO books that are likely to attract attention in the literary and artistic world are soon to be issued by the A. Wessels Co.: "The Legends of the Iroquois," as chronicled by "The Cornplanter," carefully compiled by William W. Canfield. This is a valuable collection of Indian folk-lore tales, which, if titles are significant, should possess much store of that poetic imagery which is the outward expression of the primeval soul.

"Barbizon Days," by Charles Sprague Smith of Columbia College, deals with the personality of the artists of the Barbizon School, emphasizing the influence of environment upon their creative work, and is especially rich in unique illustrations, from sources that have never before been drawn upon.

THE Boston Public Library has an important addition to its large collection of rare and curious books. This is an early copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays. The thing of particular interest about this special copy is that it contains the following verse inscribed by James I.:

"Here lyeth I nakit to the anatomie
Of my fraill haint, o humane devitie
O trust the Almychtie, lyk the Al-
mychtie's word
Oh put on me thy robe as guhylom
lord
Thou putest once more me in thy blest
beliefe
And in my souill thy secretst law en-
grave."



DOWN three foot-worn steps, through a narrow old doorway, and we've dipped from the world of glistening new books into a shadowy atmosphere of old prints, rare first editions, large paper poets, etc.—“The Mecca for Bostonians and all others interested in the rare and curious in literature.” This is Goodspeed's Book Shop, or, as he calls it, “Our Old Home Corner”—of which the accompanying picture conveys an adequate impression, save that the interior retreats into a dim-lit region unilluminated by its front windows that level with the street, while age has imparted a fitting, lore-toned dinginess that harmonizes with the lettered past which swathes and sheets us round in this centre for bibliophiles.

That this is the basement of one of Josiah Quincy's old houses; that the building has never been remodelled; and that the blackened fireplace (in which

the fire, fed mostly by *débris* printed matter, is seldom extinguished) has erst enfolded in its circling glow the fair forms that now endure in faded printe, still further enhances the charm of this ancient-toned corner, haunted alike by the book-miser, with store of gold, and that larger class of book-lovers to whom the purchase of one rare print or a dainty Book of Hours means pathetic self-denial—of creature luxuries at least, and perhaps of necessities even. This fevered hunger of the bibliophile, which may only be appeased by the flavor of parchment and must-scented volume, who can understand that is not a-kinned by nature? Within these narrow walls one feels a-bosom with a goodly store of such Bookes as indeed form a substitute for dispelled illusions.

Runs the sign afore the door: “Anything that's a Book.”

MISS Gertrude Smith, whose fifth baby book, "The Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe," follows her "Roggie and Reggie Stories," from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, has gone from Boston to the South for her third winter in Atlanta. Since "Arabella and Araminta" this successful friend of repetitious infancy has also published "The Wonderful Stories of Jane and John" and "The Boo-Boo Book." Her latest story for girls and boys who are old enough to read their own books is "The Queen of Little Barrymore Street," published by Messrs. Fleming H. Revell & Company.

THE story is interesting of the manner in which E. P. Dutton & Co. acquired the American rights of George Gissing's latest book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," which they will soon issue. The book was not brought to the notice of the two representatives of the firm who were recently in England until the evening preceding their departure for home, when, seemingly, it was too late for a decision to be reached as to its availability for their purposes. An unbound proof-copy, however, was given them by the English publishers, and on reaching Queenstown, after spending the night in reading the book, they telegraphed back to London their willingness to undertake its publication in this country. The book is peculiar, belonging neither to the order of novels nor essays. What little story it contains is essentially autobiographic in atmosphere, at least. It is the rambling diary of the closing year in the life of a professional writer who throughout his career has constantly hovered between success and failure, but to whom a windfall, in the nature of a legacy, has come in late middle life. All young persons who are contemplating, or who are drifting into, literature as a profes-

sion will do well to read the book, and especially to ponder this remark anent the body of neophytes, and which we can easily believe to be spoken from the fulness of Mr. Gissing's experience: "They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature' commits no less than a crime."

MISS Bertha Runkle, who two years ago achieved phenomenal success with her initial story, "The Helmet of Navarre," but who has followed it up thus far by no second effort, is soon to start for California. She is contemplating in the immediate future a trip to Japan. Miss Runkle has put the finishing touches to a fresh novel, whose scene is laid in France at a period slightly prior to that of her earlier story. It will first appear in serial form.

PEOPLE may or may not enjoy Dickens. They may call him great, or they may belittle him, but it is a fact that he is the most popular author in the English language. The statement is made by Chapman & Hall, the English publishers of Dickens, that the annual sales of his works have, for years, reached the enormous figures of 250,000 copies annually. Of the individual works "Pickwick" is in the lead and "David Copperfield" comes second. One wonders, or one really doesn't wonder, what will be the sale of the present popular books fifty years from now. Though no one is really able to say what will last, it is safe to say that none of the books which, for the last two or three years, have reached such tremendous sales will be selling at all in fifty years.



AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Aubrey Beardsley as a Designer of Book-Plates

BY ALBERT E. GALLATIN

NO artist showed greater versatility in his work than Aubrey Beardsley. His designs include illustrations for many of the classics, scenes from the operas, posters, portraits, purely decorative drawings, drawings keenly satirical, caricatures, book-covers, title-pages, book-plates. Knowing that he was a musical prodigy, an amateur actor, the writer of considerable prose and poetry of much merit, and that his knowledge of books was very great, we may say that variety shown in his work was a reflection of the versatility of the artist.

The really essential view-point for considering Beardsley's drawings is the purely technical one of the artist and the connoisseur. The decorative qualities in his work have never been surpassed by any artist whose work has been in black and white. Beardsley is primarily an "artist's artist," and the qualities of his wonderful and beautiful line and perfect arrangement of his masses are the elements in his work which will make it immortal. The æsthetic qualities in his drawings are not those which mean mere popularity. It is true his drawings had a greater vogue than those of any other artist of his age, but just why they had seems difficult of explanation, unless, as one critic holds, his ignoring of perspective and proportion, and his freedom, to a certain extent, of convention,

caused his works to meet with a *succès de scandale*.

It seems strange that Beardsley is not better known than he is as a designer of *Ex Libris*. In what I suppose may be called an exhaustive and monumental work, "Artists and Engravers of British and American Book-Plates," by Henry W. Fincham, about 5,000 book-plates by more than 1,500 artists are catalogued. Mr. Fincham, however, only knew of the plate Beardsley designed for John Lumsden Propert.

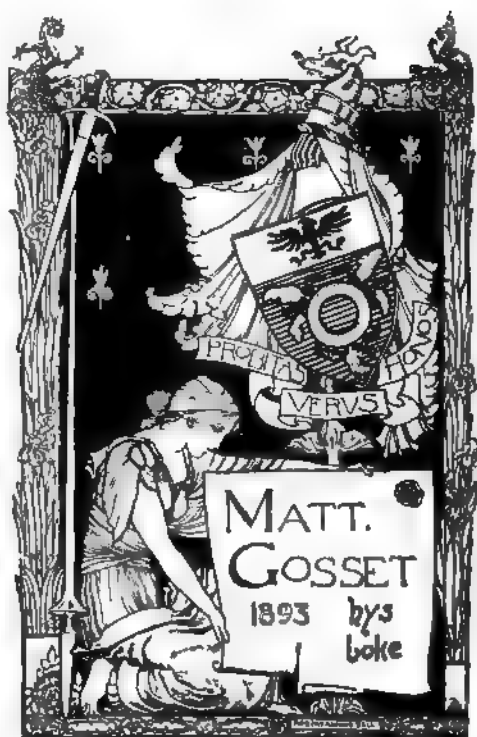
While it is true that Beardsley designed but comparatively few book-plates, this phase of his art is a very interesting one. Not taking rank with his very finest work, his book-plates compare very favorably with the best examples of the Pictorial style of plate.

The first book-plate Beardsley designed was the one for Dr. John Lumsden Propert, the famous collector of miniatures. It was designed in 1893, as we can see from the date on the drawing placed beneath the artist's signature device. The plate is a characteristic example of one of Beardsley's various manners—the phase of his work in which he delighted in depicting pierrots and candles guttered by unseen gusts of air.

Another book-plate designed by Beardsley at this time was merely one of his elaborate border designs for "Le



DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY



DESIGNED BY R. ANNING BELL



DESIGNED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Morte d'Arthur" (1893-4), converted into an *Ex Libris*. The late Gleeson White made note of this, in a paragraph or so devoted to Beardsley's book-plates in his essay on British book-plates. This is all the data he gave, and I am unable to add to this meagre information. In the same way Mr. White listed a *Savoy* prospectus made into a plate. There were two *Savoy* prospectuses and they were printed in 1895. Unlike several other drawings made into book-plates, these two may be authorized, says Mr. White. Another design of this nature I know of, which has never been mentioned in print, is the drawing "The Scarlet Pastoral" with "The Book-plate of H. F. W. Manners-Sutton" written on it. I do not know whether this was added by Beardsley or not.

Aside from its value as a book-plate, Beardsley's "*Ex Libris* Olive Custance" is perhaps the most notable of his minor drawings. As a book-

plate it is certainly a most charming one.

The drawing entitled "Aubrey Beardsley's Book-plate," reproduced in the first "Book of Fifty Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley," is in reality no book-plate at all. It is even doubtful if Beardsley ever used it as such.

Gleeson White, in the essay I have already referred to, speaks of book-plates designed by Beardsley for Alais-ter Crowley and Gerald Kelly, adding that they have not been reproduced—probably using this word as meaning published. A short time ago I came into possession of these plates, and find they are reproductions of the portrait of Madame Rêjane drawn by Beardsley in 1893, and reproduced on page 78 of "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley" (1899) and of the drawing representing Flosshilde (1896). To these drawings have been added, with a pen, "Ex Libris Alais-ter Crowley" and "Gerald Kelly."

Carpe Diem

BY HENRY PEABODY

"GIVE me a book," cried youth, "bright as a butterfly;
 Each page a love-song, teaching me to live."
 "Nay," said old age, "I prithee thou wouldst give
 To me a volume, teaching me to die."

Zola

BY R. V. RISLEY

ZOLA is dead.

What end more fitting could be imagined—to die sordidly of the fumes of a common stove? Could any more appropriate death have been asked by the bourgeois giant of “the low department” of literature?

His body is buried in Montmartre; it is right that he should be splendidly interred in the gutter of Parnassus.

“L’Assommoir” to “Vérité.” What a career!

No man since Balzac has had the bravado to dare attempt such splendid toil as that laboriously achieved by Zola in the series of the “Rougon-Macquart.” If this vast study in heredity had failed of public recognition, the huge audacity of the conception would have loomed colossal upon the memory of literary time.

Zola is coarse. In his coarseness lies his greatness—his repellent memorability.

Zola is the heart of the gutters and garrets; a soul unanimated by imagination; an abnormally inspired power endowed with indomitable curiosity.

Stooping, broad-breasted, slow, inquisitive, peering restlessly through constantly readjusted glasses, delectably sniffing the severally characteristic odors of the streets, eyeing the byways, noting each of the multitudinous traits of the teeming life of the people—he plodded the streets of the world, a figure of sordid, momentous, and

tragic force, the photographer of the slums, the prowler of the roofs.

Truth, nude, is venomous; she becomes dangerous to illusion, infuriated against dreams; this is the power of Zola—the wrath of the reality, that grovels, shaking clenched hands at the beautiful. Zola possesses not even the obscene grin of the lewd Silenus. Zola is the apotheosis of mediocrity, a culmination of the ordinary.

There are, in the last analysis of the world’s moods, but two spirits existent under the ages forever—the spirit of illusion and the spirit of realism.

We need not here enter into the questions of religion and patriotism *versus* science and tolerance; it is enough to realize the existence of the two mental conditions and their effect on literature; the first making for beauty and pleasure, and, therefore, for the ease of conservatism; the second for analysis and creation, being, thus, either in the nature of a revolt or an acceleration. These two spirits, in their application to human life, are, naturally, inter-reactionary, each mutually producing taste and responding to it, and, thus, each combating and spurring the other.

It is, perhaps, the growing turmoil of this sub-mental conflict which has raised literature out of a library career into the most diverse of the professions.

The combat between writing for the sake of chronicle, workmanship, or entertainment and writing for the sake of discovery, elucidation, or exposition

culminated in the first quarter of the century in a classification as yet hardly appreciated.

We must differentiate according to motive where the two great schools of the Romantic and the Realist are born from the century-worn Classic, the first as a reaction, the second along the lines of inevitable development.

The Romantic school is a protest; the Realist is a growth. These two schools practically occupy the fictional field; the spirit of the Classic is re-treated to the essay, and to those few books still written for the sake of style—an old-fashioned motive now recognized as a means instead of an end.

History presents two dominant examples of a leap of progress, one in religious thought, one in political affairs—the Reformation and the French Revolution. But the spirit of Modernity—this spirit of scientific and incredulous investigation—did not outwardly arise in literature until it stirred in Stendhal and Balzac in Realism; in Hugo in Romanticism.

We may divide the writers of fiction (among whom are necessarily included those men whose work takes the form of the drama) into four classes, placing them on their respective levels—it is unnecessary to remark that the mental pyramid thus formed grows smaller toward the top.

In the fourth class we would place that multitude of fiction producers who take their cue from the taste of the times, supplying the appetite of the public with dishes more or less excellently cooked and served according to their ability as caterers or garnishers.

In the third class we would place those clever and competent writers whose aim is to win the esteem of the “cultivated” classes rather than the indiscriminate and hardly complimentary applause of that multitude who take their literature as they take their meals, and whose analyzed preferences

are those only of others. These gentlemen of literature are not great, but they are skilful and intelligent, and their books are educative and preparatory.

In the second class we would place those few intellectual writers who appeal to men’s possibilities rather than to men’s desires, those fore-sighted realizers of conditions and comparisons whose books may be stories but are always studies. Such a man is Tolstoi, who, in spite of a tractarianism irrelevant enough to ruin a lesser writer, teaches, uplifts, and enlightens consciously, because he observes unconsciously.

In the first class we would place those very few who are as the gods, their imaginations informed without experience; faulty in method it may be, for that is another thing, but always momentous in detail or generality. These men, whom the centuries produce grudgingly, possess the equanimity of those who understand.

The difference between France and England—a difference not alone in temperament and conviction but in institutions, custom, and procedure—besides in the difference between two sets of words—“Right and Wrong” *versus* “Good and Bad.” The Anglo-Saxon blood has not yet emancipated itself into a condition of mental freedom; their odd impedimenta of physical morality clog the feet of the gayety of the race. The French are debonnair because they realize instinctively that there are few things worthy of seriousness.

In England, especially, there seems to prevail an impression—one doubtless derived from the Druids—that morality, which includes the reverse, is “taboo” in literature. No other inquiry could, by any possibility, cast more light upon the acute provincialism of this point of view than the investigation of the etymology of the above Tahitian word.

Literature has one business and one business only. That business is truth. This is not the truth of the high nor the low, nor of the terrible nor the lovely, nor of the hideous nor of the disgusting. Literature is the pen of time, and her business is life.

To move, to provoke, to inform, to please, to warn, to tempt, to deter, to force or persuade laughter or sorrow, to sound upon the strings of men's souls every chord to which the spirit of humanity vibrates—to cry through the ages the eternal, insistent, incessant cry of this world of women and men—this is the business of literature—and there is naught upon this earth which can be alien to her mission.

Nature knows nothing impure. Literature is nature—with a soul.

A prudish Puritanism lies at the root of that vast cowardice which afflicts such otherwise stalwart races as those of Germany, England, and America—this peculiar pusillanimity has had the effect of producing an unconscious hypocrisy which exhibits itself in ways fortunately as little destructive as instructive; its results are merely negative. It will, no doubt, be always remembered of the Anglo-Saxons, that, even under such a handicap upon their freedom of conception, they have succeeded in producing a more than honorable proportion of momentous writers.

The reason of the preëminence of France in literature lies in her condition of liberty of emotion; her writers recognize no limitations of subject save such as are imposed by the art and science of their trade. In France the "Literary Man" is literary; and, as said, literature includes, as it must, all life; which is all truth; which is Realism—at the head of one branch of which, Naturalism, stands the figure of Zola, dominating the clique he created.

Emile Zola was born upon the 4th of April, 1840. His father was that

Italian engineer who built so many of the canals of Northern France.

Zola's mother was French.

When the child was seven the father died, leaving, in consequence of various audacious ventures, many debts and little wherewith to pay them.

When the young Zola was twelve he was sent to the great school at Aix. He was not a good student, being too good a reader; he knew the poets before he knew fractions; history before he understood grammar.

One may almost say that it is only the empty man who can be filled. It is difficult to put anything more into a full bucket; and, if one has succeeded in doing this, it is not because the extraneous matter has been thrown in; it has been pressed in; Zola refused tyranny.

In 1857 he was brought back to Paris to enter the Lycée de Saint Louis, from which he was graduated, two years later, without having gained even the "degree."

The mother went to her people in the provinces. The boy retired to a Paris garret.

The garrets of Paris are female; the illicit offspring of these drabs of the cosmopolitanism of Modernity is criminality or genius—seldom the Purgatory of the medium.

One wonders if it was from this time that he resurrected the details of that splendidly restrained epitome of gluttony, which we know as "Le Ventre de Paris"; or, in English, as the "The French Market-Girl."

We may have some idea of a slim figure plodding its way from Montmartre to les Halles; of a pale young man issuing meditatively, glancing sideways, from some café of the "barrières," counting the sous remaining for dinner.

We dream that such days are done—those drear days that killed Chatterton—those low, mean, miserable hours

which afflict the men who are not yet great.

There is some violent necromancy of the senses which swerves man's imagination. Fact is merely a matter of degree.

The secret of the life of Zola will not be revealed; he who is dead could not have told it, for he did not know. We cannot discover such secrets—for all great men are, in themselves, other men whom they do not know.

We wonder what those years of package-wrapping clerkship meant to him—even after his prosperity had graduated into "Hachette et Cie," which firm gave him his first chance; the chance which failed—the "Sœur des Pauvres."

The man of "La Terre," of "Nana," of "l'Assommoir"—what terrible distinction!

The frontiers of the warring countries of our minds vary shadowly; imagined memories slip; and most memories become imaginary.

In these slow years; these years which rest, merely reduplicatively prolific, respiring tiredly after the great breath that literature drew in the first half of the nineteenth century—in this weary generation—Zola is both a survival and a prophecy. He is the survival of that era which will be hereafter known as that in which mental emancipation was new; the prophecy of the days when literature, having discarded both the rose-leaf spectacles of the optimist and the blue glasses of the pessimist, will stand clear-eyed, bare of all motives save creative truth.

Zola is, indeed, "the Observer of the slums." He minimized his imagination. His literary method is accumulative; never eliminative. The tolerant hands of his mind gathered the refuse of debasement; he threw the garbage of the world in the face of that world which has caused it.

His "Rougon-Macquart" series is more than a study in heredity; it is an

essay on social slavery—on the unreluctant—against tyranny which, by the will of inevitable necessity, compels the fool to be handicapped. There is no other permanent tragedy in life save this—this piteous and ridiculous cruelty of "natural selection."

Zola was not a Realist; he represented a branch of Realism. He has no sense of romance, no capacity for idealization, none of that delectable delight in the delicacies of his ability which mark the literary artist. Zola is, in literature, two things—photographer and tradesman. He presents to you a picture of the back-yard of our soul—and says, "this will cost you ten hypocrisies!"

Commonplace as the turned sod—from the furrows which these books have ploughed across the field of literature arise the portentous steams of a volcano. Zola has delved in the dirt of time—but from the wounds made by the spade of his mind there drops a blood more deadly than the sweat of classic effort. Zola is significant.

Realism is an instinct of the intellect; it means search—search for what exists, for what is—in matter, as in man's mind. No writer has written importantly without it.

There are, in literature, two motifs and many manners—also, a few methods. The motifs are, story or people.

One man produces for the sake of the plot; the other composes that he may exhibit the creatures of the world—sometimes of a world created by himself. Neither is the case with Zola. Zola created nothing. Zola saw.

The manner of his gathération of detail for his "Débâcle"—that frictional index of the follies of a heart-breakingly incompetent campaign—is superb in its tireless unostentation.

The book drags. The little tackhammers of repetitionary instances tap continuously on your brain; but, upon your memory, the sum of their separate,

tiny forces leaves the effect of the blow of a sledge.

His later work shows signs of exhaustion. His great series was finished. The "lode" was "worked out." "Lourdes" treads with the step of a stampeded hippopotamus; "Rome" is a mere recapitulation; "Fécondité" is the moral theorism of the middle-class respectable tradesman; "Labor" is tired to the point of ineffectiveness; and "Truth," at present appearing serially in "l'Aurore," will not increase a fame which needs no increasing.

The impression prevails that the realistic literary man has no family life. This is true of that type of Balzacian men who have risen above gregarious instincts.

In Zola it was the capacity of commonplaceness that made him applicable. His heart-strings struck flat.

In his later life he looked like an affluent green-grocer. He pattered along the streets, sniffing, with his bestial nose, the familiar aroma of the vegetable-strewn gutters, the sweet smell of the steaming fumes of the chocolate-venders, the languid perfume of the wilted roses cut before sunrise and now lying prone in the afternoon light, exhaling their last life in the waft of a scent.

"L'Assommoir" is brutish; it suspects all of the disgusting filths of vice; but it breathes! "L'Assommoir" is ineradicably true.

"La Terre" is bestial; a neurotic essay which uses as its material people without nerves.

"Nana" is obscene; undangerous because of its repulsive veracity.

The "Débâcle" is a masterpiece of restraint of mood. But the others are tired; inexpressibly tired!

The very weariness of Zola ridicules its fatigue and leans on the echo of a brazen laughter—the memory of an impregnable stubbornness.

Zola is never dramatic; which at least saves him from the literarily mortal sin of degeneration into the theatric or the tableauxque. Zola was hopelessly literal; the lovers of romance look in vain to him for ecstasy or terror; they find only the horrible and the dull.

The mind of Zola is a flat island crowded with the tenements of a disreputable suburb — jammed multitudinously with unroofed crime and vice.

Lacking the breadth of Balzac to perceive that life is as high as it is low — and broader than either dimension — Zola delved; but he dug deep.

He will not live as the rescuer of Dreyfus; that deliberate bravado was incidental.

He will be memorable as a grim and implacable spirit which withstood the ebb of a tide of literature—a man who endured, and forced victory—a man who, hooted into fame, bore it as simply as he wore it.

Student of Stendhal, apostle of Balzac, protégée of Flaubert, colleague of Hugo, patron of de Maupassant, model for all of the naturalistic writers of Europe, Zola receives the compliment of the admiration, whether respectful or otherwise, of every man who writes.

The clan of the pen stands at salute!

On Living Down a Book

BY KENNETH BROWN

I.

The Returned Virginian and Her Temerity.

"Virginians are," said the Returned Virginian to me, and then she said things that I would never dare say—would never dare repeat, even with quotation and double quotation marks; for I am the Northern Scum, and I know it; and the blueness of Virginia's blood may be seen through the thinness of her skin.

"When I used to live here," the Returned Virginian went on, "I used to believe—" and she told me the things she used to believe—the things Virginians believe about Virginia. "Now I can see that—" and she told me what she could see. "But because I do thus and so, when I am at home, my sisters think that I am—" and she used an awful word, a word that had been applied to the hero of our book, and which had damned him utterly; for no Virginian is stingy, whatever else he may be.

We were reminiscencing, the Returned—I had almost said "Reformed"—Virginian and I, with considerable pleasure and pride. Had I not been the one to give her my moral support, when all the world was advising her to stay in her sphere? And was not she the one who had gone and dared and conquered? So we both felt pleased with, and proud of her. But when she said the things she said, and uttered the opinions she uttered, I

caught my breath, and looked about for the great she-bears to come to devour her. "Heavens!" I cried, "supposing anyone should hear you!" I forgot for the moment that she was a Virginian, and that the bears only come to outlanders.

She laughed gleefully. "Doesn't it make them angry!" she cried, with a temerity which showed she had never written a realistic novel of Virginia; "I told my sisters this afternoon—" and she told me what she had told them.

At length I rose to go. The moon had long sunk beneath the horizon, and I had a good many long miles to ride home.

"You promised to send me your book," she said reproachfully.

Now I think she was mistaken in this, since I had carefully abstained from such promises, hoping that at least our friends—unpauperized by us—would buy it; but our reminiscencing had been too pleasant, and I answered with fervor: "I will send it to-morrow." I was the more willing because she had said many of the things we had only intimated in the book, and I counted on her sympathy at a time when sympathy was strangely lacking.

II.

The Inconsistency of the Returned Virginian.

I saw the Returned Virginian again a week later. She spoke first:

"If I hadn't known that you would not care a scrap, I would have taken your old book with the tongs and carried it out and put it in the kitchen stove," she said.

As a matter of fact, I should have cared considerably at such a fate for the book; but a reputation for insensibility is sometimes as useful as insensibility itself. I laughed carelessly, although I was not a little taken aback at her attitude.

"You mustn't lay it all on me," I said. "Give Boone his share." At times the dual authorship of the book is considerable comfort.

She entirely ignored Boone; the old saying was true in this case: absence of body was better than presence of mind.

"Do you know I could have killed you for describing Virginians as you did. To take some of the most honored names in Virginia and drag them in the dust!"

"They didn't seem so very dusty when we got through with them," I defended myself. "And we didn't begin to say as hard things about them as you said last week."

"I don't care if you didn't: you *wrote* them."

"What difference does that make?" I protested feebly, though I knew only too well. The sacredness of print is a curious phenomenon in Virginia. You may tell a person things to his face, you may say them behind his back, and get into no more hot water than is good for moral cleanliness; but let you put only a whisper in print and you are fairly scalded. In a gently philosophic way I pointed this out to her, and tried to argue the matter. "Now you have been living in the land of yellow journals for some years, where print is most recklessly flung about, and most callously received; yet you haven't been back in Virginia two weeks before print has recovered all its old-time sacredness."

"H'm!" said the Returned Virginian—there was no longer any temptation to call her Reformed—with manifest disinclination to let her wrath at me be shunted off into a philosophic discussion of local differences.

"You know Virginians are fundamentally very much like other people," I went on soothingly. "There are certain superficial earmarks to them, as to every provincial people"—the Returned Virginian winced at the "provincial," although she had used "countrified" herself several times—"but you, like all Virginians, have formed a literary ideal of Virginia, and any departure from that meets with your instant disapproval; although you know as well as I that the Mars-Chan, moonlight Virginia isn't the daylight Virginia at all, however true it may have been the night before."

III.

The Virginia Book That is Not to Offend.

Another week passed, and again I was sitting beneath the walnut trees in the Returned Virginian's house yard, and looking off across the corn-field to the Blue Ridge, cutting off the rays of the setting sun. Just as it was becoming imperative on me to make up my mind whether to take my departure, in order to reach home in time for supper, or to accept the invitation, tacitly understood, to stay on here for the next meal, I pulled a MS. from my pocket and unfolded it with elaborate care.

"What have you there?" she asked with interest.

"This is a new leaf I am turning over."

"You'll have to turn over several," she said severely; "a whole book, in fact." It was the first unpleasant reference of the day.

"Oh, we're going to," I answered eagerly. "The hero, Lindenbaum Spaghetti——"

"What a fool name!" she interrupted.

"Oh! do you think so?" I could not keep the disappointment out of my tone. "I thought it could hurt nobody's feelings. No honored Virginia name would be dragged in the dust. And he would fall in love with the beautiful and aristocratic Miss Splatterdash."

The Returned Virginian laughed.

"And can you imagine how he wins her?" I went on, encouraged. "She spurns him at first, of course; but he takes up the business—dedicates his life to the profession—of washing buggies. Think of it! In that way we are enabled to have every buggy in the book washed without violating any of the eternal verities. At first we were going to give every person in the book a brand new trap—so new it hadn't even needed a washing; for farm work is often so pressing that it simply can't be done—but this way is much better."

"What is the rest of the plan?" she asked.

"Well, we haven't decided everything yet; but we shall go strong on footnotes and affidavits. When a character says 'me' instead of 'I,' we will put in, for the benefit of certain reviewers, that we know it's not grammatical, only the character is careless. And there will be affidavits that refined Southern ladies do use "sun-up" occasionally; also that married women have been known to flirt. Indeed, we have thought of having two editions: one for the North, with what the North expects, and one for the South, with what the South expects. There is no use in offending sectional prejudices when you can avoid it so simply as this."

What reply the Returned Virginian was framing for me I do not know. At this moment someone called her from

the house. She answered with the odd Virginian "Whu!" so much more musical than "What?" for answering a call; and then left me.

In the angle of the black walnut tree's roots I gradually dozed off, as I waited, waking now and again to brush off things of legs and curiosity that clambered over me. The sky was blue and the grass was green—it had been a summer of plenteous rainfall—and the warmth filtered down to me through the broad-bending tree in an exactly comfortable degree. I don't know how long I stayed thus in a semi-comatose state, when suddenly I seemed to be on my feet, with every faculty alert. And the world seemed vivified as much as I. The sky was bluer and the grass greener than before. In my veins the blood leapt.

I wondered what it all meant, while bluer yet became the sky, greener the grass, and more boisterously flowed my blood. "This is mighty curious," I said to myself; "there must be a woman at the bottom of it."

Even as I spoke, *She* came up the path; and then indeed did my poor faculties fly from me, as iron filings from the electro-magnet when the current is turned off; and down upon the earth I prostrated myself. Ah! if I could only describe *Her* to you: describe her luminous eyes, her willowy figure, her naturally curly hair, her dress of some clinging white stuff! Alas, I was grovelling at her feet, and by intuition rather than by sight I knew her teeth to be dazzlingly white as the Sozodont lady's; her dimples to be playing hide-and-seek upon a cheek that Packer's Cutaneous Charm could not improve; her— But what poor words of mine can do justice to her fascinations? Let me not try, lest I profane the vision.

I don't know how long I lay there grovelling. It may have been a minute, it may have been eternity.

At last I scrambled to my knees—knees seemed the appropriate place to stop—and saw that she was regarding me out of those divine eyes with the incurious look one bestows on common sights.

What words of an orator did I not then long for, that I might interest her? What deeds of daring would I not have done to win a smile? Alack! the blue-blue sky and the green-green grass offered no deeds for doing; the words of the orator were far from my tongue. "Who are you?" was all my faltering lips could frame.

"I am the Virginia Heroine," she replied, with rebuke in her voice at my not recognizing her instantly.

"Forgive!" I faltered; "I have never seen you before. Where, oh, where do you stay? I have lived in Virginia some years, and I have known some girls—Virginia girls——"

She looked at me with such pitying compassion that I stopped confused.

"I'm afraid you don't read," she said with quiet rebuke; "and you look rather intellectual, too. You could easily have met me before, if you had looked in the right places"—did she resent my lack of looking? The thought sent a throb through my heart. "I expect you're one of those sordid realists I've heard about—I never before saw one. You must be awfully lacking in imagination, and faith, and—and—nice words."

"Nice words?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes. Every other man I ever met would have told me before now how much he loved me—or else he would have been too much moved to speak, which is pleasanter yet. I'm not used to have men *argue* with me, the way you do."

This seemed to me unfair: to call my few words arguing. "And my emotion when I first saw you!" I urged. "You know I fell prostrate—I'm on my knees now," I added convincingly.

"Of course: where else should you be?"

There seemed to be no appropriate answer to this.

"I am out for a walk this afternoon," the Virginia Heroine continued; "you may get on your feet and come with me. I never expect them to walk on their knees."

I scrambled up and tried to brush the grass stains from my knees. She watched me with an amused narrowing of the eyes.

"What's the use of that?" she asked. "Everybody will know you have been there."

Her frank enjoyment of the situation was infectious, and somehow one did not in the least mind having it known that one was her victim. I looked down at my green knees with a kind of pride; then up at her: "Oh, why did I not know you before!" I cried.

"Yes, they all say that," she assented with a touch of complacency.

"I did not mean it quite that way. I was thinking of Art and things. You know we wrote a book, my brother-in-law and I, and I see now why so many of them—the Virginians—'reared back on their hind legs' and said we were a 'turgid river flowing through muddy banks,' and had no soul, and were unworthy of a position as door-mat to a respectable jail."

"I have heard about it," she answered sweetly. "You were so busy riding and farming and visiting and dancing that you never came near me. You thought real people were good enough. I *knew* you'd be sorry some day."

"We felt quite hurt about it," I continued, "and thought of dedicating our next book To those severe Virginian critics of ours who do not approve of our Drawing the Things as we see Them for the God of Things as They Are, but I see now we'd better not."

"Certainly not. That would make them madder than ever."

"Don't you suppose we shall ever recover?" I asked anxiously. "A book seems to be harder to live down than a penitentiary record. A man may sow a large crop of wild oats and no one thinks they'll come up. Perhaps it is owing to the proverbial pessimistic tendency in farming. But a book," I went on gloomily, "is different. In the first place, there is the book as a whole to live down. Then there are all the people who imagine they've been put in it. That isn't so bad, because they generally pick out the nicest characters for themselves. Then, worst of all, there are the people who pick out their friends and relatives as being put in: they're awful, because they always choose the very worst characters in the book. Then there's the outraged pride of locality! It doesn't help to choose a place miles from where you live: all your neighbors insist you are depicting them and their neighborhood. We

might just as well have said 'Albemarle' in the beginning, although Albemarle, as everyone knows, is the garden spot of the earth, where all the men pay their debts—except me—and all the women are good as they are beautiful, and all the horses are sixteen hands high, and all the carriages well washed. We might as well have said Charlottesville as Eastover, although Charlottesville has a whole block of vitrified brick pavement, and the blacksmith's cow does not roam the streets—at least not very often," I broke off, a guilty flush reddening my cheeks.

She looked at me with real compassion for my misery. "Why can't you cultivate the higher side of your nature? Look into my eyes, and tell me if you can see anything sordid in Virginia."

"But Truth?" I faltered, not daring to do as she bid.

"I am greater than Truth," she answered proudly. "Truth follows me, not I Truth."

The Circle of Song

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

MY song, it cannot always be the new—
 A gem that bubbles from a fountain spring
 Through all the ages hidden from the few
 That tarry in the rarer heights to sing;

For it must be that if I sing the song
 Of peace and war, and beauty, love and hate,
 Some echoes I shall overtake ere long—
 For many hearts are born in duplicate.

The Making of Contributors

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

Of The Boston Evening Transcript

WHEN you saw them play "Cyrano de Bergerac," they fought a resounding battle at the end of the fourth act. You looked at your programme and perceived that fifteen years would elapse before the beginning of Act Five. Then up went the curtain upon the fifth act, and out poured the faint blue smoke of the battle fought fifteen years before! You marvelled. And likewise do I at this moment; for scarce have I begun to write of the making of contributors when I find the air heavy with the fumes of an old, old controversy. And tell me, how shall I make plain the recruiting and disciplining of young writers by the "magazine" department of the daily newspaper unless I first clear away that murky fallacy which regards the city editor as the heaven-sent maker of contributors? For—honestly now—did ever a city editor turn reporters into authors? Reporters, I grant, have indeed become authors, but—bless you!—'twas never by merit of any city editor's suzerainty and overlordship. Rather was it in spite of all the city editor's virtuous intentions; rather did it illustrate afresh the uses of adversity.

For the city editor writes on his heart three golden desiderata: the first, Reliability; the second, Reliability; the third, Reliability. And this worldkin of ours is so constituted that conventional, mediocre, soulless pencilling

can be got for the bidding—despite haste or confusion or any let or hindrance whatsoever; whereas individuality, brilliancy, beauty, wit, and personal charm wait ever on the grace of circumstance. Valiant reporting—prompt, clear, accurate—what right-minded city editor will sacrifice this in the chase of the Will-o'-the-Wisp called Literature? Then out upon genius! A truce to art! A pitiless dirk-thrust for efforts at authorship! Better a commonplace certitude than the flutter-winged possibility of something splendid. Art is long, and the presses won't wait.

No, the presses won't wait. It is weekly or semi-weekly, not daily, journalism that makes contributors. Call him what you will—Sunday editor, supplement editor, or "magazine" editor—it is he and not the city editor who "lives at ease in the midst of wonders," seeing authorship come to fruition the while he seeks and trains and learns to love each newest "new man." Here, I do assure you, sirs, is the true recruiting station and drill-ground of letters. When the newspaper entered the field of the magazine, and entered to abide, then for the first time did journalism become a happy highway to literature; and now, if you will stop and think a moment, you will see that this is necessarily so. Grasp the situation as it affects the editor and you grasp the situation as it affects the writer.

Here, let us say, am I, editing "magazine features" for the Wednesday and Saturday issues of a daily paper, while yonder, not five squares away, sits Mr. Blank—editing twelve splendid issues a year for a leading monthly. Question: to compete with Mr. Blank or not to compete with Mr. Blank? I may, God willing, employ the same authors, treat the same subjects, enforce the same standards; but what shall it profit me if I but duplicate in a daily newspaper what is already superbly attained in a monthly review? Desired, then, a distinct opportunity; and, thanks to the semi-weekly publication dates, that distinct opportunity comes soon enough to light. It takes a great review three months to publish a contribution; a newspaper can do it in one twenty-fourth of the time. To your journalist at letters, therefore, and to him alone, belongs each freshest fresh topic; he runs hot on the trail of events, prints while the tingle of novelty still thrills through the matter, leaves time-worn themes to the monthly review, distrusts confirmed authors, courts "the new man." Temperamentally unfitted for leisurely editing, he grows eager, "strenuous," a headlong man of affairs; and Timeliness—Timeliness first and foremost—becomes the central and dominant maxim in his manual of arms. This means endless watchfulness, limitless initiative, prompt resourcefulness, and the command of a corps of "biddable" writers—anything and everything to get the advantage of the handicap which accelerates the newspaper and retards the magazine! At breakfast your journalist seizes the morning paper to know what has happened since bedtime, what novel affair has come up for discussion, what new hero struts that pretty stage called public life. He will see where to strike while the iron is red. Curiosity, if nothing else, takes him early to his desk, where he tears

open his morning mail rapaciously—keenly alive to the possible presence of perishable goods. The tick-a-tick-tick of the telegraph instrument in the very next room is the pulse-throb of passing events. He takes cue and acts instantly. A liner rams its prow on the harbor-rocks, flees for its life, hurls itself upon the beach; the moment the news thrills the wires he darts forth for a specialist; twenty-four hours later he publishes "Marine Surgery, How Wounded Ships are Made Whole." Or, fifteen miles away, the lightning express goes murderously to splinters, and before the list of killed and wounded has ceased coming off the wires your editor bids his man, who dashes to the scene, spends a terrible night with the wreckers, rides home on the wrecking train, sleeps till noon, and then writes a stirring, picturesque, illuminative paper, which is printed long ere popular clamor is lulled. Here are triumphs no magazine can hope for. Extreme cases? Granted; but see what befalls the foreign correspondent. No matter how exquisite his style, no matter how shrewd his insight, no matter how superb his energy and enterprise, he remains the humble vassal of the daily press; for time, which dims "copy" as inevitably as it dims beauty, sets bounds to his ambitions. His wares won't keep their lustre; they fade in the process of setting; jewels to-day, they are dross to-morrow. To change the figure, the daily and monthly editors differ as the cavalry captain differs from the captain of artillery. This your journalist knows. If he justifies his position by moving more quickly than the monthlies, and by treating the last new subject while it is still fresh, he is not unnaturally content to confine his manœuvres to realms where speed counts.

Forgive me if, before I show how this bears upon the quest for the "new man" and the disciplining of him, once

caught, I speak a further word for Timeliness. And here is the further word: the editorial psychology commands that the editor answer the mood of the reader. This lifts Timeliness from a mere trick of tactics to a high rhetorical principle; for the first law of rhetoric—so runs the rubric—is to please one's audience. When I take up a daily paper I do it to see what is going on—to-day, not years ago. The Morris-chair, Rochester-burner, bust-of-Shakespeare mood—the mood for toasting one's toes before the purple-flaming drift-wood and philosophizing a whole evening—the mood for talk of old battles, of tombstones where the lichen blurs the clear-cut name and date, of age-worn creeds, of remotest kingdoms, of eternal problems in morals and in art and in speculation (in other words, the monthly magazine mood)—such mood is none of mine. Instead, I swear I am become the most contemporaneous of humans. Sing hey for the passing hour! Give me your Roosevelts, your Morgans, your Balfours, your—yes, your Mary MacLanes if you must; but in Heaven's name keep silent of your Benjamin Franklins, your Oliver Cromwells, your Great Alexanders! I want living mortals, not dead immortals. Let the journalist "interpret the modern man in action." That is his mission. Moreover, he must needs concern himself with the affairs to which attention has already been called by the news. For Timeliness is not primarily a matter of time; it is primarily a matter of feeling, and when concrete and very recent events have roused that tingling, gripping, bewitching emotion called interest, then there's play for the good pedagogical principle of apperception: I'm hungry for still more of what I've already had so tantalizing a taste of—hungry for the meaning of it, hungry for the beauty of it, hungry for the human soul and sense of it. In short, I

want the literary treatment—the magazine treatment—of a news subject, and I want it *now*!

If, then, the cry for Timeliness is twice justified—once by the journalist's desire to avoid competition with the monthly, and again by the mood of the newspaper reader, why, here at last we have come to the pith of our present discussion. For this twice-justified Timeliness involves a frank dependence upon the energies of young writers. Ideally, the newspaper might fill its columns with the work of celebrated authors—ideally, not practically. Solicit such matter, and what happens? Immediately the naughty celebrity goes down in his memory for rejected manuscripts; or, failing that, he whistles a stenographer. You get, therefore, a message from one or other of two worlds—"one dead, the other powerless to be born." But even if the brightest silvern stars in the literary firmament bowed down before the journalist, as sometimes they do, they are nevertheless fixed stars; he can't ring them up on the telephone and shout, "Hello, hello, come to the office at once. I've a rush assignment for you!" If he did, he would hear a very tart observation about "Other fish to fry." Star-fish? Indeed, yes—tragedies, novels, magazine articles, poems, magnum opuses. Fixed stars are never "on tiptoe for a gentle flight"—unless you "open a barrel," and not always then. So instead, the editor rings up an insignificant young asteroid, not yet named by stargazers and till now scarce visible even by the most powerful telescope. The asteroid comes prancing.

But how was the editor aware of his asteroid? In the nature o' things. For a good Providence daily sends these tender luminaries to seek out the editor. Hence his "open door." Hence his cordial "at home"; hence also a clear division of labor betwixt editor and editor's assistant—the one to edit next

year's possibilities, the other next Saturday's; the one to edit people, the other their "copy"; the one to guide income, the other its outgo; the one to perform a delicate psychological function, the other a purely literary. So, the "new man" presents himself—perpetually and multitudinously. Also heterogeneously: reporters, painters, stowaways, preachers, collegians, jail-birds, Turks, Jews, ribbon-clerks, engineers, naturalists—zounds, what a motley array! And these, to whom the Angel says, "Write," must forthwith be made authors of. Yes, *must*; for such is the editorial demand for Timeliness and such the sidereal reluctance of fixed stars to do as bidden, that out of the as yet untried must be wrested success.

How? Patience, I beg you! Some day, ages and ages from now, when a modern New England city is gray with antiquity, there will go forth a strange legend of how a very beautiful woman made authors of whomsoever she would. When I asked that literary fairy god-mother how such wonders were wrought, she gave me, on three different days, three different answers. "I never knew how." "It is purely a work of affection." "It is the housekeeper's instinct—the desire to see the right thing in the right place." Quite similarly the editor gives three answers—and answers quite like those.

He never wholly knows how. Here stand youth, courage, a clean heart, a clear brain—these and a pen. Yonder shines Fame. To have brought them together means—what? A mystery, a beautiful, blessed mystery, which one hesitates to penetrate. And yet, was it not partly affection? Was it not partly a sense of good order? Look close enough at the editor's methods and perchance you will find out the secret.

Now it is the essence of editorial affection that it reveres and delights in another's — a contributor's — person-

ality, and that it seeks to call that personality into expression. Style is the man; and here lies an inviting opportunity for the literary tyro to let himself all out. It seems to his editor a vulgar as well as a cruel thing to repress him. No, let the human soul of him gleam forth a hundred ways—in beauty, in ardor, in humor, in color and in atmosphere and in personal tone. Let the man write from his own point of view, in his own best manner, expressing his own opinion, signing his own name. This means toil, for the editor. No labor of love, it is yet a work of very affectionate patience. "The theory of work," says President Tucker, "is to be lavish of personality, to put a great deal of yourself into everything you do." Your journalist at letters makes that splendid maxim his own. He spares not himself. Hour after hour you will find him in conference with contributors—sometimes plotting a contribution as specifically as a master builder plots a new erection; sometimes explaining, point by point, his criticism upon an unsatisfactory manuscript; sometimes discussing the theory of correspondence from overseas; sometimes settling the affairs of the universe with so serious intent that he breaks off in the midst and laughs at his own solemnity; sometimes loitering in the merest of chit-chat. Always at leisure and always at work, he passes his merry days trying if by all means he may encourage, suggest, inspire—till comes the hour, long waited, when the "new man" fully finds himself. So his life runs cheerfully and without thought of merit; for, tell me, what in all this good, glad world of ours is half so appealing, half so engaging, as young ambition aflame with desire for the golden spurs?

But see! Things must get their right place; the editor's house must be kept at order. And editorial house-keeping depends—oh, so much!—on

editorial kind affections. To put the "new man" at a well-suited task—what is that but to know him? And how shall you know him save first you have loved him. Hence the social side of sound editing. Johnson became literary dictator through the literary club, and your editor, forsooth, is a pocket Johnson. At luncheon with contributors, at dinner with contributors, at home to contributors—such intimacy brings insight. The editor gets at the central convictions and impulses that command the "new man's" future, sees a career at its spring, knows the mind that shall by and by be known of multitudes. "From within out," the law of life is also the law of letters, and the best journalism depends much upon giving to each contributor the task he most ardently welcomes. Moreover, the best journalism also depends very much upon giving to each contributor a frequent opportunity to discern the governing principles that control the editorial mind. For a periodical is first of all an editor. In its final form it is a very accurate portrait of the editor's sympathies and interests. Silly the contributor who says, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavor to give you a correct imitation of a human being writing an article for such and such a magazine;" wiser the contributor who says, "I have somewhat to say to Mr. So-and-so, the editor;" wisest the contributor who says, "I have learned Mr. So-and-so's sympathies and interests, learned them by personal acquaintance, and this, which I am about to set hand to, is precisely what must delight Mr. So-and-so." There's honest dealing for you! There's the making of a contributor's success.

Underneath these paragraphs of mine, or between the lines of them, you have read (have you not?) an exuberant optimism. Perchance you have smiled; and so have I; for I confess that ex-

uberant optimism to be of many things most ludicrous. A gullible soul is your maker of contributors, indulging a childlike faith in each fresh aspirant for literary laurels, believing every new man guilty of genius until he—with a fountain pen for advocate—proves himself innocent. Such, let me add, is, however absurdly, the right attitude of mind for the journalist at letters. Talent flowers out into radiance only in an atmosphere of sunny faith and confidence; it shrivels and fades in an atmosphere of distrust. Better a thousand times a disappointed editor cursing his very gods, than just once a gifted contributor scared into failure. Editors can afford to be fooled; contributors can't. For terrible the editor's arsenal of retaliation! When a spurious new man has amply proved his worthlessness, then let him invoke all the saints in his calendar. Out he goes. As Mr. Dooley would put it, out he goes "through the window, pursued by the chandelier." To encourage every newcomer, to sift talent from incompetency, and to show pretenders no pity; in short, to realize that a good periodical rests upon a broad and deep foundation of broken hearts—this is to edit. So the journalist hugs to his breast the famous saying of Napoleon, who, when pacing a battle-field after the fight, looked on countless strewn corpses and sighed, "Ah, well, if you will have an omelet you must break some eggs!"

But what of the genuine "new man"—the gifted, forceful, adaptable, high-purposing soul—the real discovery? That man will presently be made. See! He is set to do the splendid thing which the great magazines have need of. Already he has become an incipient magazinist, publishing in a daily newspaper. Each new "assignment" brings him in contact with reality—with life, with men, with affairs, with glowing activities,

with that many-hued, changeful, palpitant thing called the Present Day. Young and impressionable, he feels the live spirit of his own time, interprets it, reflects it, is moulded and shapen by it. He speaks its language and is understood. Always he is given large and worthy matters to write of; by constant editorial help and suggestion his style takes on a new vivacity, and with incessant writing it assumes a richness, a warmth and lustre which do but body forth the youthful mind and heart that enspirit them. In a word, the tyro has turned author, and before the glamor of small triumphs has yet ceased to dazzle his eyes he is seized hold of by some magnificent review and honored with a distinguished place in the world of periodical literature.

To seek, to love, to train and then to lose—a sad recompense is this which awaits your journalist at letters. And yet, if that journalist will reflect a moment, I think he will see that, as it was the order of things and not himself, that cost him so beloved an adherent as this fine new genius, even so it was the order of things, and not himself, that brought him that fine new genius at the first. Small thanks had he if, by the necessities of his calling, he thus “lived at ease in the midst of wonders.” Small pity, then, shall be his if he count himself other than a humble recruiting officer in a great and very noble army. To seek, to love, to train, and then to lose: let him bide content as a maker of contributors. And as one by one his bravest troopers enlist under banners more gorgeous than his own, let him turn his hopes towards his last and rawest recruit.

Have I boasted too proudly of the newspaper “supplement” as a maker of contributors? Then hear me through. For two years I have observed, at rather close range, the “magazine” department of a single daily newspaper. In that brief space one of

its writers has appeared in the “Century” as author of a brilliant monologue; another has published charming illustrated articles in the “Outlook,” the “World’s Work,” and the “New England Magazine,” besides writing anonymously in the “Spectator” and the “Contributor’s Club”; a third put the machine politicians of Pennsylvania to confusion by an “Atlantic” essay of memorable force and keenness; still another has contributed able scientific papers to “Harper’s” and the “New England Magazine”; and, best of all, a sturdy young Irishman of superb talents has sailed the Grand Banks, the North Sea, and the Baltic with the fisher folk of three nations and made a notable series of articles for “Scribner’s.” I might mention others. I might tell of men trained by that single newspaper whose wares are now under solicitation by “McClure’s Magazine,” “The Outlook,” “The World’s Work,” “The Reader,” and “The Atlantic Monthly.” And I know I shall be forgiven if I suggest that whoever would win recognition for his youthful talents will find nowhere a warmer welcome, nowhere a rarer discipline, nowhere a broader apprenticeship, nowhere a more direct path to large achievement than in the “magazine” department of the daily newspaper. That “magazine” department, moreover, is no mere eccentricity of modern journalism, no passing phase. Commercially profitable because of its unique supply of a unique demand, and professionally sound because of its happy combination of the best qualities of report, dispatch, and editorial, it has already gained a sure hold upon permanence. Nay more, it is destined to expand, and bids fair, if present tendencies continue, to become the West Point of literature—ever attracting young writers, ever fitting them for high service, ever cherishing a continuing pride in their honors.

The Crime of the Century; or, The Average Man

BY PETER McARTHUR

A Melodrama in Three Winks

Dramatis Personae.

Sir Charles Steele.
Sir Sherlock Holmes.
Old Fogey.
Judge, jurymen, court officers, etc.

SCENE :—*The Public Eye. Sir Charles Steele adjusting his monocle and trying to live down the fact that he is a colonial. Enter Sir Sherlock Holmes disguised as William Gillette.*

SIR CHARLES:—I beg your pardon—but have I ever—been introduced to you?

SIR SHERLOCK (*with a quick darting glance and a bright deductive smile*):—Is it necessary? By your complexion I see that you are a Canadian—probably a literary man or lawyer. From the nervous way you touch your tongue to the corners of your mouth I deduce that you were once a drunkard. That scar on your forehead shows me that you were once operated on by a French surgeon. By the way, have you ever read my monograph on the nationality of scars? No? It was published in '76, but let it pass. From the Chippendale conformation of your legs I infer that you were once a tailor-man. Ah, I have it. You are no other than Sir Charles Steele, once "Beauty" Steele.

SIR CHARLES (*insolently*):—How very remarkable. You must be "Old Sleuth."

SIR SHERLOCK:—O, I am at least a dress suit in advance of him. But why should we quarrel, now that we have been knighted on the same great occasion? I was just on my way to call on you and pay my respects.

SIR CHARLES (*screwing in his monocle*):—But I am not at home.

SIR SHERLOCK (*refusing to be offended*):—I deduce that from your presence here. But allow me to present my card. As even my friend Watson cannot always recognize me when I am in disguise, it is not surprising that you do not.

SIR CHARLES (*reading, with an Oliver Herford drawl*):—Sir Sherlock Holmes. Ah—I cannot say that I recall your name, but your manner is damned familiar.

SIR SHERLOCK:—That reminds me. As a fellow member of the British aristocracy you will perhaps allow me to point out that wit is not an attribute of the memory. In your second chapter you say of John Brown, who is praised for his ability as a singer, comedian, etc., "He preaches too." By consulting your scrap-book you will probably find that remark credited to the litigious James McNeill Whistler. Same joke, different setting, that's all!

SIR CHARLES (*adjusting his monocle*):
—I wonder now.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Wait a moment.
Here comes a stranger, and I must deduce. (*Enter Old Fogey.*)

OLD FOGY:—Which of you gentlemen is Sir Sherlock Holmes?

SIR SHERLOCK:—I have that honor, Mr. Fogey.

OLD FOGY:—Then you know me?

SIR SHERLOCK:—You are obvious.
Your binding — clothes, I mean — your accent, that hunted look—and by the stoop of your shoulders I perceive that you have a load on your mind.

OLD FOGY:—How wonderful. I see now that you are exactly the man I need to solve a problem that has been troubling me.

(*The great detective sits down, puts together the tips of his fingers, crosses his eyes and waits. Sir Charles places his dignity in a favorable part of the picture and stands on it.*)

SIR SHERLOCK:—Proceed.

OLD FOGY:—I am one of those who hold that every effect has a cause.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Interesting, though elementary. Proceed!

OLD FOGY:—For years past I have detected a steady deterioration in the quality of all human productions, both artistic and commercial.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Present company excepted, of course. But what do you wish me to do?

OLD FOGY:—To discover the real culprit—the cause of this state of affairs—and bring him before the bar of public opinion.

SIR CHARLES (*touching the corners of his mouth with his tongue*):—At the present moment I would prefer the bar of Jean Jolicœur.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Don't try to be witty, Steele. It is not your forte in spite of any opinion Mr. Parker may have on the subject. But to return to Mr. Fogey. The case you present is a

very peculiar one and offers a number of interesting problems. Have you no suspicions as to who may be the guilty person?

OLD FOGY:—Well, all the Captains of Industry of my acquaintance say that their ambition in life is to satisfy the Average Man.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Ah! I think I have heard of him. Is he not popularly believed to be the chief consumer of canned foods, patent medicines, yellow journals with comic supplements, and such things?

OLD FOGY:—The very man.

SIR SHERLOCK:—Good! We shall have no difficulty in capturing him after I have had a chance to smoke a pound of shag tobacco and played on my violin for six consecutive hours. Now you go home and sleep and let me deduce.

SIR CHARLES (*aside, screwing in his monocle*):—The Average Man! I wonder now!

The Public Eye winks slowly and significantly, and so brings down the curtain on the first act.

WINK II.

SCENE:—Room in the same.

SIR SHERLOCK:—It is good of you to stick by me in the absence of Watson—but I'm afraid I have at last found a foeman worthy of my Steele. (*Smiles weakly.*) Do what I may, the Average Man eludes me.

SIR CHARLES (*adjusting his monocle*):—Why don't you get introduced to him?

SIR SHERLOCK:—A capital suggestion, but how am I to get an introduction? Dr. Doyle takes no interest in me beyond collecting royalties, and I have to work night and day now since he has ordered me to go on the stage.

SIR CHARLES:—I wonder now.

SIR SHERLOCK (*irritably*):—Don't do that, Steele! Can't you see that I am not the man I used to be? I am all nerves. I really believe that since I have taken an interest in politics and have been knighted Dr. Doyle has a notion to cut me.

SIR CHARLES (*in his tailor-man manner*):—Who knows? I am afraid authors are not what they used to be. I myself am living in constant terror that I shall be dragged out on the stage and that that little affair with "Rose Evanturel" will be made into a problem play by Clyde Fitch.

SIR SHERLOCK (*in an abstracted manner*):—And the worst is that I appear to have passed under the control of an American humorist. My last appearance was in one of his stories, and you may have noticed that I opened this conversation with a pun. I would never have dreamed of doing such a thing when I was working on the Baskerville case. I wonder where is Watson?

SIR CHARLES (*aside*):—Now is my chance. Nature intended me for a villain, although Mr. Parker insisted upon making me a hero. (*To Holmes*) I wonder now if he has been keeping out of your way?

SIR SHERLOCK:—Why should he? He is almost my only friend.

SIR CHARLES:—But you are working on a peculiar case.

SIR SHERLOCK:—True. But I shall soon be in a position to do something definite. As you may have observed, it is the first quality of a criminal investigator to discover clues and be mysterious about them.

SIR CHARLES:—I wonder now if something wouldn't be gained by talking over the clues you have discovered?

SIR SHERLOCK:—An excellent suggestion. In the first place, the criminal can be no other than the Average Man. He is at the bottom of all

modern enterprises. Historical novels and canned tomatoes, photogravures and sauces, French farces and Health foods are alike aimed at the taste of the Average Man. In fact, Steele, I am not sure but we ourselves owe our very existence to an attempt to cater to the Average Man.

SIR CHARLES:—Who knows? And yet you have hardly proven his existence.

SIR SHERLOCK:—I have deduced it beyond question by certain things I have observed about myself. For instance, I smoke tobacco that the Average Man cannot endure, and that even Kipling in his younger days could hardly have described. I can deduce by pure reasoning and the Average Man cannot. I can detach my mind, hang it on a peg, and devote myself to music, while the Average Man cannot.

SIR CHARLES:—But how did you manage to make these observations regarding the Average Man? With whom did you compare yourself? Ah, here comes Dr. Watson.

SIR SHERLOCK (*aside, his brain once more working like a great machine*):—Ha, I begin to see light. I have made all these observations by comparing myself with him. This accounts for my confusion. I have let friendship blind my eyes. But now for action. (*Enter Dr. Watson.*)

SIR CHARLES (*screwing in his monocle*):—I beg your pardon, but have I been introduced to you?

SIR SHERLOCK (*advancing rapidly*):—Ah, Watson, I am indeed glad to see you. (*Shakes hands and slips on the handcuffs.*)

WATSON:—What does this mean? Have you gone mad?

SIR SHERLOCK:—By no means. I was never more sane in my life. I am sorry, Watson, but you are beyond doubt the criminal I have been pursuing. You are the Average Man.

WATSON:—Heavens! I am lost!

SIR CHARLES:—On the contrary, I should say that you are found.

The Public Eye winks again merrily and brings down the curtain on the second act.

WINK III.

SCENE:—*Hall of Justice in the same. Trial of Dr. Watson approaching its conclusion. A lady authoress with a pale face and tense (past tense) expression sitting in a far corner of the gallery. Sir Charles Steele sitting beside the prisoner and having the usual trouble with his monocle. Usual court officials, etc. The prosecution has just summed up and the defence is to be heard.*

SIR CHARLES (*rising to the occasion*):—Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, I wish to compliment the learned prosecutor on his able presentation of the case; but we are here to see justice administered and not to admire forensic ability. It is our duty to see that the guilty are punished; but more especially to protect the rights of the innocent. Gentlemen of the jury, we propose to show that in presenting the case of the Crown *vs.* The Average Man our learned opponent has been too lenient, while in trying to fasten the guilt on the amiable Dr. Watson he has been woefully in error. In the first place, let us give some attention to the Average Man.

Since first the Average Man sprang fully armed from the brain of Edward Atkinson he has tyrannized over the New World as Tiberius did over Rome. He has made himself felt to our detriment in every walk of life. He stands like a grim ogre in every avenue of success. When a bright young man evolves an idea he is coldly assured that it is "above the head of the Average Man" or that it will not appeal to

him. In fact, we have found on making a careful examination of existing conditions that everything that is done is done with a view to pleasing the Average Man. The great publisher reading "the greatest novel of the year," the lithographer preparing a soup label, the soap-maker trying to make fat and alkali float, the advertiser considering an ingenious lie, the manufacturer of patent medicines developing a new formula for introducing alcohol into prohibition States, and, in short, everyone who does anything aims the result at the Average Man. It is he who has reduced modern life to a gray mediocrity and caused money to be regarded as the only thing to be desired. If he could only be captured, we would favor a return to mediæval ingenuity in the way of punishment. But has he been captured? Great as is the fame of Sir Sherlock Holmes, we incline to think that he has more than met his match in the elusive Average Man. Indeed we are certain that he has, and will show it beyond a doubt.

We have already shown that the Average Man is the greatest enemy of society that society itself has ever developed. If necessary, we could show that his taste in literature is criminal (*a piratical publisher from Toronto starts violently*); but it is not necessary to consider literature in this defence. And this is well, for if we had to, where could we find it? (*Lady authoress in the gallery laughs loudly.*) What we contend is that Dr. Watson, on the contrary, is a model of British virtue, and the prosecutor has failed to fasten on him any of the well-known marks of the Average Man. If necessary, we could put on the stand tobacco manufacturers who know that the Average Man will smoke the vilest tobacco if it is made into cigars and named after a popular actress; and you may observe for yourselves that Dr. Watson habitually smokes the choicest brands of cigarettes.

(*Sensation in the court.*) Furthermore, gentlemen, I would ask you if it is the privilege of the Average Man to mingle with the aristocracy? No! Most decidedly, no! Yet we find Dr. Watson habitually associating with Sir Sherlock Holmes. And lastly, gentlemen, we ask you to read the advertisements of his publishers and say if such fascinating stories as those put forth by Dr. Watson could be written by

the Average Man. Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, we rest our case.

JURY (*rising as one man*):—Not guilty.

DR. WATSON:—Sir Charles, you have saved my life.

SIR CHARLES:—Get out of my sight. You are as guilty as —.

The Public Eye winks slowly and stays closed.

A Northern Tribute to Sidney Lanier

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM

LONE singer of the marsh, the lake, the wood, the field;
The south wind, perfume-laden, brings your song to me—
A soul to music set—to the magic spell I yield;
It woos me from my task, invites me to be free.

Lone singer, did I say? O not alone were you,
To whom dim woods were dear, and fields of marsh a joy;
To whom the marsh-hen's faith was inspiration true,
An impulse Godward that mere beauty could not cloy.

I see your Chattahoochie with a lover's pain
Fleeing the hills of Habersham and vales of Hall,
'Mong reeds and rushes winding, sighing for the main,
Yet e'er responding to the miller's duty-call.

I hear the secret yearning of your lowland flowers,
The inarticulate cry of burning, thirsty fields;
The lazy mill-wheels as they grind the passing hours—
To the river-spirit's thrall my spirit gladly yields.

Smiling I note your robin dread of winter-time—
Of winter's spite, the gibbet trees, the world in white.
Yet satisfaction find, in that you kept your clime—
Your tryst with sun-warmed bees and mocking-birds at night;

That your true southron heart, e'er throbbing in the reed,
Ne'er failed to trill its joy, ne'er idly wailed o'er wrong;
That though you bravely held to duty's sombre creed,
The sunshine ever found its way into your song.

Reminiscences of an Interviewer

Coquelin, Madame Jane Hading, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Kendal, John Greenleaf Whittier, Richard Mansfield, Sir Charles Wyndham

IT is now about fifteen years since I began newspaper work. In this time I have done a great deal of interviewing among celebrities. All of my experiences have been agreeable—that is, agreeable to me. Some of the people interviewed may have carried from our meeting a different impression. However, I can say that I have never received any manifest discourtesy. The explanation is to be found, I suppose, in the fact that I have seen only those who were willing to see me and that I went about my task in a business-like way. The trouble with many interviewers is that they do not know how to meet people on a common ground of civility and are not sufficiently prepared for their tasks. When Mr. J. M. Barrie landed in this country, a young reporter approached him and said, “Are you the author of ‘Silly Tommy’?” Naturally Mr. Barrie did not feel like opening his heart to so indiscriminate an admirer.

“If you could only see some of the people who have been sent to interview me!” said a woman of some distinction as a writer to me one day; and the companion of another celebrity just landed on these shores from England remarked: “We were told before we sailed for this country that being interviewed was a dreadful ordeal; but we have found it quite pleasant.” I make these quotations not to exalt myself, but simply to show that the interview if conducted with a fair amount of tact may escape being the torture it is often supposed to be.

My first interview was the most difficult I have ever undertaken. I had been doing newspaper work for two days only when my City Editor called me to his desk and said: “You can speak French, can’t you?” For a moment I hesitated, then replied: “I can understand it pretty well and I can make a bluff at speaking it.” He turned to his desk and picked up a clipping from a newspaper announcing that the elder Coquelin had arrived in town and was staying at a certain hotel. “You had better get up there, and see him,” he said. I went with some trepidation, and I was greatly relieved to discover that the actor had gone out to dine and would proceed directly from his engagement to the theatre. So I returned to the office and explained the situation to the City Editor, who remarked curtly: “Then go after him to the theatre, of course.” That little remark taught me a lesson that has been very serviceable in all my work: never to give up a task till it has been accomplished. When I reached the theatre a few hours later, I sent in my card and, somewhat to my surprise, I was admitted. I remember being greatly impressed by the quiet and the orderliness behind the scenes. I found the comedian in his dressing-room, his plump figure enveloped in a suit of blue-flannel underwear, his round merry face with its little eyes shining with good nature. He received me very pleasantly, and when I had explained that I spoke French very imperfectly and could understand it only when it was spoken

slowly, he treated me with the greatest consideration. I questioned him on several subjects concerning his career and his experiences in travelling through Europe and through North and South America, and I received such voluminous answers, delivered in the simplest and purest speech and with faultless diction, that I knew I had material for a fine article. By the time the actor had dressed for his part and was summoned from the room, I was ready to go. I hurried to my office, and two hours later I had written an account of my experience. That article established me as the interviewer of the office as long as I remained there, and my interviewing partly compensated for my deficiencies in other kinds of reporting. So I owe Coquelin a debt of gratitude and I should like to express my obligation here. Since that first meeting it has happened that I have been sent to interview him on several occasions for different publications. Though we always have pleasant talks—my French has somewhat improved, by the way—he never remembers having seen me before, and I have never stopped to recall myself to him. The last time we met, however, he put me through an ordeal which ought to keep me in his mind for the rest of his life. A periodical with which I was connected had sent me to him with the request that he contribute an article to an early number; he consented on condition that I should help him to write it in English. It was a long article, full of subtle ideas. When it was set up in type, I took it to him so that he might read it. To my horror he said calmly: "I don't understand English well enough to appreciate the *nuances*. So I wish that you would read it to me in French." I looked at him in bewilderment. "But I don't know French well enough to translate it off-hand," I gasped. "Oh, yes, you do," he said, patting me on the back. "Go on. I shan't mind

any mistakes. I'll catch the meaning." So I sat down and translated the whole article, stopping every now and then to apologize for my poor French and receiving nods of comprehension and encouragement. I forgive the actor now for having put me through that agony; but I left his presence in a very irritable frame of mind. However, I shall always think of him as one of the most delightful men I have ever met. He loves his art and it has enabled him to lead a life full of interest. There are not, I imagine, many actors in the world whose tastes are so varied. Can you think of an American or an English actor, with the possible exception of Joseph Jefferson, who can be regarded as a connoisseur in painting? Coquelin has made a valuable collection of paintings. Moreover, he is a writer of distinguished ability. If he had devoted himself to literature he might have become as famous as an author as he is as an actor. He himself believes, however, that if he were not an actor he might have made a success as a lawyer, for he has a great deal of fluency and power as an orator. If he were not a man of great ability outside the narrow lines of his own work he could hardly have retained the close friendship which for many years he enjoyed with the French statesman Gambetta. He once remarked to me very impressively in an interview: "Say that my friendship with Gambetta was the greatest honor and the greatest happiness of my life."

A few days after my first interview, I was sent to see Madame Jane Hading, then making her early appearances in this country, as "co-star" with Coquelin. My success had given me more confidence, and I was very eager to meet the French actress. She received me in an apartment strewn with flowers. I remember that she was very unbecomingly dressed in a loose-fitting green gown and that her whole appearance savored of an æsthetic untidiness;

nevertheless, with her remarkably tall and well-proportioned figure, her regular features, her greenish-blue eyes, and her wonderful reddish hair, she looked very handsome. She was not nearly so oratorical as Coquelin, but she seemed good-humored and willing to help me out, and she listened with patience while I tried to make my questions intelligible. As she talked she leaned forward on the couch where she sat, resting her head on one hand and looking at me intently out of those deep green-hued eyes. I confess that those eyes bothered me a good deal and made it hard for me to think. When I had tormented her as long as I thought I could in fairness to my newspaper, I rose to go, apologizing for my inadequacies of language. She smiled, showing her large white teeth. "I wish I could speak English as well as you speak French," she said, and I left the room quite set up. I can't remember that she made one remark worth quoting; but she did make an accidental reference to Mrs. Potter which brought out an amusing paragraph in a local newspaper. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that Mrs. Potter should undertake to play the most exacting parts with so little stage-training?" I am sure that Madame Hading did not mean to be unkind, and that whatever her French words may have been I did not intend to give a translation capable of two interpretations. I hope that if Mrs. Potter read the satirical paragraph in that other paper she did not at once include the French actress among her enemies. An interviewer can do a good deal of mischief; for in the glow of talk even careful people often say things that they would rather not see in print. They are the very things that the wise interviewer will leave out. These remarks apply with special force to interviews with actors and actresses, who often make remarks about their fellow-players which, if published, might lead

to serious consequences. Some newspaper-writers, of course, enjoy creating disturbances of this sort. They are largely responsible for the discredit into which interviewing has fallen.

In regard to both these interviews my conscience troubled me somewhat. In the first place, I was not sure that the ideas I had carried away from them were correct; then, too, my translations had to be at times rather wide of the mark. Since that time I have grown more hardened. As a matter of fact, I believe that no interview can be accurate unless it is written by the person interviewed. I have often thought that it would be wise for an interviewer to prepare a list of questions to be submitted to the one interviewed, the answers being dictated and revised by the latter. Under the usual conditions of the interview, the best the interviewer can do is to reproduce as accurately as he can the spirit of what is said. Some interviewers either possess by nature or acquire by practice an extraordinary accuracy and, of course, in nearly all cases, the memory is trained by practice.

My first interview in my own tongue was with Sir Edwin Arnold, who, a few weeks before, had arrived in this country for the first time. Sir Edwin proved to be even more loquacious than Coquelin, and it was a blessed relief to me to be able to understand every word he said. I had written a long list of questions on a card, some of them of tremendous import. If Sir Edwin had known what was coming, I doubt if he would have received me so affably in the little library leading from the hall in the house of President Eliot, of Harvard College, where he was then staying. Led on by my questions, he discussed politics, literature, the difference between Oxford and Harvard University; also many other subjects. I shall never forget the noble manner in which he said, when I had mentioned him as

a possible successor of Tennyson to the laureateship: "Not until Robert Browning had been offered the laurel and had refused to wear it, would I consent to accept it." I thought of that remark years afterward when Browning died, and still later when, on the death of Tennyson, so inferior a poet as Alfred Austin was given the distinction. After what I have said with regard to the importance of an interviewer's protecting his subject, I may seem inconsistent when I confess that Sir Edwin made one ridiculous remark which delighted me and which I was eager to introduce into my article. In the course of our talk some mention was made of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the young Duke of Clarence, soon to meet his unexpected death, and of the nickname that had been applied to him—"Collars and Cuffs." Sir Edwin remarked, with the grandeur that characterized even his simplest speeches: "I believe that if a young man is careful about his clothes he will be careful about his morals." This remark was seized upon by a satirical writer and made the subject of a paragraph. At the moment when Sir Edwin made it I think that he had begun to weaken under the weight of my questions. A few moments later his face grew haggard, a look of pleading appeared in his eyes, and perspiration broke out on his forehead. Finally, when I had put a new question to him bearing upon a political matter of great interest in England at that time, he held out both hands toward me. "Oh, spare me from answering that," he said. Then it seemed to me that I had reached the time when I ought to go. So I rose, extending my hand in gratitude and apology. "I am very sorry to have put you through so hard a trial, Sir Edwin," I said, and he shook my hand and exclaimed: "Don't apologize, my dear sir. You have done your duty, and if there were a vacancy on my

paper, 'The London Telegraph,' I would offer it to you." I went away from his presence greatly elated not merely by the pleasant little compliment, but by the knowledge that I had in my head at least two columns of valuable matter. The next morning I had the indescribable joy, known only, I believe, to the writer who has not as yet reached twenty-five, of seeing that my article had been given the place of honor in the paper, beginning with great headlines at the upper right-hand corner of the first page. It was also featured at the top of the billboards outside the business office.

Not long after my interview with Sir Edwin Arnold I was sent to visit another literary celebrity of somewhat different quality. For many years the birthday of Whittier had been observed in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where the poet passed several months each winter. This year, however, he had grown so feeble that the Packards, with whom he lived, requested that he be allowed to pass the day quietly, without being obliged to receive people. Consequently I felt somewhat uneasy as I went on my quest. In order to reach Amesbury I had to drive from Newburyport. It was a cold, clear afternoon and, as we neared the poet's home, it grew very dark. When I entered the little house, the lamps were already lighted. Mrs. Packard received me graciously and, in spite of her public announcement, I saw that she was pleased that I had taken the trouble to come so far to see the poet. Whittier himself entered presently, looking older and sadder and more like a farmer than his photographs had shown him. When I was introduced he extended his hand and said a few words in a voice which, though gruff, was not in the least unkind. He was so old and feeble and so remote—this is the only word that conveys my idea—that I really felt uncomfortable about subjecting him to

the agitation of being interviewed; however, I had to get the article done and I began as unprofessionally as I could to draw the old gentleman out. What I wished most was to persuade him to talk about the old anti-slavery days, and I succeeded, somewhat to my own nervous apprehension, for I quickly saw that the memories greatly excited the poet. As he talked, he paced restlessly from room to room, breaking out into little spasms of excitement. I left him just as soon as I thought I had heard enough to make an article, and I hurried away conscience-stricken, fearing that I might have started him on an illness. I drove rapidly back to Newburyport, where I found that a train for Boston was due in ten minutes. It was then eight o'clock and I had eaten nothing since one; so I hurried into a grocery store near the station and ordered some crackers and cheese. Just as I began to eat, two trains drew up at the station, from opposite directions. Abandoning my crackers and cheese, I rushed over to the station, bought a ticket for Boston, and leaped on board. When I had adjusted myself comfortably and was reading a book I had in my pocket, the conductor came along and asked for my ticket. When I gave it to him, he said quietly: "This train is going to Portland." I sat motionless, feeling as if I were about to faint. For a moment it seemed as if my newspaper career had ended. I thought of myself as already discharged from my paper. Then I gathered myself together and I said: "Do you make any stops on the way?" The conductor replied: "Our next stop is Portsmouth," and I asked, "What time do you get there?" It was a great relief to find that I should reach Portsmouth before nine o'clock; so I could easily write my article and send it over the wire. The young operator in the telegraph-office was a pleasant, intelligent-looking fellow, but

he could make nothing of my handwriting. So, having finished my article, I sat down by his side and read it aloud to him. Before beginning to wire, he sent word to the other end of the line that fifteen hundred words were coming. Then this question came back: "Have you had a murder up there?" The operator kept me in the office till half-past twelve. By this time all the lights in the town had gone out and I had to hire a trainman, with a lantern, to guide me to the hotel. I had never been in Portsmouth before, and I felt a thrill of astonishment and delight when I discovered a fine hotel. I had been too busy to realize that I had eaten practically nothing since one o'clock; but now that my work was over I felt hungry. On entering the hotel, I said to the night clerk: "Can you give me something to eat?" and he shook his head. "Everything locked up," he replied. Then I explained my plight. "Well, I may be able to get you some beer and pretzels. That's the best I can do." A few moments later a bottle of beer and a plate of pretzels reached my room, and oh, they tasted good! I went to bed, slept till noon the next day, and at breakfast I had the pleasure of reading my article.

There are three interviews that I did at about this period which I always associate, although they were separated by intervals of several months. When Mrs. Kendal came to this country she was a mine of material for the newspaper writers; so when I was assigned to call on her I knew that I should have an easy time. The other two interviews proved to be somewhat difficult, though both Mr. Richard Mansfield and Charles Wyndham — now Sir Charles — were willing enough to talk and had interesting things to say. Mrs. Kendal I found late one Sunday night at her hotel, accompanied by her husband. They were both very tired after a long journey and they were eating

supper. As they sat at the table they presented an ideal picture of the prosperous and happy British husband and wife. Mrs. Kendal had a great deal of manner, but it was the kind of manner that could never be translated by the French word *empressement*. Her husband, on the contrary, possessed considerable distinction, created largely by his perfectly reserved manner and his quiet but sonorous way of speaking. As may be surmised, Mrs. Kendal did most of the talking. I had read dozens of interviews with her—I really believe that she is the most interviewed woman of her time—but her opinions seemed inexhaustible. At any rate, I gathered a fresh stock of them for my article. I remember that she showed me a bangle hanging at her wrist with the names of her children engraved on the little coins. “Whenever I get tired or cross at rehearsal,” she said, “I go into the wings and I look over the names on this bangle. Then I feel better and I go on with my task. The bangle makes me realize what I am working for.” That seemed to me a rather pretty story, and I have often thought of it since when I have read in the papers about the desperate efforts Mrs. Kendal has made to keep her children off the stage. One of them went so far as to come to this country and make a contract to appear at a vaudeville house. But Mrs. Kendal, mainly by working the cables and bringing influence to bear through her friends here, prevented the appearance. She must have felt a pretty keen dislike or a strong contempt for her art to be so determined. On the other hand, one could easily see that she was a woman whose habit of life was to be determined. In this instance I believe she has completely succeeded: so far as I know, not one of the young Grimstons has been seen in public. I am inclined to think if Mrs. Kendal had been more discreet in the matter of receiving interviewers her

success in this country would have lasted longer; her published views interested people at first, and doubtless greatly helped her business, but in the end even some of her best admirers grew tired of seeing her opinions quoted everywhere in print, and, from growing tired of the woman, they grew tired of the actress. Mrs. Kendal may not be a great artist, but she is unquestionably one of the most capable actresses who have been seen on the English-speaking stage during the past fifty years. She knows her art in every detail, and in spite of her shouting habit she has a great deal of charm. She is at her best, it seems to me, in scenes requiring the expression of intense feeling. No other actress has ever moved me so deeply as she did in Pinero’s fine play “The Weaker Sex,” which ought to be given far oftener than it is. She is also a remarkably fine stage-manager, having profited very largely from her years of association with that rare artist, John Hare. As for Mr. Kendal, the very qualities that made him seem to me impressive off the stage handicapped him as an actor: his dignity, when transferred behind the footlights, is likely to appear heavy and awkward and his sonorous delivery takes on a tone of monotony.

I must have met Richard Mansfield before interviewing the Kendals, for I now have in my possession a telegram that he gave me, received on the first night of the Kendals’ appearance in America. It reads: “Many thanks for good wishes! Splendid house and very enthusiastic! They say it is a great go. Madge and W. H. Kendal.” At this time the American actor had just come from England, where he had played a long but not altogether successful engagement. He was then about to produce “Richard the Third,” and I thought I detected in his manner the deep reserve of the tragedian; but about that point I may be mistaken. During

our talk a messenger boy entered the room, and in receiving a letter from him, the actor said in a low voice: "I thank thee, sirrah." I have since met Mr. Mansfield several times, and even while he has been playing in light comedy he has reproduced his tragic manner; but like many actors, he always has in reserve several kinds of manner. A young actress who used to be in his company told me that at night while he was off the stage between his scenes his manner used to be in harmony with the character he was playing. If he wore the costume of "Baron Chevrial," he would be light and airy; if he were "Beau Brummel," he would be dignified and supercilious; if he happened to be representing "Shylock," he would be gruff and morose. This reminds me that on one occasion, when I happened to be passing along Fifth Avenue, New York, I noticed Mr. Mansfield on the street. He was walking slowly, his shoulders bent forward, and he seemed to be getting some support from a stick that he pressed heavily against the sidewalk. A few moments later I met a very clever woman who has won some success as a writer of plays and who knew the actor very well. I mentioned having seen Mr. Mansfield, and I remarked, "How old he has grown lately. He walks like an old man." My companion laughed and said: "Oh, no, he hasn't grown old; but he has been delivering a lecture at the Empire Theatre School of Acting this afternoon and he feels paternal. He hasn't got out of the part yet." The remark seemed to me amusing, but I thought nothing more of it till a few weeks later, when I happened to see Mr. Mansfield in another city. He was walking along briskly, apparently oblivious of his surroundings, his head thrown back, his arms swinging cheerfully by his side, and his whole appearance seeming to radiate youth and good-humor. From my acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, who,

by the way, seems to be the greatest object of curiosity on the American stage, I should say that, like many other people, he has two natures: he can be extremely amiable when he wishes to be, or when he tries to be; but he can be quite the reverse without either wishing or trying. Like many actors, too, he has had a very uneven development. He is imperfectly educated, and yet in many ways he is far more intelligent than the average player; his character is full of curious little twists that make him appear very often in an unfortunate light. Oddly enough, he possesses a sense of humor, which, it would seem, ought to keep him from making himself ridiculous. One day in New Haven a street boy came suddenly face to face with him, and, on observing the actor's fine clothes and noble bearing, exclaimed: "God!" Mr. Mansfield smiled and remarked: "You are the first person that has recognized me."

My meeting with Charles Wyndham I recall with some amusement. The actor impressed me as the most bored-looking man I had ever seen. He walked and talked very slowly and his face had the look of a man for whom life retained no illusions. His appearance, I have no doubt, did him great injustice, for no man could have the success Wyndham has had without relishing it. I ought to mention here that he is the only actor I can recall now who exemplifies the tradition that comedians have melancholy faces. This reminds me that a young friend of mine once applied to a manager for a chance to go on the stage. The manager said, "What kind of work can you do?" My friend replied, "I should like to play straight juvenile parts." The manager, shaking his head, remarked, "Your face is so sad that I am sure you must be cut out for comedy." But to return to Wyndham. When I confronted him I received no encouragement from manner or look, and I started

in by making a foolish remark about his impressions of this country. He smiled wearily. "Oh, my dear boy," he said, "I know a thousand times more about this country than you do. When I was a young man I was a surgeon in the Civil War." That remark made

me laugh, and the actor unbent somewhat and made things easier for me. I can't remember one other thing that he said, but I carried away the impression that intellectually he was far superior to most of the actors I had observed.

The Tongue of the Book

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

WHEN you purchase me, let it not be for my handy shape, and scarlet cover; look into the richer beauties of my heart.

Become acquainted with me, if you would know me as a loyal companion; the friendship of kindred souls ripens in heart to heart talks.

Refrain from marking those passages which seem written for you; the author completed me before I was sent to the press.

I am a sauce to be served between the courses at dinner; I have helped many a lover out of the silence of bashfulness; I am a boon companion to take into the autumn wood, or to the summer sea.

If you love me, have a kindly look-out for my brothers and sisters, born of the same mind that fathered me.

If I prattle with heartsome nonsense, take me up when you are melancholy; if I shine with erudition, cousin me when intemperately idle; if I sing with love, fly to me when your heart is empty of good-will towards every man.

I am not a summer girl, to be forgotten in the snow; neither am I a sleigh-bell, to be stowed away with the first thaw of spring.

Despise me not for my littleness; not every reader is fit to understand "Paradise Lost," no more than every poet can match the majesty of Milton.

Do not make a full meal of me, and devour and digest me, as Bacon has suggested; make me your cup of wine, and come often to sip leisurely of my sweets.

Sappho: Lyrics

BY BLISS CARMAN

XI

LOVE, let the wind cry on the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees and the tall hemlocks,
With the great voice of thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent in the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos, cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bellowing on the white seaboard,
Titan and tireless, tell while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call of the tree-cricket,
Frailest of creatures, green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

Let the glad lark song over the meadow,—
That melting lyric of molten silver,—
Be for a signal to listening mortals,
How I adore thee.

But more than all sounds, surer, screener,
Fuller with passion and exultation,
Let the hushed whisper in thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

XII

NOW to please my little friend
 I must make these songs of spring,
 With the soft southwest wind in them
 And the marsh-notes of the frogs.

I must take a gold-bound pipe,
 And outmatch the bubbling call
 From the beechwoods in the twilight,
 From the meadows in the rain.

XIII

OVER the wheat field, over the hill-crest,
 Swoops and is gone the beat of a wild wing,
 Brushing the pine-tops, bending the poppies,
 Hurrying Northward with golden summer.

What premonition, O purple swallow,
 Told thee the happy hour of migration?
 Hark! On the threshold, (Hush, flurried heart in me!)
 Was there a footfall? Did no one enter?

Soon will a shepherd in rugged Dacia,
 Folding his gentle ewes in the twilight,
 Lifting a level gaze from the sheepfold,
 Say to his fellow, "Lo, it is springtime."

This very hour in Mitylene,
 Will not a young girl say to her lover,
 Lifting her moonwhite arms to enlace him,
 Ere the glad sigh comes, "Lo, it is lovetime!"

XIV

HEART of mine, if all the altars
 Of the ages stood before me,
 Not one pure enough nor sacred
 Could I find to lay this white white
 Rose of love upon.

I who am not great enough to
 Love thee with this mortal body
 So impassionate with ardor,
 But, oh, not too small to worship
 While the sun shall shine,—

I would build a fragrant temple
 To thee in the dark green forest,
 Of red cedar and fine sandal,
 And there love thee with sweet service
 All my whole life long.

I would freshen it with flowers,
 And the piney hill wind through it
 Should be sweetened with soft fervors
 Of small prayers in gentle language
 Thou wouldst smile to hear.

And a tinkling Eastern wind-bell,
 With its fluttering inscription,
 From the rafters with bronze music
 Should retard the quiet fleeting
 Of uncounted hours.

And my hero, while so human,
 Should be even as the gods are,
 In that shrine of utter gladness,
 With the tranquil stars above it,
 And the sea below.

XV

NEVER yet, love, in earth's lifetime
 Hath any cunningest minstrel
 Told the one seventh of wisdom,
 Ravishment, ecstasy, transport,
 Hid in the hue of the hyacinth's
 Purple in springtime.

Not in the lyre of Orpheus,
 Not in the songs of Musæus,
 Lurked the unfathomed bewitchment
 Wrought by the wind in the grasses,
 Held by the rote of the sea-surf,
 In early summer.

Only to exquisite lovers,
 Fashioned for beauty's fulfilment,
 Mated as rhythm to reed-stop,
 Whence the wild music is moulded,
 Ever appears the full measure
 Of the world's wonder.

Food and Drink for Babes

BY CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

NO, we shall not give Johnny"—or Willy or Tommy, as the case may be—"a book of college stories; there is demoralization in the flip-pant manner in which they treat of serious subjects. No 'Yale Yells,' nor 'Princeton Pranks,' nor 'Harvard Hoop-las,' thank you; we will give our boy the classic chronicle of school life, the old and reliable, the morally stimulating 'Tom Brown's School Days.'" And the discreet parent presents his offspring with the famous tale of Thomas Hughes in the placid belief that it contains no rakish allusions—that it is quite untainted by the atmosphere of spirituous geniality that now and then renders the modern college story somewhat startling.

"Tom Brown's School Days"—as a matter of unimportant fact—contains some twenty or thirty allusions to the drinking of alcoholic beverages—any one of which, if made in reference to Groton, St. Paul's, or St. Mark's would give the masters of those institutions nervous prostration, and shake the schools themselves to their foundations. Furthermore, the passages wherein the consumption of intoxicating drinks is pleasingly exploited by the author of "Tom Brown," form—with a single exception—no part of the book's artlessly interpolated tracts; they are not, as one might naturally suppose, pleas for either total abstinence or even for temperance. Rather are they cheerful encomiums of the genial qualities of

beer—both bottled and draught—"early purl," cocktails, brown stout, and Scotch whiskey.

Now, is not all this most surprising and dreadful? On page 66 of the Golden Treasury edition (Macmillan & Co., London) we find the infant hero "in one of the bright little boxes of the Peacock coffee-room" regaling himself on "beefsteak, unlimited oyster sauce, and brown stout (tasted then for the first time—a day to be marked for ever by Tom with a white stone)," and learn that he "had at first attended to the excellent advice which his father was bestowing on him from over his glass of steaming brandy-and-water"—(who, indeed, so long as consciousness and the brown stout remained would not have listened to excellent advice?)—"and then began nodding from the united efforts of the stout, the fire, and the lecture; till the Squire, *observing Tom's state*" (the italics are mine), very properly presses a chambermaid into the melancholy service of putting the poor dear to bed. Of course, after a debauch so auspiciously conducted, it is but natural that this diapered inebriate should want a "bracer" of some sort in the morning. He gets it—at the very first road-house at which the coach stops. He is, remember, so little that in alighting from the coach he actually "finds a difficulty in jumping, or indeed in finding the top of the wheel with his feet . . . so the guard picks him off the coach-top and

sets him on his legs, and they stump off into the bar. . . . Here a fresh-looking bar-maid serves them each with a glass of early purl as they stand before the fire, coachman and guard exchanging business remarks. The purl warms the cockles of Tom's heart and makes him cough."

" 'Rare tackle that, sir, of a cold morning,' says the coachman smiling." (Page 92.)

These incidents would, perhaps, incur no more than a passing regret that there was not a third person present in the bright little box of the Peacock Inn—someone to sip absinthe frappé and impart "excellent advice" to Tom's father—if they were not in the nature of preludes to the astonishing orgy that is described with Gorky-esque realism on pages 111, 112, 113, 114, 116, 120, and 121.

There was—and probably is—a custom at Rugby known as "The Singing," in which the whole school after supper "on the last six Saturdays of every half" (page 111) took part. This innocently named performance at once suggests to the unsophisticated Harvard or Yale graduate a pleasant custom that obtains at St. Paul's School near Concord, New Hampshire, where, on Sunday evenings, the boys join in an exercise called "The Hymn," in which they sing religious songs and afterwards shake hands with the masters before going to bed. At Rugby, however, according to "Tom Brown," a large hall in the school is turned for the evening into a sort of *café concert*, and the exercises consist for the most part of beer, cocktails, maudlin speeches, and the demolishing of furniture. In the words of one of the pupils (page 111), "we take our tables, and the big boys sit around and drink beer: double allowance on Saturday nights: and we cut about the quadrangle between songs, and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave. And the

louts come and pound at the great gates and we pound back again and shout back at them."

On the evening described by the author of "Tom Brown," "Supper came in due course at seven o'clock, consisting of bread and cheese and beer . . . and directly afterwards the fags went to work to prepare the hall. . . . Around the upper fire the fags placed the tables in the form of a horse shoe, and upon them the jugs with the Saturday night's allowance of beer. Then the big boys used to drop in and take their seats, bringing with them bottled beer and song books" (page 112). Oh, there was no lack of beer, and after Tom had performed "the old west-country song of 'The Leather Bottel' with considerable applause (page 112) . . . the glasses and mugs are filled . . . then follow the 'Three Jolly Post-boys' and other vociferous songs in rapid succession. . . . During the pauses, the bottled-beer corks fly rapidly and the talk is fast and merry." Well, rather; it must have sounded like the Löwenbräu in Munich—"and the big boys, at least all of them who have a fellow feeling for dry throats, hand their mugs over their shoulders to be emptied by the small ones who stand round behind" (page 113). All of this must have been extremely edifying to the small ones, and calls to mind the waiters in restaurants who eagerly gulp the left-over contents of wine glasses on their way to the kitchen.

Of course in the midst of this preparatory-school bacchanal someone gets up to make a speech. It may have been noticed that, in the even of unlimited bottled beer, someone invariably does get up; in public, however, he is usually suppressed by solicitous friends. "And away goes the pounding and cheering again, becoming deafening . . . till a table having broken down, and a gallon or so of beer been upset"

—never mind; there was undoubtedly plenty more where that came from—“and all throats getting dry, silence ensues” (page 114). Probably one of those suggestive silences punctured at intervals by the breaking of crockery, uncertain cries of “Louder, louder,” and “Oh, shut up—you’re drooling.”

“Half-past nine struck, in the middle of the performance of ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ a most obstreperous proceeding”—the author gratuitously informs us (page 120)—“during which there was an immense amount of standing with one foot on the table, knocking mugs together, and shaking hands. . . . The under-porter of the school-house entered during the performance. . . . he was hailed with shouts. . . . ‘Here, Bill, drink some cocktail.’ ‘Sing us a song, old boy.’ Bill drank the proposed cocktail not unwillingly. . . .” (Page 121.)

This incredible wassail finally breaks up, we are told, “while standing on the great hall table, a knot of untiring sons of harmony made night doleful by a prolonged performance of ‘God Save the King’” (page 121), “a monarch,” Mr. Hughes goes on to tell us on the same page, “deservedly popular amongst the boys . . . to whom he was chiefly known from the beginning of that excellent, if slightly vulgar, song in which they much delighted:

“Come neighbors all, both great and small,
Perform your duties here,
And loudly sing, live Billy our king;
For bating the tax upon beer.”

Space is lacking—it would require much—in which to cite all the passages that tell one blandly, smilingly, of the liquor these Rugby babies manage throughout the entire story to consume. But let us notice in passing that “One fine summer evening (page 182) Flash-

man had been regaling himself on gin-punch at Brownsover; and having exceeded his usual limits, started home uproarious. He fell in with a friend or two coming back from bathing, proposed a glass of beer, to which they assented, the weather being hot and they thirsty souls, and unaware of the quantity of drink which Flashman had already on board. The short result was, that Flashey became beastly drunk. They tried to get him along but couldn’t; so they chartered a hurdle and two men to carry him. One of the masters came upon them and they, naturally enough, fled.” Further on in the book, when Tom is given one “Arthur”—an invalid with a conventional conscience—for a room-mate, the chief inconvenience he prophesies for himself has to do with his supply of beer; “. . . if he took him (Arthur) as his chum instead of East, where”—he asks himself despairingly—“were all his pet plans of having a bottled-beer cellar under his window?” (Page 205.) And when we finally muster sufficient courage with which to say farewell in the last chapter to this bibulous hero of the “classic for boys,” what are we told before we have read five lines? Merely that he is just returned from a little jaunt to Scotland with two friends, where he “had been for three weeks living on oat cake, mutton hams, and whiskey in the wildest part of Skye” (page 352).

Now, really, is not all this very surprising and rather dreadful? Excessive drinking in stories of college “men” is never—publishers and editors tell one—productive of enthusiasm from parents and guardians. Do parents and guardians read “Tom Brown’s School Days,” I wonder? How on earth has it been allowed to become a classic; a book that so boldly admits inebriety—and so enticingly describes it—as does this semi-ecclesiastical chronicle of school children?

W. W. Jacobs: An Interview

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

“ I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.”

STRICTLY speaking, only the first two of these lines are applicable in the present instance, as Mr. Jacobs is said still to be in excellent health and as a few hours' intercourse hardly justifies a claim to having shared the hardships of life. As quotations go, however, approximate applicability may be said to be achieved.

Buckhurst Hill, where the author of “Many Cargoes” resides, is one of the numerous theoretically pleasant suburban places in which pseudo-Londoners imagine that they are living comfortably and contentedly, while, in reality, cherishing envious and evil thoughts of their equally muddy, but more “convenient” fellows who dwell within walking distance of the “Tuppenny Tube.” The natives of Buckhurst Hill resent the application of the word “village” to the settlement and indignantly assure the visitor that it is pleasant there in summer. It is, however, very pleasant even in winter if fortune leads one to the home of Mr. Jacobs. “Straight up the hill, sir, and take the second turning to the right, and you'll find the house you're lookin' for as the last in a row of low-sittin' red cottages.”

On entering I found Mr. Jacobs, although a married man, hugging the

fire, in which amatory proceeding he kindly invited me to participate. He is a novice at the game of interview, which he evidently regards with good-natured stoicism as the price demanded by fame.

“Don't make me sound conceited,” he said at parting, “and don't tell all you know.”

There is no temptation to make him sound conceited, since I am a lover of the truth, but there is a strong temptation to tell all I know, as it somehow always happens that the part not to be told is the most interesting. I shall, however, remember the bread and salt.

“I really don't see that I can give you much that is interesting to write about,” he said; “I have had no adventures, nothing out of the ordinary in life has happened to me. You see, I entered the Post Office Department when I was nineteen years of age, and there I stuck up to within eighteen months ago, when I resigned my position to go in for literature exclusively. That was after I had made a strike with ‘Many Cargoes.’ I thought then that I might depend upon being able to scratch out some sort of living by extreme industry, and up to the present I have managed to do so. Fortunately, when a man has once made a

success, he is pretty sure of always being able to get along somehow afterwards; he never quite disappears, does he?"

"No, he does not, unfortunately for literature."

"That's true—unfortunately for literature. My theory is that authors should be allowed a certain income; enough to remove the danger of starving, but insufficient to meet their wants, so that they would have to work to supplement it, but would not be tempted to grind out a whole lot of inferior stuff in order to exist. Don't you think that would be a good scheme?"

There is nothing of the professional humorist about Mr. Jacobs, nor does he deserve to be charged with melancholy. Indeed, one could live in the house with him, I imagine, without an undue amount of either tears or laughter. Interviewers have described him in various terms, not always flattering, yet I think he has lost but little sleep in consequence. Mrs. Jacobs, however, it was evident, still cherished an excusable resentment against the journalist who applied to her husband's nose the term "aggressively aquiline," and said that his was the "Sad, chastened expression of a maiden aunt." Mr. Jacobs is of medium height, blond, slight, and quiet in manner, with smooth, keen, alert face, that by its youthfulness belies the silver running through his hair. He is of a "certain" age, which in this case perhaps may be taken to suggest thirty-three. More important, from a commercial point of view, is the fact that he now receives good payment for his work, although he himself did not confide this information to me. At the mention, however, of the prices received by another author, I thought that I detected a fleeting, contented smile in his eyes, as though he, too, could a tale unfold.

"Literary agents are a fine institution," he said contentedly, as one may

whose output is below the demand; "they save such a lot of trouble to everybody, and then they get a writer bigger prices than he could get alone—at least, they do for me. I wouldn't have the assurance to ask the prices that my agent asks for me. I know how it would be. 'We like your book very much, Mr. Jacobs,' a publisher would say. 'Now, what do you think would be a fair price for it?' In a frightened, apologetic tone I should probably say something very much less than my agent says under the present circumstances. 'Oh, but we couldn't think of giving you anything like that, you know; what do you think of half that?' 'Thank you,' I should say, and should feel that I had made a brilliant bargain."

"How did you learn about the sea," I asked, "if you were born and bred in London and went into the Civil Service so early?"

"Oh, well, for several years, from about my nineteenth to my twenty-second year, we lived down at a place called Wapping, which is really a part of London, where the ships come in, and I used to loaf around there, and talk to the sailors and skippers, and pick up information in that way. Then, when I got into the service, I began pretty early writing little sketches and things, not about sea life, however, at first, and I used to send these things around and around until they got taken somewhere for a few shillings, although I hardly made pocket-money out of it. Then, at last, I wrote a short story which is in 'Many Cargoes' and which I sent to 'To-Day,' of which Jerome K. Jerome was editor, after having sent it nearly everywhere else beforehand. To my astonishment, I received a post card, accepting it and asking for more. Naturally I acquiesced, and Jerome encouraged me, sometimes giving up the whole weekly poster to me; and so most

of the stories in my first book appeared first in his paper."

"Did you make your hit with the stories in the magazine or after they had appeared in book-form?"

"Oh, mainly after they came out in book-form, although, to be sure, I used sometimes to meet people who would speak to me about them even when they were appearing separately. You see, the drawback about making a decided strike suddenly with one book is that forever afterwards people keep comparing your later work with that first book. That is what they have done with my recent book, 'A Master of Craft'; it has had a good sale, but I believe it would have been better if it hadn't been for that."

On the way to the station Mr. Jacobs was strangely silent, although

he roused himself sufficiently to tell me sadly that one interviewer had gratuitously made him exclaim: "My idea of the typical humorist is the big man with a red face and a loud voice whom I intend to kill some day!" It was evident that he had begun to wonder what I would make him say and to regret certain anecdotes of brother authors, told with the rider which so oft proves inefficacious: "but don't tell that."

"Good-bye," he said, as the train started to move—"oh—er—perhaps you had better send me the manuscript of the interview before you send it off. Would you mind?"

At the boarding-house, when the stout young woman with the eager eyes learned whom I had been to see, she exclaimed, in an awed voice: "Oh, just fawncy—knowing Jacobs!"

Heine

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

I HAVE songs of dancing pleasure,
I have songs of happy heart,
Songs are mine that pulse in measure
To the throbbing of the mart.

Songs are mine of magic seeming,
In a land of love forlorn,
Where the joys are had for dreaming,
At a summons from the horn.

But my sad songs come unbidden,
Rising with a wilder zest,
From the bitter pool that's hidden,
Deep—deep—deep within my breast.

The Pastime of Book-Collecting

(Continued)

BY TEMPLE SCOTT

MAY we not say that his chuckle is the expression of a pardonable assertion of superior knowledge? But the book-collector is privileged even beyond that. To him is given the delight of experiencing true possession. As owner of the rare treasure he is of the elect, and he takes the ages with him in his journey around his library: for that privilege he has learned to labor and to wait.

If, now, the rare book be the desirable book, the question arises what constitutes rarity? The answer to this is: a rare book is a book the demand for which is greater than the power of supplying it. That an edition of a work was limited to five copies does not necessarily imply that the book is rare. Nobody may want it. If, however, ten or twenty or a thousand people want this particular edition, then it becomes rare. So we shift to another question: for what books are there likely to be such a demand? This is a question by no means easy to answer. Generally speaking, we should say that the works of the masters in literature are more likely to be in demand than the works of other writers; and since in order to become rare the demand must be greater than the supply, it follows that the first edition of such works becoming quickly exhausted will become quickly rare. This brings us to the first principle of the book-collector:

Collect the first editions of books written by the masters of their art.

How, now, are we to decide who are and who are not the masters of their art?

In England, France, Germany, Italy, and the countries which possess a printed literature reaching back to the days of the first printing presses, there is little difficulty in distinguishing those which are, from those which are not, masters. Time has had his opportunity to settle for us any wavering of opinion our ancestors may have had, and our task is now become mainly a matter of selection. In a country like the United States, however, whose literature is yet, so to speak, in the making, and whose past is still too near to place for judgment in a proper perspective, opinion remains somewhat at the mercy of fashion. The taste in "letters" is as yet the taste of a coterie, so to speak; a comparatively small aggregation of critics living, for the most part, on the Atlantic sea-board. So far, these critics, assisted by the approval and the verdicts of those in the mother country of the English language, have set their seal of approbation on what shall be accepted as worthy. But the signs are not wanting which point to a condition in which the toilers and thinkers of the Middle, Middle Western and Western States shall precipitate their own formulas of what life means, and new masters shall arise for new tastes to appreciate, and then a new literature be created for future bibliophiles to gather in and treasure.

The very wide geographical distribution of the people, commonly called Americans, makes for a number of distinct nationalities, all speaking the English language, invigorated and made flexible by the experiences of the local life, and all bound together by a fine spirit of patriotism, which is so movingly exemplified in the common devotion to the honor of the flag. Thus it may be that book-collecting in the United States requires a more delicate insight into possibilities, and have in it a larger element of speculation than in any other country.

But this is a digression that takes us somewhat out of the subject-matter at present under consideration. We shall later deal with the question which this thought brings to the surface. We touch on it now merely to hint at the wide fields which are open to the book-hunter, and to subject a further reason for the persistence displayed by American collectors in devoting themselves to English literature as a whole, irrespective of the geographical position of the place where it first obtained expression. There is a deep wisdom in this devotion. English is English wherever it is spoken. Given any locus in which earnest thought and strenuous effort find expression in activity, and we have a base from which to measure the people who live there. If they speak the English language, then will that language find for itself new thought-contexts for embodiment in new words and new idioms. But none the less will it be English—just as English as was the language fashioned in Britain for their use by the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Normans who settled there, away from their ancestral clearings and homesteads. The English of the England of to-day is so different from the English of *Beowulf*, that he who would know the native fire and beauty of that poem must learn its language as a German would learn English. In just that

attitude must the Englishman of to-day approach the "*Biglow Papers*," and the native literature that the United States is preparing for the future. That literature will be the precipitation of the forces which are playing on its people, though in the main its language must ever remain founded on the language of Shakespeare and that of the English translators of the Scriptures. So that English literature is as much the literature of the descendants of those Englishmen who fought for freedom on the western shores of the Atlantic as it is of those who fought for freedom on its eastern shores.

Apart, however, from such ideal consideration, the collector of English literature, as such, is largely assisted by the records of what has been done, and such records are, in this department, both plentiful and excellent. Here knowledge is more certain and speculation less hazardous, because a fashion has been formed and a taste matured. At the same time, there is also a danger to be avoided. We are too apt to follow the fashion slavishly, to imitate and take on a taste that is not ours naturally, and our collecting, to that extent, loses the mark of individuality, and our pastime palls.

The book-collector who collects for profit merely can, of course, give his attention to all literatures and all their departments. He will equip himself with reference books in all languages, and toil at the indexing of priced catalogues. He will attend sales, and study the latest quotations. But, surely, he is not a book-collector! Such a good creature is nothing more than a bookseller who, in the guise of a gentleman of leisure with bookish tastes, has entered on a new business. His outlays are so much invested capital, on which he hopes to make a good profit. He has no tastes of his own; his tastes are the tastes of his future customers in the

rooms of the auctioneers. Out and away with him! This is the wolf in sheep's clothing over again, who would not scruple to accept of your hospitality, and sell you a book with the eating of your *entrée*. There are a few such, and they must be given as wide a berth as you would the gentleman burglar, or the younger son who makes a living by selling a brand of champagne to his various hosts.

The genuine book-collector, even if he be the most versatile of mortals, with the most catholic of tastes, cannot afford to court anxiety, disappointment and vexation of spirit by a too wide indulgence. He is out for the day's fun and frolic, with a purse long or short, as the case may be, but with sentiments of good nature and the finer instincts of the sportsman always. If he have large ambitions, he must cultivate their limitation, and his best guide to this limitation he will find in what gives him most pleasure. It is the personal element in book-collecting that cannot be too much insisted on. Far too much time and energy have been spent in slavishly following in the footsteps of other collectors. If the library is to be your library, let it be that mainly, and not a duplicate of the library of Mr. So-and-So. In the course of human events it will come to the desk, or the hammer, or the stall; let it come there bearing your hall-mark. *Fait, votre jeu, monsieur*; but play it in your own way, so that while the game lasts you can at least enjoy it.

And yet, if it be a game, what is it in that game that gives it its snap and excitement? Not, surely, the mere playing? No, we have to go to the bed-rock of our motives and confess that we play for gain; for some possession other than the pleasure of the game itself. If we take a holiday, it is for health; if we travel, it is for knowledge also; if we give dinners, it is for conversation or some other pleas-

ure apart from that of mere eating; if we dress our wives elegantly, it is for our pride as much as the joy we give them, and for their vanity as much as their desire to charm us. If we are patriots, well—we are politicians also. If we have daughters, why, who would blame us if we try to marry them well, and having married them well, what's the matter with our sons-in-law? If we lunch a friend, where's the harm in the business shaping itself in the cigar's smoke? And if we collect books, surely we do not break any of the ten commandments, or even the eleventh, by harboring a sneaking hope that we may one day get more than we paid for them? Let us confess it at once, and frankly, that the ideal book-collector in this world is like unto Gulliver in Brobdingnag—a *casus naturae*.

It comes to this, that in book-collecting, as in any other affair, there is a happy mean. So let us take that *via media*, and define the book-collector to be *he who finds delight in the acquisition of special editions because of their rarity and their value*. It matters little if he never opens his treasures; it suffices that it is his inclination and his pleasure to acquire them, and he has the means and knowledge necessary for the perfect indulgence.

Now, such a collector, puzzled as to how he shall set about, will naturally begin to speculate on what are the books that would give him most pleasure to possess, and then to limit that reply by the question as to what chance there was that the books of his choice would maintain or increase their value. Otherwise he might heedlessly order a few car-loads of historical novels. The reverend gentleman who had a passion for possessing all the editions of Thomas à Kempis found his satisfaction, but when his library was dispersed at Sotheby's, three or four years ago, his relations must have deplored his speculative instincts. Prince Louis

Lucien Bonaparte spent many years of his life in bringing together his remarkable library of linguistic literature; but it went wearily a-begging for want of a purchaser, until it was finally acquired by a public institution that had a wise administration. Evidently, then, the element of personality in these two cases did not make for increase in value. As against this reflection, however, it is but fair to argue that we are not dealing with the individual who collects books to serve him as tools in his profession; and the average student's library does no more come into the sphere of book-collecting than does the library of calf-bound tomes of the lawyer, or the sets of Bradstreet and Stock Exchange year books of the merchant, or the homilists, sermons, and biblical cyclopædias of the parson.

No, the book-collector must find his pleasure in books as books, and he acquires them so that he may experience the delight which possession gives, and also that he may flavor his delight with the reflection (a very human one, too) that he owns what others would like to own, but which they cannot always obtain. He is a peculiar individual to many, even a foolish one; but he is no different in both respects from the rest of mankind. In some ways we are all of us peculiar, and in many ways we are each of us all kinds of a fool. Sebastian Bandt told us that over four hundred years ago, when he carried us all on a voyage in his famous "Shyp of Folyes." Even the book-collector was a passenger, as witness the poetical confession made by one of them in the words of Alexander Barclay:

"Still am I busy Bookes assemblyng,
For to have plentie it is a pleasaunt thing
In my conceyt, to have them aye in hande;
But what they meane do I not understande.

But yet I have them in great reverence

And honoure, saving them from filth and odure

By often brushing, and much diligence:

Full goodly bounde, in pleasaunt covertùre

Of Damas, Sattin, or els of Velvet pure:

I keep them sure; fearing lest they should be lost,

For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

But if it fortune that any learned men

Within my house fall into disputation,

I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my Bokys then,

That they of my cunning should make probation:

I kope them not to fail in altercation;

But while they commune, my Bookes I turne and winde,

For All is in Them, and Nothing in my Minde."

We have, in our day, advanced a little on this very deplorable state. If we do collect books, we do not often use them as a cloak to hide our ignorance, though we cannot away with the soft impeachment that we would argue their possession as a claim for our superiority. We unblushingly aver that the library of the book-collector is no more a witness to his erudition in literature than the gallery of paintings is a testimony to its owner's artistic skill. But we do insist on it that to be a collector implies a select taste, and such a collector may be distinguished by the intelligence and knowledge he brings to bear in its exemplification. As we have already said, the result is the unconscious confessions of an inquiring spirit.

(To be continued)

The Literary Guillotine

II

The People against John Kendrick Bangs and James Brander Matthews

PRISONERS to the bar!" cried the clerk of the court, and the two accused authors rose and advanced to the boundary-railing in front of the clerk's desk.

"Mr. Bangs and Mr. Matthews," began Mark Twain, severely, "are you represented by counsel?"

"Yes, sir," jauntily replied Bangs, speaking for himself as well as for his frightened companion; "this is our counsel, Mr. James Lindsay Gordon."

Mark Twain fixed his glowing eyes on the classic features of the young lawyer who stood at the speaker's side.

"Humph! he's a poet, ain't he?"

Mr. Gordon flushed crimson at the insult.

"I have written verse," he said, with great self-restraint, "but by profession I am a lawyer."

"Well, I'm satisfied if your clients are," said the presiding judge, "it's their risk, not mine."

"He was the best we could get, your honor," piped up Brander timidly; "all the other lawyers we went to said they believed in our guilt, and refused—ouch!"

His companion's attempt to check him had come too late. Brander now looked at Bangs ruefully, but that facetious individual was making pretence of being unaware of the Professor's existence.

"Are you satisfied with the make-up

of the jury that tried Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Gordon?" asked Mark Twain, "or do you wish a new panel?"

"We are satisfied, sir."

"Very well; let the trial proceed."

Instead of diminishing, public interest in the proceedings of the Literary Emergency Court had increased, and the attendance at our second session was at least equal to that when a just fate had at length overtaken the author of "Soldiers of Fortune." Moreover, we now felt that we had the people back of us; every newspaper in New York had printed laudatory editorials on our courage in condemning this corrupter of the public taste, and had given expression to the hope that we would show equal firmness in dealing with other offenders. In addition, each post brought letters of gratitude from parents of young girls throughout the country, couched in language such as comes only to those whose offspring have been rescued from an awful fate. Since our last sitting a slight change in the personnel of the court-officers had taken place, through the superseding of the former clerk by a young, ambitious writer who had come to us and begged so hard to be indicted and tried, that in the vain hope of freeing ourselves from his obsessions we had made an official place for him.

"You know, I really deserve trial as much as many of those you have al-

ready arrested," urged this young aspirant for notoriety at any cost. "I've written a lot of tommy-rotten stuff."

At this point Mark Twain cut him short with the appointment to the clerkship. Certainly, thereafter he had shown no lack of fervor. Unfortunately, however, it was misdirected, as in every instance the person against whom he informed, with the view to an indictment, proved to be an editor who had returned his contributions, so that at last we were forced to forbid him from troubling us further. Despite these and other interruptions, however, on the part of unsuccessful writers with a grudge to pay off, we had now, three days after the Davis case, managed to get ready for the trial of Bangs and Matthews for *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters. At the preliminary arraignment both of the accused, of course, had entered the plea of not guilty, despite the array of evidence which they must have known we were prepared to offer against them.

"May it please the court," said Loomis, rising at the close of the foregoing preliminaries, "your honors have before you to-day a case of similar nature to the one recently disposed of with such perspicuity, but one which differs in several respects from that of the People against Davis. That was a case of facts; this is, to some extent, a case in which expert testimony will be needed to prove the guilt of the accused. These men have not allowed themselves to be taken red-handed, they were too clever for that; they have carefully covered up their tracks. But they are none the less guilty. As I said before, it will be necessary to put experts on the stand to fasten the crime on one of them, at least, so well is his humor disguised. However——"

"One moment, Mr. Loomis!" I interrupted. "You don't mean to say that we are going to have handwriting experts in this case, do you?"

"No, your honor," replied the prosecutor, "handwriting experts would serve no purpose in the present instance, as the worst felonies of the accused have been committed with the typewriter. But I do not despair on that account. I shall fasten their crimes on them in due course. And now, if it please the court, we will proceed to the hearing of witnesses. I shall leave the experts till the last."

"Call your witnesses," said Mark Twain.

At this inopportune moment Herford leaned across to me and propounded the following riddle:

"What is the difference between a professor of English who writes stories and one who does not?"

Not to disappoint him I asked for the answer.

"One babbles of diction and the other dabbles in fiction," he said, triumphantly. And this man had been made a judge over others!

"Bernard Shaw!" called the clerk. Everyone sat up with sudden interest.

Bernard Shaw, however, proved to be a red-cheeked, phlegmatic youth of sixteen years of age, who, after having been sworn, described himself as an attendant at the Astor Library. His duties, he said, consisted in delivering books to readers and in wandering through the rooms to see that no one stole or misused the property of the institution.

"Now, Bernard," said Loomis, after having elicited this information, "have you ever seen this defendant before, the one—with—without any hair apparent?"

"Mr. Bangs?—yes, sir, often."

"In the reading-room?"

"Sure."

"And you have brought books to him?"

"Yep."

"What were they, as nearly as you can remember?"

"Alluz the same. He alluz kep' 'em reserved for himself: Bill Nye, Hudibras, Fable for Critics, Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain."

A smile flitted across the faces of everyone present.

"And what did he do with these books, Bernard?"

"Copied out of 'em."

"He copied out of 'em, did he? Well, now, I want you to tell the court what happened on the fifteenth of last September, what experience you had with the prisoner."

"Well, you see, it was this-a-way," said the lad, in the indifferent manner proper to a library attendant. "I was standin', leanin' against a shelf, lookin' at him sorter careless-like, when suddenly I seen him begin to laugh, and then up he snatched his pencil and begun to write as hard as ever he could lick it. In a flash I knowed what he was up to, and as it's my business to see that nobody steals nothin' from the library, up I crep' to him on tip-toe, without his seein' me, until I got alongside of him and then I hollered out quick, 'What's that?' Gee whiz! you ought to seen him jump! But before I could get a look at what he was writing he'd covered it up with his hand. 'Let me see that!' I said, but he wouldn't, so off I started to get the director. When I come back, though, he was gone, and I ain't seen him from that day to this."

"Now, Bernard, what do you think he was doing?"

"Stealin' jokes, sure."

"I object!" cried the defendant's lawyer, springing to his feet. "This is only supposition."

"I don't know about that," said Mark Twain. "It looks suspiciously like something else. What's your opinion about admitting this point?" he asked, turning to Herford.

"You'd better rule it out," was the hurried reply, "just as quick as you

can, or you'll be getting us all into all sorts of trouble. Think of the precedent."

"Objection sustained," announced the presiding judge.

The witness was then turned over to Mr. Gordon for cross-examination. Of course it proved an easy matter to show that the boy's testimony was devoid of all basis of certainty, but the moral effect of his story on the jury was not materially lessened.

The next witness was the director of an asylum for feeble-minded. His testimony was to the effect that through an oversight copies of the New York Sunday "Times," containing instalments of "The Genial Idiot," by the accused, had found their way into the institution and had caused such a rum-pus that he was likely to lose his place.

"They are firmly convinced," declared the witness, glancing timidly around, as though expecting to find them on his track, "that some one has been reporting their conversation for publication, and of course they accuse me. You have no idea how sensitive idiots are to imitation."

"Is it a good imitation?" asked Mark Twain.

"That's the trouble, your honor; it's perfect."

There was evidently nothing to be gained by subjecting this witness to cross-examination, and the defence wisely waived their privilege.

"Now, your honors," said Loomis, "if it please the court, I should like to call one expert at least."

"Very well," said Mark Twain.

Thereupon the name of Creighton Barniwickle was called, and a long, lugubrious, sad-eyed individual stepped forward and took the stand. His age, he said, was seventy-seven, and for fifty-eight years he had been on the editorial staff of various humorous publications. He had frequently qualified, he stated, as an expert on humor.

"Have you read the writings of the accused, Mr. Barniwinkle?" asked Loomis.

"Yes, sir, the entire collection."

"How many volumes is that?"

"Thirty-three."

Bangs shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Well, now, Mr. Barniwinkle," continued Loomis, pitilessly, "will you state what, in your opinion, is the funniest thing in the entire range of the writings of the accused?"

Instantly came the reply.

"The manner in which, on page 20 of the book called 'Peeps at People,' the author confuses the starboard and port sides of a ship."

"That will do, Mr. Barniwinkle," announced Loomis, and the witness started to leave the stand.

"One moment, please!" cried the defendant's lawyer, rising, "I should like to question the witness."

Accordingly the melancholy authority on jokes reseated himself.

"Now, Mr. Barniwinkle," said Gordon, in his sweetest manner, "you say you are an expert on humor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have had a long experience in such matters?"

"All my life."

"Humph! Let me ask you a question: Have you never made a mistake in your specialty? Have you never thought something funny which was not, or *vice versa*?"

For a moment the witness hesitated.

"Yes—once."

"When was that?"

"When I was editor of the 'Buffalo Bull' I once accepted a story by Charles Battell Loomis."

Of course this brought down the house. Quickly seizing the unexpected advantage, Mr. Gordon declared that he had finished with the witness. But Loomis was equal to the occasion. So soon as quiet had been restored he arose and addressed the court.

"May it please the court," he said, "the defence has very cleverly attempted to turn the tables on the prosecution, by showing that I once wrote something humorous which was a failure. I admit the charge. But what then? I am not on trial, and even if I were, one slip would not be enough to convict me. Before this turn of affairs I had intended to call a number of other witnesses, but the defence has very kindly pointed out to me an easier and quicker course. I will accept their hint. They have shown that I once failed to be humorous—well, let them now show that the accused once succeeded in being funny, one single time, and I will be the first to move for his acquittal."

I caught my breath—did Loomis realize the risk he was running? Surely every man, even the accused, had been funny once in his life! The room was in a buzz of excitement. The defendant's lawyer was on his feet, trying to make himself heard.

"We accept the gage!" he cried. "How shall we test the question?"

"Let the defendant take the stand," said Loomis.

"Willingly!" cried Bangs, and with a jaunty, confident air he walked to the witness chair and sat down.

"Put that table yonder where the defendant can reach it," ordered Loomis, indicating a table covered with the thirty-three bound volumes of the works of the accused and with a thick pile of newspaper magazine supplements. Two attendants staggered with their loads to the point indicated.

"Now, Mr. Bangs," said Loomis, when these preparations had been completed, "before you is a collection of your works, together with the issues of 'The Genial Idiot' up to date—am I right?"

The defendant nodded.

"Well, I give you *carte blanche*—take up any volume you choose, turn

to any part of it you choose, read out any portion you choose, and we will then leave it to the jury to decide whether what you have read is funny. Does that strike you as fair?"

"Perfectly so," said Bangs, with a smile, as one who says "What a soft proposition you are!" Thereupon he leaned forward to select the volume from which to read. For a moment he hesitated, then he made his choice. As he opened the book I read the name on the back, "Over the Plum-pudding." For several moments of expectant silence he turned the leaves in his search for something excruciatingly funny. Suddenly a triumphant smile illumined his face.

"Ah, you have found it!" said Loomis. "Won't you share it with us?"

"Listen!" said Bangs, turning toward the jury. "This is from the conversation between a young student at college and a ghost of one of the students of a hundred years previously.

" 'Ah?' said Parley, smartly, 'you had blue cows in your days, eh?'

" 'Oh, my, yes!' replied the strange visitor; 'lots of 'em. Take any old cow and deprive her of her calf, and she becomes as blue as indigo.' "

The author ceased and looked at the jury with expectant smile. Death-like silence reigned in the room. But suddenly from the rear came a loud guffaw, and then one of the jurors began to shake with laughter—it was the plumber! His companions regarded him in amazement.

"Ah, well—I'm afraid—ah—that wasn't a very happy choice," stammered Bangs; "it seems to be somewhat over their heads. May I have another trial?"

"Certainly," replied Loomis, indulgently.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind my selecting another book, either?"

"Just as you wish." Evidently Loomis felt sure of his ground.

"Ah, here I have it!" cried the author, taking up a fresh volume. "This is called 'Ghosts I Have Met.' Let me see, now. Ah, yes, here's a good thing on page 5. I am speaking, you must understand, of cigars at this point. 'They—namely, the cigars—cost \$3.99 a thousand on five days in the week, but at the Monday sale they were marked down to \$1.75, which is why my wife, to whom I had recently read a little lecture on economy, purchased them for me. Upon the evening in question I had been at work on this cigar for about two hours, and had smoked one side of it three-quarters of the way down to the end, when I concluded that I had smoked enough.' There, now, isn't that funny?"

This time there was no answering laugh; a wan smile was on the faces of the twelve men in whose hands his fate rested. Even the plumber had left him in the lurch.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Bangs?" demanded Loomis, and the humorist recovered himself with a start.

"Oh—ah—just one more trial!" he begged—"just one more!"

"Very well, one more, then."

Evidently the defendant realized the importance of this final test, and for some minutes he searched in vain for something to meet his wishes. Finally, however, he discovered what he was looking for, and this is what he read to us from page 10 of the same book from which the previous selection had been taken.

" 'I must claim in behalf of my town, that never in all my experience have I known a summer so hot that it was not, sooner or later—by January, anyhow—followed by a cool spell.' "

Certainly, the reading of this paragraph was followed by a cool spell; a more sober-looking set of men than the jury at that moment it would be difficult to find. Bangs turned his eyes appealingly toward Mark Twain's

countenance, but what he saw there must have discouraged him. His jaw dropped and he turned helplessly to Loomis. The same thing, evidently, had happened to him which had happened to Davis at the previous trial: the sudden realization of his desperate plight had flashed across his mind. Nevermore would he demand—and get—three cents a word for the sayings of an Idiot! Poor fellow! Slowly he rose to his feet and started back to his chair beside Gordon.

“One moment, please, Mr. Bangs,” said Loomis. “Just one more question.”

The defendant reseated himself.

“Now, Mr. Bangs, I want to ask you to give the jury an exhibition of your skill in making jokes; to show them how humorous writings are concocted. In other words, make up a joke now, on the spur of the moment, such as you include in your weekly instalment of ‘The Genial Idiot.’ That should be an easy matter for you.”

“Well, let’s see,” said the defendant, perceptibly brightening at the prospect of showing off, “what shall it be? Ah, yes, I should go about it something in this manner. I’d run over in my mind, you see, a number of recent events which had attracted public attention, and then I’d select one of these, as, for instance, the trial of the Christian Scientists at White Plains for manslaughter, and about this I’d build my joke, something in this manner:

“‘Ah, Mr. Brief, you are looking pale this morning,’ said the Idiot genially, as he carefully spread the napkin over his knees.

“‘I have reason to,’ was the lugubrious reply. ‘I have been retained to defend Mr. John Carroll Lathrop against the charge of manslaughter.’

“‘Man’s daughter, you mean, Mr. Brief,’ corrected the Idiot, ‘man’s daughter. But tell me, is he a pupil of Mrs. Eddy herself?’

“‘Yes, he’s a graduate of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College.’

“‘Of what? You’ve got the wrong name, Mr. Brief—it should be the Massachusetts Institute of Necrology,’ and then the Idiot gazed triumphantly around at the other guests.”

“There, Mr. Loomis, how does that strike you?”

“Admirable, Mr. Bangs, admirable, you couldn’t have done it worse with a pen. That will do, Mr. Bangs, you may take your seat.”

“And now, may it please the court,” said Loomis, turning to address Mark Twain, Herford and myself, “the prosecution will rest its case. The defence can now present their evidence.”

Therewith he sat down.

“One moment, Mr. Loomis,” said Mark Twain, holding up his hand, “you have forgotten something—how about the other defendant?”

Loomis turned and fixed his eyes on the Professor, who was crouched down in a timid heap on the far side of his counsel, in the effort to escape notice.

“By George!” cried Loomis, with a whistle of surprise—“if I didn’t forget Brander! There he’s sat like a little lamb all the time and never said booh! A little more, and he’d have gone scot free. Well, I suppose we’ve got to try him. But if the court pleases, I shan’t trouble to call any witnesses against him. I shall simply demand his conviction on the strength of a few passages from his own works, which I shall presently read. Brander, will you take the stand?”

“Humph—humph!” cried the defendant, violently shaking his head. Evidently he had determined that wild horses should not drag a word out of him.

“That’s a pity,” said Loomis, more to himself than to the court. “I should have liked to ask him whether he thought the fatality of its name had had anything to do with the premature

demise of the 'Brander Magazine.' However, I can get along very well as it is. Hand me that book, the last one on the right. Thank you. Now, may it please the court, I hold here in my hand a work by the accused entitled 'Aspects of Fiction,' from which, in a moment or two, I intend to read a few passages. I may state, however, in passing, that this is only one of some thirty volumes by this delinquent. But I do not wish unduly to poison the minds of the jury against him, so I will not lay stress on this point. Indeed, I would not mention it were not the majority of these books works of fiction, and it is for them that the accused is on trial. What I am now about to read to the court is from page 142, and is part of an essay called 'The Gift of Story-telling.' It is an admirable statement of the case against the author; indeed, far better than I could hope to make. As a matter of fact, it is an admirable piece of literary work, and were it not possessed of the fatal boomerang quality, Brander would have every reason to feel proud of having written it. This is what he himself says of those who can't write fiction, yet insist upon doing it:

" 'It is this native faculty of narrative which the writer of fiction must needs have as a condition precedent'—mark the words—'to the practice of his craft, and without some *small* portion of which'—the italics are mine—'the conscious art of the most highly trained novelist is of no avail.

" 'This gift of story-telling can exist independently of any other faculty. It may be all that its possessor has. He might be wholly without any of the qualifications of the literator; he might lack education and intelligence; he might have no knowledge of the world, no experience of life, and no insight into character; he might be devoid of style, and even of grammar—all these deficiencies are as nothing if

only he have the gift of story-telling. Without that he may have all the other qualifications, and still fail as a writer of fiction.' "

After he had finished reading this statement of the defendant's literary creed, for several moments Loomis stood, regarding his victim fixedly.

"In view of what I have just read," he said at length, in solemn manner, "I would ask the accused one question: Why did you write 'Vignettes of Manhattan'?"

With finger pointed threateningly at the crouching defendant, Loomis stood, like an accusing nemesis, holding the frightened author with his relentless eye.

"He gives no answer, nor, I suppose, will he give answer to another question which I shall ask him. In an essay on Robert Louis Stevenson in the same volume I hold here he makes this statement: 'I recall the courtesy and frankness with which he gave me his opinion of a tale of mine he happened to have read recently.' Mr. Matthews, what *did* Robert Louis Stevenson say?"

Every eye in the room was fixed expectantly on Brander, but the poor frightened creature was incapable of speech: he could not have replied had he wished to.

"I have finished," said Loomis, simply, and he sat down.

"Mr. Gordon," said Mark Twain, "the defence will now be heard."

Slowly, reluctantly, the defendant's lawyer rose.

"May it please the court," he began, in a low, hesitating voice, "I find myself in the most embarrassing situation of my life. I was retained to defend these two writers against what I considered a most unjust charge. Since coming into court, however, my opinion has undergone a vital change. I now see them in their true colors, and conscience forces me to withdraw from

the case at the eleventh hour, painful as it is to me. I, therefore, ask the court to excuse me."

It was impossible not to pay tribute to the courage of this man, self-confessed poet though he was; in a few appropriate words Mark Twain released him from his duties, and without even a glance at his former clients, he passed through the silent rows of spectators and from our sight. Then arose the question of the further conduct of the case: could a fresh lawyer be introduced at this stage to defend the accused, or must the whole thing be begun over again? At last, however, a compromise was effected, with the approval of the two defendants: in order that prosecution and defence might stand on an equality, it was determined to submit the case to the jury without argument on either side. Accordingly at one o'clock in the afternoon this was done, and the twelve men retired to deliberate upon the evidence. For a long time it looked as though they would fail to reach a verdict. Indeed, darkness had fallen, and we had about begun to consider the advisability of having them locked up for the night, when a messenger came to inform us that an agreement had at last been

reached. Accordingly we returned to the court-room, and the defendants were brought in, Brander in a half-fainting condition of fright. Then to our utter amazement, the following verdict was delivered: Guilty in each instance of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters in the second degree, with a recommendation to mercy.

So surprised was Mark Twain that he made the foreman repeat his words.

"I think we had better remand them for sentence, don't you?" he said, turning to Herford and myself. "I wasn't expecting a miscarriage of justice of that sort."

"It was that darned plumber, I'm certain!" said Herford, "he laughed at one of Bangs's jokes."

"The prisoners are remanded for sentence at the next session of court," announced Mark Twain, rising.

Thereupon the two authors, still dazed at the unexpectedness of their escape, were led away by court officers to await the imposing of sentence. As Brander passed us he turned to his companion in crime and gave voice to the enigmatic exclamation, "Tinkeedoodle-dum!"—the first word he had spoken since giving utterance to ouch! at the beginning of the trial.

Vellum and Gold

BY JOHN GODFREY

GOOD Gregory, in cloister, gray and dim,
Bent over missal, ever dear to him;
Whilst patiently and prayerfully he wrought
Upon the page a holy, living thought.

Mr. Pinero's "Iris"

BY JOHN D. BARRY

MR. PINERO'S problem play, "Iris," with Miss Virginia Harned in the title part, has made a great popular success. Credit is due to the dramatist rather than to the actress, for providing piquant entertainment. Incidentally, however, the actress becomes notably advanced in her career as a star. Last year Miss Harned had an unhappy first season at the head of her own company in a feeble stage-version of Maurice Thompson's novel, "Alice of Old Vincennes." After that experience it must be a satisfaction to her to be able to work in rational material.

Rational is perhaps the adjective that best fits "Iris." It is a clear, fairly consistent, and a wholly unbiased presentation of the career of a weak woman. Iris is seen first as the secret mistress of the young man she loves, later as the mistress of the middle-aged man she loathes, and, finally, after the return of her young lover from a long exile and his discovery of her open shame, as abandoned by both lovers and driven late at night into the streets. The scheme is, of course, squalid, and cannot be adequately judged from a bare outline. Like most sexual themes, it readily lends itself to the drama. "From illicit love intense effects are wrought," says Mr. Howells. There are, indeed, few themes, however illicit, that cannot be profitably used in the theatre, pro-

vided they be used with taste. In this play, however, Pinero has disregarded taste. He treats his subject with a brutality none the less offensive, perhaps the more offensive, because it occasionally reveals itself in subtle ways. In the first act, we might not suspect the real relation of Iris and her young lover but for their prolonged kiss at the moment when they find themselves alone. But even this kiss might be passed over if an openly vulgar reference to the past were not made by Iris on the sudden return of the lover in the last act. Pinero bears a bitter hatred for the Philistinism that covers the weaknesses of human nature with hypocrisy, and this hatred has led him into bravado. "Iris" is the work of a man who takes pride in showing his contempt for the rules that control Anglo-Saxon literature.

But even for this easily defensible attitude "Iris" might justify itself, as did "The Gay Lord Quex," by being a fine study of modern life. Some day students will read "The Gay Lord Quex," just as we now read "The School for Scandal," as a record of the fashionable life of its period. If, for such a purpose, they turn to "Iris" they will find barren material. "Iris" exists simply and solely for its plot and situations. In its long-drawn-out episodes it is curiously suggestive of a three volume novel. So absorbed was Pinero in working out the woman's

destiny that he apparently made little effort even to characterize his personages. Iris herself is not an individual, but a type. The young lover, Trenwith, might stand as the representative of all young lovers whose emotions control their heads. Maldonado, who stands in a relation to Iris somewhat similar to that of the old-fashioned villain to the unfortunate heroine, is devoid of salient qualities. He bears a resemblance to the middle-aged business man in "A Modern Magdalen," but beside that strongly individualized figure he seems a pale reflection. The other characters are sketched in gracefully, but without vitality.

Even in his workmanship Pinero does not display his customary skill. In the first act he resorts to the expedient of presenting three scenes, all deft, compact, and entertaining, but giving the sense of thinness of material and of diffusion of interest. With the other acts he attains a greater definiteness of purpose and compactness, though here and there the movement lags. Before Iris appears a good deal of time is consumed by the minor people in discussing her, after the fashion of the amateur playwright. As in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "The Profligate," the dramatist goes to Italy for the background of several of his scenes, and here he achieves a delightful pictorial effect. The scene in which Iris and Trenwith sit up all night together and watch the breaking of the dawn has a really poetic quality, suggestive of "Romeo and Juliet." But here the critical faculty interposes and questions the reality of the situation. Has the writer's realistic imagination imposed on itself, or has Pinero for an interval thrown realism to the winds? In any event, the scene is a gross con-

tradiction of circumstances in the play already referred to. In the last act Pinero lets Iris describe events to Trenwith which might far more effectively have been interpreted in the action. Moreover, her account of her career since her separation from her lover, which Pinero plainly accepts as the truth, makes a large draft on the credulity of the audience. After seeing Iris, grief-stricken from her parting with Trenwith a short time before, use a check from the check-book Maldonado has forced upon her, it is startling to hear that for months she has voluntarily endured a half-starved existence in cheap Continental boarding-houses. However, that is a detail which does not necessarily affect the general structure of a drama devoted to the depressing history of a worthless woman, the kind of woman whose only capacity in life is to enjoy luxury and indulgence, and whose character goes to smash at the first test.

Among the actors the greatest success has been won by Mr. Oscar Asche as Maldonado. Mr. Asche came here with the reputation of brilliant acting in the part when the play was produced last year in London. He gives a careful, finished, and easy performance; but at no point does he rise to artistic distinction. His work is far inferior to the acting of Mr. Wilton Lackaye in the character already mentioned in "The Modern Magdalen," perhaps because of the inferior opportunity. As Iris, Miss Harned plays with surprising discretion, and occasionally with deep emotional power. She nearly always uses her natural voice, falling only now and then into her former habit of yelling in a chest tone. As Trenwith, Mr. William Courtney gives an excellent performance by means of sincerity, directness, and fervor.

Old Age

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE is a moment when we know the day has turned. The sun may be no dimmer than an hour ago, but still our course is taking us away from him. So, too, while the year is warm in bounty, some sense above our working senses tells us it is narrowing down toward frost. Everything to which a limit has been set has warning of the end; at some time, always unexpected, comes a preluding of change. In human life the flesh has not really failed when unseen monitors begin to say: "The hour is ending. Listen. It will strike."

The twilight of mortality is sifting down, preceded by that moment which might be called the youth of age: that middle period when the fairy givers have not yet departed and man has at least one of his three choices left. This is the Peak of Darien where, like Cortez overlooking the two oceans, the soul reflects upon the dangers she has passed and gazes forward into unproven tracts below. Age is no longer as it has been in anticipation, a picturesque withdrawal. It is the inexorable *Now*. At this moment the angel of destiny touches the man again upon the shoulder, and offers him his choice. This is not the angel as we saw her first. She comes bearing gifts, but they are of opposing counsels. Formerly she masqueraded in fine garments, and her right hand offered jewels; her left held gems hidden in the matrix, and for these the man must toil.

In this middle period she stands before him empty-handed, letting him read through some mystic sense not yet familiar to him her voiceless counselling. "Choose," she bids him. "Look back. Did justice pay? You have seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread. They that live in the world must be of the world. The time is short. Eat. Drink. To-morrow you must die." But again before he sets forth on a new phase of the old pleasuring, she plucks him by the garment and he thinks he hears: "Remember. There were things you knew when you came from the bosom of God to inhabit flesh. Remember." And he turns his foot to the right or to the left, and begins the path he shall thenceforth travel; it leads him through the country of Old Age.

The period on which he is entering is not an arbitrary one, to be fixed by this year or that. It is a movable phase, pushed on of late by the ingenuity of mankind, and deferred still further for the individual through temperate living. When times were stormy a man was old at fifty; but now that he has done with war, save as an epidemic, and invented magic foods, he is not to be thrown out of the arena in his prime. Yet however far it may be removed, when old age arrives it is old age.

On one of these last days it becomes apparent to him that his body is no longer I. He regards it, with some distaste, as It. Once life meant fibre

twined in fibre, flesh with soul enmeshed; but now the old accord is broken. The soul halts in an uncertain citadel and rules it with a varying fortune. The servants that once obeyed at the first breath are some rebellious and all alien. They are kept down, but only under the grip of an affrighted will. Here in this house a window claims renewal, there a tower is crumbling. The man is all the time pottering about repairs; doggedly, perhaps, but never with much courage. The wind of destiny gets in, in spite of him, and stirs the dust. He is working merely to arrest decay. Fifty years ago the body was perpetually promising more strength, more loveliness. Now he is patching something which must shortly die. Beauty is a lost issue; but he is not concerned with it. Whatever pains he takes, he cannot turn his flesh to finer uses. Briefly, it will serve.

Now if it happens that he chose the baser part, he builds a shrine and dedicates it to expediency. There he sits in a circle of his fellows and talks about their bankrupt state. He is much concerned with his digestion. A cold wind is the common enemy, and he shares with other weaklings the recipe for balking it. When the senile clan hit on some new law of life, they chuckle as if they had cheated time. They vie in cackling reminiscence, with the implication that there was a mysterious pause in nature coinciding with their own retirement. What they did, still betters what is done. They take some pleasure, when they feel adventurous, in the safe game, "I could an' if I would." They muddle over the stories of one who has learned Greek at eighty or begun the violin while Time stood waiting by to mow him down. "At any moment," says the prating Ego, "I could do likewise;" and they exult in the swelling port which is the chief reward of babbling.

But for the man whose ears were quick to the angel's other counsel, life is yet life, not subject to decay. He also has reminders that the knell has struck. In his lightest hour there is a twinge to recall him to mortality. "Art thou there, true-penny?" he cries. He, too, must experience the supreme treachery of nature, where sense after sense proves recreant. A great thrift assails him, not to heap up coffers of base metal, but to keep the few coins marked with the royal stamp. He adopts, perforce, a bolder courage than that of youth. This is no light adventure on which he now embarks. It is so fraught with peril that he abandons caution, as ships when winds are raging betake them to the open sea. And, as it happens when fate is challenged highly, "every wave is charmed:" for so desperate is the strait that it makes no odds what port is found so it be not that of a baleful ease. "Thou hast taken ship, thou hast sailed. Go out, if to another life; there also shalt thou find gods, who are everywhere."

This is the hour of visions. He sees everything in the large, and nothing that is universal can give him more than a moment's pang. Death even appears in the guise of brown leaves sifting through autumnal air. So shall he fall at last among his fellows, and the woods will see another spring. Now is he equipped for some further life, because he has no more commerce with the illusions that fit this present frame of things. The specious thralldom that served the senses when it was necessary for sense to reign has lost its spell. The ambition which urged him on to fight for trumpery power is now but an unlovely scheme for crowding others out. The patriotism of his youth seems to him a brutal game, its tally kept in blood. He has abandoned the prizes of life, not as the spent runner sits beside the track in bitter musing,

but because he knows they were expedients made to lure the earth-born to a goal. Their use is over.

He has his secrets. Hearing much about the apathy of age, he smiles within himself. His own lost youth gives him the key to what youth thinks of him. According to that facile arraignment, his blood has fallen into the flow of deadly habit. All the philters that ever ran to tragedy would not warm those sluggish veins. Yet he knows. Faces bloom upon him and white hands beckon, while he stays regarding his summoners with a wistful questioning: for beauty now is vain, unhallowed by the chrism of the spirit. In his nearness to escaping the coil of flesh he has, to some degree, escaped illusion. The joys of earth were sweet as bread, but he has learned that in the beneficent intent of what created us they shall last only a little while. Through them he has obeyed the expectations of the earth; and wrapped though he be in the promise of an unknown good, he is glad to have paid tribute before he goes.

The individual is no longer all its own; it is a portion of the larger scheme compounded of a myriad past. Helen's "lustrous eyes" are hers, and more than hers; the towers of Ilium cast that shadow on them. "Who gave you your hands, your lips?" he questions beauty in the robes of price she thinks her own. "Your fingers are snow white. That is because your grandmothers did not spin. Your lips foretell deep harmonies. Is that look yours, or was it born out of a moment's agony in some other woman dead these thousand years?"

So the calls of other souls, once so bewildering in their potency, are thin reed whispers on the wind. Since each man seems to him not one but many, he is always wondering what fibre it is in the other, seeking out a kindred strain in him. Only when many strands thrill

in unison does he acquiesce and say, "Now I have made a friend." Earth-born ties are over. Only here and there does he put out his hand. "This is mine," his heart cries, and the other answers, though their time is short.

Bodies are strange books for him to read. The flesh is more of a mystery than the spirit, compounded as it is out of the concerted living of mankind. For, wary as he is about temporal being, the soul herself perplexes him but little. Some new sense gives him instinctive understanding of her. Serene, august, she sits removed from these upheavals of the lower world. She shows herself but briefly, nor would he welcome her if she came often. In age we learn the significance of feast days, the desirability of "long blue solemn hours" spent alone. He loosens the arms of a tyrannical worship even about his dearest mate. He abides at a temperate distance, knowing that at moments she will come out of her lucent palace and talk with him, and that such a meeting is more precious than the kiss of new-born love. That was three-quarters earth, foretelling heaven; this mutual worship takes hold on heaven alone. The strand is twisted of memory and hope.

To recognize the complexity of the flesh is to feel that blended mercy and comprehension known to the young as tolerance. Souls often seem to him prisoners fretting against conditions of great hardship. Their origin forms a part of the orderly retribution that makes up life. He is chary of using the word "sinner" in its accepted form. The sinner even at birth is accounted for. It is as if some waif of the night hovered over an alien two mated unworthily, and, foiled by its own unrecognized desires, is born of them into a world where it must always be a stranger. Thus self-condemned, it lives in bonds involuntarily assumed; but it is not to be judged by the man who has

looked long on mysterious and blessed life, save as sin is failure to fit self to the present order of the earth. He knows its hardships are beneficent, more to be desired than any ease. It has unwittingly courted its own punishment, and only begins to be blessed when it realizes "I am punished."

Age toughens all the habits of a lifetime and binds the man to custom; yet when bonds must be broken he goes quickly about it without lamenting. The young find in this another proof of apathy, the acquiescence of cold blood. Rather is it a fruit of knowledge, a recognition of unswerving law. After we have lived what seems on earth a long time, certain commonplaces become vivid under the brilliancy of a higher truth. The man bereft realizes that the pendulum swings, that action and reaction are equal, and that loss will be followed by some unguessed reward. Does his friend turn from him to a dearer friend? In his stricken heart there is no room for jealousy. Once that poor passion served some uses of the earth; but now it is a futile thing, less even than a name. What must be must. Orbits cannot be bent to fit the heart's desire. He bids farewell with benedictions.

Or is it death that takes the creature dearest to him? Here, too, consolation rains from the heaven that has smitten him. The man lays down her hand, and, sitting in the void created by her loss, he remembers that they were together once in other worlds. Their love was full of reminiscence. Its primal passion held not only the moment's joy but the ecstasy of a reunion. Then, in flashes, they saw the red clouds of another star where elemental creatures stirred in braky coverts. This was not all. Their topmost note of unison kept the echoes of some sphere not to be wholly imagined, yet remembered because they had been together there. The progress of the ages was written in

that marriage. Not a leaf had budded save to bring that fruit to bear. Not a race of creatures had lived and died but had lent their love some ripening. They were a part of the chain of things, as necessary to it as it must be to them. They always had been. They must be still. So he sits musing not alone upon the past as a completed span, but as a link to be joined to another, presently, in another time.

It is a paradox of age that the universe should so absorb it while, at the same time, the ego grows, and the man withdraws more from his fellows and sits alone waiting to split his husk. No matter what kindness surrounds him, he is more solitary than in all his life. Years ago he felt at one with his children. They were so far flesh of his flesh, so woven from his dearest memories that in their continued life he saw a sufficing immortality. Now, though he takes their service, he knows they do not understand. They render him an observant love, but it will never be a perfect one until they are old men and women and he is—where?

Happy is he if in this changing of the seasons his mate is left beside him. The two take a new comfort in each other. They are glad to fan away those younger wings into an adventurous flight where old ones may not follow. The air blows chill about the nest, and presently they, too, will set forth and build their house again. They have foreshadowings of another bridal time. The true meaning of marriage breaks upon them with other dawns. The purpose of that union was not alone to raise up children to the needs of earth. Now in age, as it was in youth, they realize that the love of one for one is the world story, the greatest tale of all. Not by chance have immortal tragedies been woven out of it. Its last blossom is to come: immortal joy sprung from the root of proven faithfulness. The man and

woman who have loved for years have access to a strong elixir, compounded of their mutual memories. Every seed of temperate joy holds in it now a germ of hope. Their ship of life sails with an even keel, and now and then a bird, the citizen of some unseen port, rests for a moment on the mast. Even on days after a storm, their faces beaten by the spray, strange odors greet them on a favoring wind.

For age is a time of preparation. The man may not guess what he is preparing for, but some inward self is strengthening within him and clamoring for an open road. It is a curious truth that what he knows now he cannot put into words. It is not that faculties and aptitudes have failed him. It is as if an unseen finger had set a seal upon his lips. He has meant the younger know not of. What heartens him hourly is that for which the present polity has no use. It is apparently not yet desirable that it should be revealed. If it were well, then would all ears be open to it and all tongues ready to declare it, like the happy citizens of Abdera chorussing, "O Cupid, king of gods and men!" If this one ineffable thing were fully told, life in its present phase would be impossible. If the true secret were on every lip "who would fardels bear" that keep us from the happy vales beyond? The truth will not be heard, save in lone whisperings, until the general heart has learned to bear its fardels to appointed goals. The record must be perfect. Shall God say of His great edifice, "Here my creatures failed me; in their haste to build towers they forsook their lower task?" The old man near the secret of all time has faint foreshadowings of it, but no words to put them in. He begins to realize that you may come honestly by fire from heaven and yet do no more than warm your neighbor's hearthstone. He has the fire—a spark of it. Were this youth, he would light a torch and

run through all the land burning down houses in his zeal. A touch restrains him. A voice whispers, "It is not desirable." Yet so it becomes true that even an unlearned age has a sort of wisdom denied to youth; and at the end the secret of all living is shut in each dead hand.

This leisurely fashion of being is not to be understood by the young in their rage to burn up stubble, for it is the fruit of a long acquaintanceship with time. The ages have patience; why should any one man be in such haste to complete his tally? What is not possible to be done to-day will be done in moments not yet born. Nor does sloth creep in upon him through this door, for he has learned the law of penalties. Sin, he knows, makes its own record, and beckons its punishment toward it with both hands. Good also has its fruitage. Even in the face of barren years he stands undaunted, for he knows one blossoming moment can spring from that long pain. This weighing of ages in the balance has taught him some apprehension of justice, yet not toward practical issues. He has become unfit for the administration of penalties, because he sees how every man is caught in the wheel of things that bring about their own revenges. It is still apparent to him that human justice must keep on its course, but he has a disinclination to sign warrants or to wield the knout. When some slave of past experience crouches before him, he responds: "What am I that I should strike at the ages in thee? Brother, pass on." Aware that even the mistaken judge is a part of God's intention, yet must he refuse the office. Administration is given rightly into younger hands.

For the reason that life seems so pitiful as well as so triumphant, all human usage grows more gracious with him; he observes the courtesies that show a gentle mind. Evil speaking

falls into disuse, because all souls are as sacred as his own. If they are ugly it is because they are at an undesirable stage of progress, where his own stood not so long ago. Anger is a weapon suited to some warfare, but wielded less and less in this serene estate.

In art he shuns tragedy, especially on the stage. Again the young, weighting their buoyancy with mimic sorrows, smile over his cowardice. But they have not hit the reason wholly. Save in very noble tragedy he sees the falsity of red convulsions. Against the ordinary realism of pain his heart makes standing protest. No such plot goes far enough. Disintegration, he knows, is not the end. Out of worlds destroyed worlds shall be made again; and when the curtain falls upon a wasted earth he longs to trumpet out the epilogue: "This is a lie, my mates. Heaven is to follow."

He has grounds for what men call idealism. Sitting on this upper tableland of life he pieces together his few fragments of experience, and judges that as time has been so time will be, and he is satisfied. Never yet did sun and rain in the spiritual heaven refuse their office. If mercy were sown, mercy came of it, not to bless the sower on the

day he wrought, but to feed his kind. If hate were planted, warfare sprung up out of it. He begins, in a dim way, to understand the causes of things, or rather to hope that some time he may trace them. A great hunger comes upon him to know, to go through aeons spelling out the record of the God Who made him and Whom he must at last adore. Some word born out of the inherited belief of ages sets his heart to beating. To any lips pronouncing "paradise" his pulse responds, not from a longing for green valleys, even, but for that ineffable good hidden in futurity. He believes with all his strength that it is indeed "the last of life for which the first was made," and his worn pulses waken under promise of another spring. At last he is obedient. He is ready to traverse deserts barren than those of earth if that is the appointed path, for now he knows that what created him lives and has decreed that he, in orderly, plain ways, shall live also. He is in happy imagery once more a child. Time is personified to him as one who is ever present, not to hurry him but to guide. Justice and mercy take on robes of life and stand at either hand; and in the distance waits the long-expected—Death.

A Peasant Song

(Translated from the Portuguese)

BY ISABEL MOORE

I N my silent retreat,
From grief never free,—
All the birds of the fields
Are lamenting with me.

I join the lamenting;
In my silent retreat,—
My song pierces heaven
And drops at God's feet.

The Publishers' Associations of England and America

ABOUT eight years ago several questions of important concern to the business of publishing pressed for immediate solution on the attention of the publishers in England. They found that the copyright question, as solved by business men in Canada and the colonies, was not in harmony with the proper interests of copyright holders; they began to receive many and importunate demands from the Associated Booksellers of the United Kingdom with regard to terms and discounts; the Authors' Society also had criticised severely some of the methods practised by individual publishers; and the literary agent had succeeded in interfering with the hitherto pleasant relations which had existed between author and publisher, and placed those relations on a purely business basis. It was time to make a concerted action and come to some *modus operandi* by which publishers as a body should deal on definite and agreed lines with matters that so intimately affected their trade. Out of this anxiety was formed the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland—an organization that is now so well established as to be in a position to consult with similar organizations on the continent, and to express resolutions for the purpose of influencing legislation or advising legislators.

It would not be adhering to facts if we stated that the English association had solved all the problems that brought it into existence; but it is not too much to say that the foundation of

the organization has made discussion, arbitration, and settlement more possible and more fruitful than they were before its existence. If the questions are still unsolved, that is because of influences which are outside its sphere of activity. At the same time it is owing to it that a good and working understanding exists to-day between the publishers and the booksellers; and for that, both, we take it, are devoutly thankful.

Similar questions, though not so urgent, pressed on the publishers of the United States. One disagreeable trouble they were happily free from—that of the literary agent; for so far, the author and publisher transact business together to mutual advantage and without interference from the agent. But the "trade" question pressed heavily, and the publishers, finding an example which seemingly had produced good results, followed it, and in 1900 was formed the American Publishers' Association. The primary purpose, then, for which the American body was established arose out of a grievance urged by the booksellers of the United States. These found that they could not make "a living wage" out of the terms allowed them by the publishers, and at the same time compete with the "cut" prices offered by the department stores and the more enterprising of their fellow tradesmen. The American Association took this grievance into its careful consideration, and it has framed a body of rules by which the regulation

and direction of the sale of books to the booksellers shall afford the latter a fair margin of profit. At the same time it aims, indirectly and directly, to fix the prices at which the books shall be sold to the public at large.

Once upon a time the publisher was also his own bookseller; the author had no middleman separating him from the public whose suffrages he sought. But the times changed, and the conditions which made it impossible for the publisher to attend to the selling of single copies of his books precipitated the individual who would, for a consideration, attend to that himself. That consideration was the "margin of profit." Times have gone on changing, and other people, for other considerations, have been found willing to sink the "margin of profit" and give the public the benefit. The bookselling fraternity, finding that their business would soon not be worth following with this competition before them, appealed to the publishers for relief, and showed that unless some drastic measures were taken their occupation would be gone. Exactly the same difficulty had to be faced in England, and the American body met it in exactly the same way. A plan was formulated to which both the members of the Publishers' Association, and the members of the Booksellers' Society consented. By this plan the publishers allow booksellers a certain discount on books, provided they do not "cut" prices. Should any tradesman be found "cutting," the publishers agree to "boycott" him and bind themselves not to supply him with any more books so long as he continues refractory. Furthermore, it is attempted

to bring about an understanding between the bookseller and the public by suggesting that publishers should issue, where possible, their books at a *net* price. That is to say, the published price shall no longer be subject to a discount to the public, but it shall be the actual price which the public shall pay for the books so issued. A book, therefore, marked *net* is a book obtainable only at the marked price. The members of the Publishers' Association agree, however, that "the conditions governing the sale of fiction are such that the Association does not attempt to fix a uniform price at which works of fiction (not *net*) shall be sold, but only to name a maximum discount which, however, it is hoped will rarely be given." So that, for the present at any rate, the reading public can obtain novels at a discount off the published prices, though the tendency, even for this class of literature, is to make the books *net*. On the whole, the efforts of the Association are in directions that should tend to bring about a better market for the bookseller, a better understanding between publisher and bookseller, a better livelihood for the retailer, and a definite price for the consumer. How far such efforts are in harmony with the competitive spirit which governs business generally is not within our scope to consider. We may safely leave this question to find its own solution. Whether the future will negate or confirm the plan of the Association, there can be no doubt that it is well-intentioned and deserves success, even were it only to preserve the traditions and charming associations of the historic business of bookselling.

Letter from Paris

PARIS, *October 23, 1902.*

FOR the moment there is rather a lull in literary production in France. None of the leading authors are making bids for fresh laurels and further popularity. Anatole France, for instance, has slackened his literary activity since he embarked on the wild sea of Dreyfusism, and that he is still laboring under the agitation caused by the "affaire," was proved by his graveside-speech at Emile Zola's funeral, wherein he delivered a fulminating philippic against all and sundry who had been opposed to the cause of the ex-artillery officer. A strange feature in connection with M. France's presence, and even preponderance, at the funeral of Zola, was that it showed how mutual co-operation in a common cause had made friends of two of the most celebrated French novelists. Some years back, when Anatole France was just beginning to be known for his crystal style and polished irony he wrote that it would have been better if Zola had never been born. "Son œuvre est mauvaise, et il est un de ces malheureux dont on peut dire qu'il vaudrait mieux qu'ils ne fussent pas nés," and much more to the same effect. The "affaire" changed all that, and the creator of Monsieur Bergeret had nothing but praise for the dead creator of Coupeau, not, be it noted, because Zola was a writer, for France said nothing on that score, but because he was the disinterested and vigorous defender of Dreyfus.

Another writer who is still resting is Paul Bourget. He has some right to repose after "L'Etape," in which he woke up and showed some of his old vigor. The book was "slated" by some of his enemies, but I think that the majority of discriminating readers received it with as much favor as Mr. Henry James's admirers extended to "The Wings of the Dove." Pierre Loti, also ever popular, is on board ship in his capacity as a naval officer known as M. Viaud, but he is probably planning some new book in the intervals of his watches at sea. Calmann Lévy recently published his "Derniers Jours de Pékin," together with his "Oeuvres Complètes." Georges Ohnet, ever popular with the masses, I have not seen on the boulevards, his favorite exercise ground on fine afternoons, for a long time. The winter, no doubt, will see another addition to that big pile of palpitating fiction labelled by M. Ohnet "Batailles de la Vie." It has been the fashion to decry Ohnet, but nobody can deny that he has written some thoroughly interesting books. His style has been ridiculed and his abundant adjectives have frequently afforded the critics full scope for their satire. Ohnet has in reality given offence by his introduction of certain well-known persons into his novels. Animosity was originally organized against him by the followers and the admirers of Zola, who resented the enormous success of Ohnet's "Maître de Forges" when it appeared. That book, and Ludovic Halévy's "Abbé Constantin," showed the

reaction against Zola's naturalism. Maurice Maeterlinck, whom I lately met wandering amid the picturesque streets and along the sluggish canals of old Bruges, is slowly elaborating his next book. Maeterlinck has not yet returned to his Parisian residence at Passy, where he lives when he is not in his native city of Ghent, in Belgium, and where his parents reside. Many of the other literary people are gradually returning to town after the holidays, and I saw a few of them the other night in a boulevard restaurant, conspicuous among the collection being Catulle Mendès, who is growing extremely obese, although he still has his auburn hair and beard. He now writes very little poetry and is not so prolific a producer of erotic novels as he formerly was. He is chiefly occupied as dramatic critic of the "Journal," in which he writes voluminous notices of first performances. A foreigner, who knew little about Catulle's literary work, called him the other day the "father of the theatre and the king of critics."

Among the writers to the front with new books in October are Paul and Victor Marguerite, sons of a general who was among the first to be killed in the Franco-German War. They publish "Deux Vies," an attack on the divorce laws, and an appeal in favor of free-love unions. The brothers brought the story out as a serial in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," but the editor of that periodical insisted on having some of the stuff bowdlerized, as it was too strong for his readers. The Marguerites in "Deux Vies" also give us some graphic sketches of the Paris bench and bar. M. Saint Georges de Bouhélier, who is known equally as poet and novelist, appears in October with the "Histoire de Lucie." She is a sort of literary courtesan, who, being arrested for the murder of her seducer and first lover, writes her memoirs in the St. Lazare prison for females. The au-

thor has had in his mind's eye that noted "professional beauty," Liane de Pougy, who has turned the heads of a good many young men, like the "beautiful Otero" and others of that stamp. A book somewhat like "Lucie" is the "Enfin, Seules," by Jeanne Landre and Berthe Mariani. "En Garnison," by G. Kérouan, gives the history of an enamored and chivalrous officer who becomes the victim of malignant tongues in a small garrison town. So, too, does the woman whom he loves, and whom the author inconsiderately burns in the Charity Bazaar fire which horrified Paris and the world nearly six years back. Of books treating boldly and unblushingly with the erotic, we have Jean Lorrain's "Vice Errant," and Victorien du Saussay's "Beautés Ardentes." The names of these productions speak for themselves.

In poetry there has been equally little to show. M. Henry Rigal's Sapphic imitations are good in spite of some detestably inharmonious lines. In the line of literary drama we have just had Henri Bauër's "Maitresse," produced at the Vaudeville. Bauër is a big, burly, rather popular man who has been dramatic critic and general journalist for the past twenty-five years. It is finely written, and the dialogue excellent; he has taken lessons from Henri Becque and from Henrik Ibsen, but his plot is old-fashioned and threadbare. The "Maitresse" is a woman who has done everything for her lover who leaves her for a fresher rival, but has subsequently to throw himself on her bounty. The quondam critic was well received as a dramatist by his old colleagues. M. Pierre Veber, however, called "Maitresse" the futile effort of a non-literary person to write literature, or something to that effect. This was undoubtedly malignant, and Bauër has since shown that the attack was due to the fact that he passed unfavorable remarks on Veber's farces

and small dramatic things a few years ago.

The recent revival of Rostand's very successful "Aiglon," at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, without the great Sarah herself, for she is touring among Danes and Germans, reminds one of the Comte de Reiset's "Memoirs," edited by his grandson. These have just been published by Plon, Nourrit & Cie. The Count is no Talleyrand, but he is interesting, and, furthermore, he is a writer of diplomatic memoirs which are rather rare. He began his diplomatic career in 1840, at the age of nineteen, and went to Vienna, Rome, Frankfort, and St. Petersburg. He saw a great deal in Italy, notably the war between Piedmont and Austria, culminating in the defeats at Mortara and Novara, and the abdication of Charles Albert, father of the first Victor Emmanuel. M. de Reiset is anecdotic, notably about the Empress Maria Louisa, mother of the "Aiglon." He raises the question, "Did Maria Louisa really love Napoleon?" The Count saw at Parma the letters sent by the Austrian princess to the Emperor whom she was to marry. These epistles were full of tenderness, and exhibited Maria Louisa's intense desire to do everything possible to please the Emperor. After the marriage Maria Louisa, wanting to show her affection for Napoleon, said that if he did not return, at the time specified, from one of his military campaigns, she would go to his camp dressed as a page boy. In spite of these demonstrations, the Marchesa Scarampi, to whom the Empress handed over her correspondence, doubted, according to the Comte de Reiset, if Maria Louisa ever loved Napoleon. It is possible that she may have done so at the time of the marriage, but, afterwards, he frightened her until she trembled before him. While she was living at Parma with Count Neipperg, to whom she was

married morganatically, she hardly ever spoke of Napoleon. This is altogether an interesting collection of souvenirs for those who care to return to the picturesque past. I must not forget to add that the Count has much to say about the Duc de Berry, and the Englishwoman, Amy Brown.

Morocco has attracted much attention of late years, and there has been a vast deal printed and published about that mysterious empire which has had Roman, Vandal, Greek, and Arab masters. According to what we read in Captain Erckmann's book published in Paris by Challamel, "Le Maroc Moderne," the country is much the same as it was hundreds of years ago, and little or no progress of the European or American sort has been accomplished. The other half-a-dozen books about Morocco which have recently appeared in Paris tell the same tale. Captain Erckmann, who is a French artillery officer, has many things to say about harem life, of which he captured some of the secrets.

In general literature, I note that Laurent Tailhade, whom I have already alluded to as the "literary Anarchist," has published a French translation of the "Satyricon" of Petronius Arbiter. Tailhade, as will be seen, has been extremely active since he emerged from prison, where he was sent for his incitations to revolt and dynamitic violence. Petronius is beginning to be known, owing to the enormous success of "Quo Vadis." Sienkiewicz has made the celebrated Roman satirist fashionable once more, although some French critics object to the phantasmagoric novel of the Polish author, whom they accuse of patchwork, and whom they describe as having succeeded through clerical protection. Tailhade has done his work well, and there is a very good preface by Jacques de Boisjohn, who discourses very learnedly on the doubts as to the authorship of the

"Satyricon," and the attempts made to add patches to, and to complete, that remarkable production.

It is not too late to refer to Emile Zola. He died soon after the first Paris letter was despatched to *THE READER*. No one could have then imagined that the extremely active and still vigorous writer who was giving four new gospels to the world, as an apostle of sheer materialism and a limner of nudest nature, was so soon to depart this life. Religious people have seen in his extraordinary end a punishment for Zola's blasphemy and obscenity. Others, who laud him for his evidently disinterested championship of the cause of Alfred Dreyfus, hold on to the man's affability and amiability. Zola was undoubtedly an amiable man enough in private life. He was vainglorious, naturally, and thought an immense deal about his work. He believed himself to be a veritable modern apostle, a man with a mission, a writer who had many messages for the world.

The writer of these lines knew Emile Zola fairly well, and can testify to the man's amiability. I met him once at his quaint country-house at Médan, near Poissy, that popular riverside place much frequented by American and other artists on the look-out for bits of river scenery. He was then planning the "Rêve," written at the suggestion of his publisher, Char-

pentier, who wanted a book by Zola that his daughter, just entering womanhood, could read. My next meeting with the novelist was in his house in the Rue de Bruxelles, near which I live. I went to see him in order to capture his confidences about his visit to London, whither he had been invited by the Institute of Journalists. He was in excellent health and spirits after his trip across the Channel. The English, who had so often condemned his strongest books, received him with much show of effusion, and the wife of a journalist, overcome by emotion and champagne, wanted to embrace him in public. The last time I saw Zola was after he had returned from his second visit to London, where he had been hiding during part of the Dreyfus agitation. I met him in the Rue de Clichy, near his residence, and he was then, apparently, full of good spirits, although reported to be harassed and worn out by his sacrifices and sufferings in the cause of Alfred Dreyfus. He now lies in Montmartre Cemetery, that mournful last resting-place of so many once brilliant Frenchmen, including Henry Beyle or "Stendhal," one of Zola's precursors in literary realism. He lies, too, not far from the tomb of Heinrich Heine, who was carried to Montmartre from his "Matratzen-gruft," in the same neighborhood as that wherein Zola has died.

W. F. L.

Zola

FELT thou the throbbing pulse of Paris' heart;
 Held thou its loves and passions, mastering;
 Played thou, as skilful player plays his part;
 Died thou, the people's unloved, uncrowned king.

—JEAN BARROT.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

I MAY as well confess that I feel like boasting at having read every line of "Captain Craig." I further confess that when I was half way through I was sorely tempted to lay it down, and that then I was impelled to go on to the end, partly by the tattered voice of a reviewer's conscience, found somewhere in the gloomy lofts of memory, and partly (another confession) with expectation of self-laudatory remarks when I should accomplish my task. Now, I regret to say that I don't feel altogether like commending myself for anything but honesty. "Captain Craig" is worse than Browning—with all that that statement implies. To read it through at a sitting is like a long swim under water—quite as much a feat as a pleasure.

"Captain Craig" is really a psychological novelette in blank verse. You would say off-hand that such a thing is impossible. Indeed, I almost find myself beginning to argue against it, as being something far better fitted for prose treatment than for poetry. I would like to say that poetry cannot do such things because it is not exact and analytical enough. Poetry demands a plain story, if it be a ballad that is in building, and then proceeds to enhance its value with lovely and impassioned words. Or if the tale is really psychological and complex, then

poetry resorts to the drama and translates the psychology into action before portraying it. But in either case poetry does not keep close to the original fact. It takes the original fact for granted as already in the reader's mind, and uses that as a text for discourse. An analytical novel is always something of a scientific achievement as well as an artistic one, and poetic expression can only be a hindrance to scientific exposition.

I feel, therefore, that "Captain Craig" is a mistake rather than a failure; and it is only saved from being the most dreary of failures by the very marked power of its author. Mr. Robinson made himself known by his first book of poems, "Children of the Night," two or three years ago, and his present venture shows boldness of ambition and seriousness of aim. It shows more than that, too; for unless it had great cleverness, the sort of cleverness that Browning has in his monologues, it would be impossible. But, as I say, the subject is against him, and Mr. Robinson, I feel, will come to better things when he changes his purpose a little and sets himself other tasks. His arrow has gone very wide of the mark, not at all because he is a poor shot, but because his vision for the time being is not clear. At least, that is one reader's opinion; and it is advanced with a great

deal of respect for the writer's sincerity and genuine force. It is only that I found myself being bored by "Captain Craig"; but if others can enjoy it, why, then, I must admit it is altogether as admirable as it certainly is capable. And here is a further final confession that I find to make; it was the verse that bored and impeded me, while the story itself and the psychology lured me on. This fact makes me believe I am right in saying the book is a misdirected effort, for all its power.

With Mr. E. S. Martin's new volume the case is quite otherwise. The aim is modest, but the execution is so adequate that we must acknowledge its complete success. In his book, "A Little Brother to the Rich," issued some years ago now, Mr. Martin made his first success with the careless and indulgent public, winning instant approval by his genial and hearty verses, at once so light in manner and so sound in their matter. Somewhere in the same region as Austin Dobson and Dr. Holmes, Mr. Martin preëmpted a small field for himself and cultivated it with care and without too much diligence. He has not been a voluminous poet, and as a consequence his poems have the same spontaneity and manliness they showed at first; the humor, too, and the same good-natured creed.

If "Captain Craig" is somewhat forbidding even at the outset, with its unmistakable prose accent:

"I doubt if ten men in all Tilbury Town
Had ever shaken hands with Captain
Craig,
Or called him by his name, or looked
at him
So curiously, or so concernedly,
As they had looked at ashes;"

Mr. Martin's lengthy narrative, "Eben Pynchot's Repentance," is most engaging in manner, opening as follows:

"Eben Pynchot was sad, Eben Pynchot
was gloomy,
While it might be a trifle too much to
assume he
Was ready to vacate this vortex of
strife,
There was no denying he didn't like
life."

Now this poem, like "Captain Craig," is also a psychological study, but its manner saves it. There is just the same difference between them in manner that there is between Tennyson's blank verse novelettes and Browning's "Flight of the Duchess." The former pretentious, but literary and unreal; the latter rollicking and unclassical, but alive in every line. And I am inclined to reckon "Eben Pynchot's Repentance" a better poem than its author probably thinks; for the Comic Muse does not tolerate the least vanity in her devotees, and they are apt to be modest about their own work.

Mr. Barrett Wendell's "Raleigh in Guiana" has the prime merit of being readable. This is rare in the modern drama, and arises, I dare say, largely from the fact that the play was intended for production. It has interest and movement, and carries one's attention with something like facility through the difficult medium of printed dialogue. It also has the virtue of simple directness, so that one feels the writer's effort went to the creation of a single dramatic impression, rather than spent itself, as so often happens, in the futile embellishing and confused elaboration of a scene. He has made his blank verse subservient to the presentation of his characters; he has not made his characters dance attendance upon the whim of a wayward muse, as many would have done. Nor can one help wishing there were more plays produced under the same conditions. Whether their excellence might be great or slight, they would tend to foster a popular love for the legitimate stage, a popular feeling for the dramatic art, from which alone we can expect any national drama worthy of the name.

CAPTAIN CRAIG. *A Book of Poems.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.00, net.

POEMS AND VERSES. By Edward Sanford Martin. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

RALEIGH IN GUIANA. ROSAMUND AND A CHRISTMAS MASQUE. By Barrett Wendell. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

Some Books for Girls and Boys

BY MINNA SMITH

OUTDOORLAND " is charming; it is more, it is instructive. No little child would suspect it though, for it takes one quickly and subtly into the land of make-believe where anything can happen. The instruction is so joyfully insidious that grown-ups, too, who do not know everything, can gain knowledge about butterflies, apple trees, frogs, trout, and mosquitoes, spiders, snakes, and leaves of grass. To go through "Outdoorland" with a child is to see that this way of intimate and happy association is the only way to teach infant minds biology. Why should they be first to spell the word BI-bi-OL-ol-O-o-GY-gy?

Peter and Geraldine, a small brother and sister, were spelling it like that in syllables together out under an apple tree. Their governess sat on the grass, her back against the tree, and the rhythm of their voices made her go to sleep. Then all the waking world began to talk to them. All outdoors, of course, always speaks to everybody. But Geraldine and Peter heard the words that all the little Outdoor people had to say to them. Mr. Robert Chambers wrote them down. Mr. Reginald Birch made fascinating pictures about it all and covers for "Outdoorland." This is a book sure to be cherished by Indoor children as young as Peter and Geraldine, on rainy or snowy days, or at bed time. If they hear it read outdoors they will be certain to listen if the butterflies are talking, and you will have to stop, too, to listen. This new wonder-book opens nature, love, and knowledge to children younger than Alice in her Wonderland — yes, to children young as Arabella and young as Araminta. One thing will puzzle them,

though. It puzzles me. Why are so many of the little live things cross and pettish when they are telling Peter and Geraldine the story of their lives? Is that natural history, or a bookish echo of fables from the days of Aesop to those of Aesop? The apple tree is all right. He tells the small boy and girl that the little folk of Outdoor love little Indoor children and long for their love in return. The butterfly and robin are amiable, but the dragon-fly is irritable, the trout is disdainful, the frog deeply disgusted, the snake sharp and scornful, the spider almost too snap-pish. But, anyway, I know four little girls and three little boys that I want to give a copy of "Outdoorland" to.

There is realness in "The Flag on the Hill Top," a story of Civil War days in a border county of Southern Illinois, where sympathy for the North and for the South pulled two ways among old neighbors. The scenery of the locality with its river-bluffs and bottoms is true to the actual. The people are alive. The book is written well. A boy, Alec Ford, of Southern birth and sympathies, who has been at school in Massachusetts, comes after the death of his father to live with his uncle, Dr. Ford, who, in the face of friends become hostile, and grateful patients who hate his politics, flies the flag of the Union before their eyes from the hilltop above his house. The doctor's old neighbors plan to kill him and pull it down, but he is never afraid, although before the book is done he has to look death in the face, and show it that it has no victory. The way the flag is raised again is the heart of the story.

From the moment Alec Ford gets off the train in this debatable county, and

meets, first Hiram Jeemes and then Thomas Deems, of opposed politics, his own swift-crowding adventures on and under the ground lead towards that return of the pulled-down flag in obedience to a law more potent than partisanship.

This story is one to rouse the joy of emotion for the flag, as well as of content with good writing, good work.

Catharine of "Catharine's Proxy" is a very rich girl, somewhat spoiled, but not wholly, being American and capable of rising above even the environment of her own character. She hates school to the point of running away from it, though she goes back again. But she will not stay. So her father proposes that she choose a proxy, a girl to whom she can give her room and tuition at the boarding-school on the Hudson River, which Catharine insists on leaving, to go home and stay with her father in New England. Rosalie Courtenay, daughter of a painter of New Orleans, Paris, and New York, is the girl she chooses. Rosalie, the proxy, is a beauty and has perfect French, and not only reforms the dress, the manners, and the religious expression of the school, but superintends a great performance of Racine's "Esther" at the close of the year, and is the cause of the school being put on visiting terms with the boys' academy near by. She had been at school with German countesses and princesses abroad, and her virtues are unconscious—not a bit priggish. She stays as a pupil teacher, and Catharine comes back. There are lifelike descriptions of the boys at the other school, of a Harvard-Yale ball game, of a trip to New York, and vacation days at Bar Harbor. The book is dedicated to a little German baroness. Girls are getting intimate internationally nowadays. There is a medium between the two brown serges and the black aprons of a young Prussian princess at school and the twenty-five silk waists of a girl from Chicago. That is the lesson of this readable story.

"Nathalie's Chum" is a cheerful tale, one that reads like a true story from life. This author has that gift. Her three earlier books for girls have given her a sure hold of them and how to write for them. Nathalie is an orphan of fifteen,

well-bred and natural, who, with her younger sister—naughty girl, Peggy!—and her two little brothers—delightful bothers!—goes from New England to New York to live with their big brother, Harry Arterburn. He is an instructor in the university, and has just returned from a four years' post-graduate course in Germany. He also gets a thousand a year as tutor to the backward son of a rich composer of music, who lives near Central Park. This boy, Kingsley Barrett, and Nathalie become good chums, but it is her close and growing comradeship with her brother Harry which gives the title to the story. The book is pleasant in its descriptions of several New York people and in its glimpses of New York scenes, as well as of summer days at Quantuck, evidently Siasconset on the island of Nantucket.

"Jack and His Island" is a Maryland story of our second war with England. It is a very attractive volume, with beautiful clear type and with a dark blue cover showing a white ship tossing on waves. There is a distinct cultivation in the appreciation of good bookmaking for boys and girls who possess this book. They will learn from it some facts of history and get a pleasant story of adventure, hear the sound of salt sea-waves, be present at a dramatic jail-mobbing, and be glad that Jack keeps his island in the end.

Anecdotes and incidents in rhyme make up the entertaining letter-press of "When the Heart is Young." Most children who get hold of the book will read the verses. All will look at the pictures. Mr. Harper Pennington has made attractive illustrations. It is a pity that several of the full-page ones are smeared in the reproduction. The small pictures come out much better, but the terrifying Whoo—evidently of the jabberwock species—when pictured denies, alas! Mr. White-lock's delightful assertion:

"It ain't a-seein' Whoos though, hurts,
It's havin' them see you!"

"Brenda's Cousin at Radcliffe" is a thorough and careful criticism of life, a serious piece of fiction, revealing in its

three hundred and eighteen pages admirable grasp of the sincerity of purpose and love of study of the Radcliffe College girl. Miss Reed has made a good picture of the life of girls of all sorts at the women's college in Cambridge, including the social recreations which are not counted least among the advantages of those girls who go on from school to college.

There is such vigor and go in Mr. Tomlinson's historical stories that no healthy boy who reads them can possibly stop to care whether he is learning anything or not. He could never for a moment resent it, more than he could resent whatever he might learn of wood lore by the way when he went a-fishing. Henry Miner, the boy who went adventuring in "Under Colonial Colors," learned much wood-lore on his way, for he was one of Colonel Benedict Arnold's young men on the expedition to Quebec, on whose success General Washington had set his heart. But his desire to annex Canada was not destined to be fulfilled, and Arnold's men had a rough experience. The boy whose fortunes we follow shared them all by land and sea, and came safely back to his Pennsylvanian home again after a winter in prison. There is a description of an attempted escape of American prisoners in Quebec which is extremely well done, and the character of Hugh the trapper stands out, one to be remembered as a genuine type of those who "loved and fought and made our world."

OUTDOORLAND. *By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated in Color by Reginald Birch. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

THE FLAG ON THE HILLTOP. *By Mary Tracy Earle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 90 cents.*

CATHARINE'S PROXY. *By Myra Samyer Hamlin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.20.*

NATHALIE'S CHUM. *By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.*

JACK AND HIS ISLAND. *By Lucy Thruston. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.*

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG. *By William Wallace Whitelock. Illustrated*

by Harper Pennington. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.00.

BRENDA'S COUSIN AT RADCLIFFE. *By Helen Leah Reed. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.20.*

UNDER COLONIAL COLORS. *By Everett T. Tomlinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.20.*

ALADDIN O'BRIEN. *By Gouverneur Morris. The Century Company, New York. \$1.25.*

BY S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.

PEACE after battle; rest and a silence after the clamor and din of war. These are the feelings that come to the reader upon the conclusion of Gouverneur Morris's second story, "Aladdin O'Brien." And it is a rest that is most refreshing, for the closing chapters of the book move so rapidly, so much happens, and the lives of the leading characters are so strenuous within the period comprised, that the relief is welcome. Breathless, indeed, is the account of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the two chief male figures take part. Rivals in love, each one achieves his victory, and, although death is the portion of one of them, it comes following the granting of his heart's desire, and the mercifully fallacious assurance that the love of his lifetime is returned. It is rather a new thing that Mr. Morris has done in the fabrication of this episode. To have the girl marry, on his deathbed, the one of her two lovers for whom she cares the least, is an unfamiliar device. But the last happiness is bestowed upon him that his faithful service has deserved, and one finds no fault with the sacrifice, for such it is, of the two true lovers.

"Tom Beauling," this new writer's first story, revealed a talent that made one hope for much, and it is pleasant to be able to say that there is no disappointment in this, his second effort. "Aladdin O'Brien" is a charming book. It has grace of style, it tells its story clearly and directly, and it is filled with a humanitarian spirit (in the better sense of the word)

that is quite rare and very delightful. The narrative itself is slender; there is no intricacy of plot, little doubt in the reader's mind as to the outcome; and the whole charm of the story lies in the simplicity of its telling of the devotion of two entirely worthy lovers, their rivalry, bitter at first, rising to a generous emulation, and the strong love of each for the other sprung from recognition of the qualities that ennoble each. Not often does one read the record of a finer moment in a man's life than that in which Aladdin reads to Peter, blinded by his wound, the supposititious letter from Margaret.

The characters in the book are not many, and there is not a villain among them. They are clearly and firmly drawn, well individualized, and their dialogue is natural, well adapted to each personality, and is often bright and amusing. The book is one to commend without reserve. It possesses the quality of sympathetic appreciation of the better side of human nature. The writer looks ever for the lovable, not for the unlovely side of people, and always manages to find it. And he has the special merit of conveying a certain atmosphere of gentlehood that is distinguished and apart, and of making us feel that we are in company with the elect.

THE LOOM OF LIFE. *By Charles Frederic Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.*

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

HAD not the writer's previous book, "The Redemption of David Corson," been so widely read we should consider it scarce worth while to review his present novel. But as some prospective buyers might be tempted into purchasing a volume they could have no possible use for, it is no less than a duty to submit the following remarks for their perusal; these remarks, be it understood, serving not so much as a prohibition, a definite "No admission on these literary premises," but rather as a simple warning to beware of the Dog of Melodrama.

It is a characteristic of works of this breed that they are grossly and horrifyingly moral. The hellish deed is done, the villain leaps forth and strikes the heroine full on the angel face, when a strong hand—for the hero has been "lying low" several chapters—suddenly seizes him by the collar and chucks him, dazzled, into the adjacent shrubbery. Then fall the morals, like universal manna white from heaven.

The story is after this wise: A gilded youth of Cincinnati named Gurney while hunting in Tennessee is injured and taken to the home of a deranged planter, who has a Jane Eyreish maniac wife and an impossible daughter called Helen. Helen was born in Athens and believes in the Greek myths. She speaks Greek, dresses like a Greek goddess (save the mark!) and goes a-hunting like Diana with bow and arrows, her aim of course being inevitably perfect. This shadowy virgin Gurney betrays and abandons, bringing down on himself the hatred of Helen's nurse, an Egyptian snake-charmer and sorceress named Sybil, who incites her charge to holy revenge, and who, by means of "second sight," can always tell whither Gurney is going; and this gift, as the revenge consists in hounding the guilty man à la Roger Chillingworth till he beats his breast in secret penitence and dread, is invaluable. It is needless to say that the unfortunate villain debates whether he shall commit murder or suicide. But the decision is characteristic: he takes to drink instead and has a ménage with a squaw in the wicked Northwest, where at last he is murdered for the sake of the moral by this jealous Indian Phryne. The story is, of course, far more opulent of sensational episodes than we have indicated here. A serpent buries its fangs in the neck of the sorceress, there is a Felix Holt riot, a trial for lunacy with a magniloquent outburst by the accused, a moonlight adventure in the Coliseum—what not? Wherever we step the Dog of Melodrama leaps out.

Were this tale at all convincing, were it sincere in impulse or done with superior skill, it might be that even so absurd a jumble of events would conjure up in our minds some poor ghost of pleasure or

reasonable interest. But the whole mass is so venal and manufactured, untrue and unwholesome, that we conceive it but an act of human charity to quarantine it with a fence of spiked criticism.

ALL THE RUSSIAS. *By Henry Norman, M.P. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.00, net.*

BY FRANK B. TRACY

THE future of Russia is the most fascinating subject in all international politics. Never has this topic been more attractive than now. There are four Great Powers in the Eastern hemisphere whose activities are so constant and energies so powerful that the relations of any one of these to the others are liable at any moment to cause friction and shock. Take Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and Japan out of international politics and the Old World would have little worth talking about or scrambling for. Great Britain, after centuries of the most tremendous growth ever known in history, has for the past twenty-five years seemed to sleep, to endure almost any sort of insult; she became so careless as to her national integrity as to allow herself to become embroiled in war when unprepared, and thus to suffer most terrible humiliations. But the Lion is now aroused, and England will certainly have a foreign policy in the future which will bring back the days of Palmerston. Germany under Bismarck and the present Kaiser has startled the world by its great growth in commerce and power, although a country of inferior natural resources and small in territory. Japan has lifted the veil of the Orient and is the most powerful and promising state of Asia. But Russia! Her every movement is a perpetual menace to every other nation in two continents. She is so greedy that her every step means aggression and encroachment, and she is so vast that these steps seem practically incapable of resistance. There is no other nation like her. Her progress, lumbering and inertia-like, is yet the most marvellous tale of the centuries, and Henry Norman,

M.P., has told the story so well that it sounds like romance. His work, "All the Russias," is without doubt the most interesting and, on the whole, the most accurate, unbiased, and informing volume yet issued on the great Russian problem.

But this work is by no means merely an industrial or political study. It is first and primarily a book of travel, written by a man with a mind stored with facts, by a traveller who kept ears and eyes open, an interpreter by his side and a camera in his hand. These, with the entrée which his position in British politics and literature gave him, resulted in an accumulation of vivid impressions, vital facts, and striking figures so combined that we learn while we seem to be only entertained.

The serious handicap to the success and value of such an exhaustive work as this is the fact that before it is off the press it is in a way out-of-date. What does Mr. Norman think of the great distress in the Russian industrial world which now prevails? What does he think of the news by cable only a few weeks ago that 5,000 men have been thrown out of employment by a failure in Odessa? To the student of Russian affairs, a crisis in Russia is on. That country seems to need something now besides the sublime optimism of Mr. Norman. And yet, this disturbance may mean no more to real Russian progress than the panic of nine years ago in this country, where now the thought of destitution is almost beyond the pale of the imagination. At any rate, the view which Mr. Norman has given us of Russia is beyond doubt a most helpful and interesting one, making of that frozen and cruel land almost a realm of romance.

THE LIFE OF A WOMAN. *By R. V. Risley. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.*

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

MR. Risley has a genuine literary gift; he is rich in words and their telling arrangement, he needs to express himself through language. His work has a vital touch, it has color, vibra-

tion, animation, he is "one and a piece" with every sentence that he pens. His manner is not always good, but he has the quality of making his readers confident; they feel certain that he will not suddenly give out and leave them in arid uninteresting lands. He has studied Maupassant with some advantage to his style and evidently has a close affection for Paris and Parisian methods in general. Yet he is not morose. We like him.

"The Life of a Woman" endeavors to depict the gradual disillusioning—in this case sure as a tragic fate—of a woman named Barbara, who, possessing the imaginative temperament, marries a prosaic, self-made business man called Craige. All maiden expectation goes, little by little, out of life, the reds and yellows turn colorless, one by one the wildflower hopes are plucked and tossed away, existence becomes but a routine, and she surrenders, broken—not to the tawdry allurements of an *amant*, but to that sworn enemy of youth and mystery and romance, suburban domesticity.

We feel something lacking, however. By the title we felt we had a right to expect a real woman—not necessarily a grand one, but a mature, typical, thoroughly womanly woman. Mr. Risley's heroine, sweet as she is, never seems to abandon her girlhood. She lacks ripeness and dignity. She seems a little wilful and childish at times; she hasn't the hips and shoulders for a large design. The writer may have intended, of course, that she should convey just such a maiden-like, completely untypical effect, but the name of the book is in that case not felicitous, leading us to expect, as it does, something noble and sacrificial. Perhaps what Mr. Risley means to tell us is that if Barbara had ever known real love she would have been better than she was; but we think such a hypothetical explanation is a little lame.

We have most praise for the writer's delineation of two auxiliary characters—Autran and Bess Marguerite. The former is a gentleman of very pronounced gentle type who, while somewhat the grandchild of Balzac, is, nevertheless, totally individual, life-giving, ideal. His negativeness towards life is in truth so

powerful an impulse as to imbue us with positive hope and purpose. He is one of the sterlingest characters in recent fiction. And Bess Marguerite belongs at his side. Where have we the prototype of this wayward, mysterious lass, whose heart is in the bohemia of dreams, and whose actions are but the grotesque mimicries of the movements of a supplicating soul? Mr. Risley's book will be of special interest to one who is familiar with New York and the suburbs. The shopping-district, the street-car, the ferry, the Twenty-ninth Street dance-hall, the electric signs on Broadway, the lodgings in Lexington Avenue—all are drawn with a fresh and enjoyable realism.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE. By Mary Adams. The Century Company, New York. \$1.50.

BY MARY H. FLINT

IN the March number of the "Century" a new story by an unknown author was announced. It was heralded as a book of "remarkable confessions, written with great spontaneity and vivacity, and often with unusual force and beauty of style." Marna, we were told, was "a character no less typical than individual and engaging."

Naturally, we looked forward to a fascinating revelation of an uncommon and charming personality. Great was the disappointment then to find at the very beginning of the book that Marna Trent was a silly girl, inordinately self-conceited, imagining herself something decidedly above her fellow mortals—made of finer clay than ordinary flesh and blood. Marna lived alone with her father, and Dana Herwin, his private secretary, fell in love with her. During the time of Dana's courtship of Marna and of their engagement one can partly forgive her silliness, but, even for that period, it is overdone. After her marriage one looks for some subsidence of her sentimental gush, but, on the contrary, the silly girl becomes an insufferable woman. Her conceit takes the form of great moral self-superiority. Her

"love" for her husband is supremely selfish and exacting, and this egotistic and "engaging" heroine seems to have no rational moments.

Dana takes morphine. No wonder. The only strange thing is that he does not also take to drink and all other forms of riotous living. At last he leaves her, and one is not surprised. Up to this point the book develops naturally enough. It is a disagreeable but rather clever delineation of a very disagreeable and not at all clever young woman. But now comes an abnormal turn of affairs—Dana, after a year's absence, returns to be cured of the morphine habit by the same "love" and "devotion" that drove him to it! At least, we have been led to think he took the morphine and deserted Marna because she was intolerable. But now we are given to understand that there was no reason whatever for Dana's taking the morphine, and that he only went away because he was afraid of being found out! Instantly we feel that we have been tricked, and such qualified admiration as the skill of the writer has previously called for must be withdrawn, for now the tone of the book rings false.

One is constantly called upon in these days to cry out against much that is unclean in our books and our drama. But, while not defending this style of literature, vice can be painted so in attractively as to teach a lesson. So false sentiments, if portrayed as false ones, could also teach a lesson. Love is a sacred thing, with unselfishness for its corner-stone, but when a compound of supreme self-righteousness, sentimentality, selfishness, and hysterics is shown to us as a true representation of the deepest and purest affection, one closes the "Confessions of a Wife" with a nauseating feeling of the unwholesomeness of the book.

Many people seem to be agitating themselves over the question whether Mary Adams is a man or a woman. It is of no consequence, but one woman feels quite sure that no man could consider Marna a heroine, and hopes that no woman cannot easily resist her baneful influence.

THE SILENCE OF AMOR. *Prose Rhythms* by Fiona Macleod. \$1.25, net. By SUNDOWN SHORES. *Studies in Spiritual History* by Fiona Macleod. Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me. 75 cents, net.

THESE two books are reprints of Miss Macleod's most inimitable work. To the "excellent and toil-worn public" they come like a refreshing breath of the wind that moves as a fairy shuttle throughout all Celtic thought and feeling. "The Silence of Amor" is the name now given to a collection first published in 1896, at the end of the volume of verse, "From the Hills of Dream"—and has the added charm of a personal critical valuation by Miss Macleod, whose criticism is apart and complete equally with her verse. She objects to the application of the term "prose-poems" to these, her dreamings; yet in seeking an acceptable alternative the uninitiated only become stranded on the equally objectionable term "poetical-prose." "The value of the form," says Miss Macleod, "will lie in its adaptability to an emotional mood desiring a particular rhythm and a particular harmony that is something more than the lightest tread of prose, something less than the more delicate or stately measures of verse." And the illustration of such form she sustains—certainly with a master-hand.

"By Sundown Shores" is a series of sketches of lowly people borne on by the strong current of superstition. Yet superstition seems too harsh a word for the shimmering veiled vision of a wistful race. Surely it is a very spiritual superstition—the old custom, for example, of the "mothering" of a new-born child by touching its brow to the earth is the honest recognition of the god-giving strength of the Universal Mother; and such usage among widely differing primitive peoples shows a broad underlying perception of fundamental laws which makes holy this "old, pagan, sacramental earth-rite."

Perhaps the most beautiful of these communings is the hitherto unpublished tale, "The Lynn of Dreams"—the tale of John O'Dreams—"who loved words as the many love the common things of desire," and who "was known in that

world, at once so narrow and so wide, where the love of perfected utterance in prose or verse is not only a joy but an ideal." This lover pursued the "shadowy hints of words, the incommunicable charm" through the versing of the ages; "in that shaped thought and colored utterance which was the child of his longing"; nor could he find the "thin, invisible line that only the soul knows, when it leaves its mortality, as fragrance leaves a rose at dusk."

Very fanciful is this vision; tremblingly with us like a will-o'-the-wisp over the Loch of Shadows; yet who that loveth words in their stark beauty knows not the longing for the inexpressible?

I. M.

THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES. *By Gertrude Atherton. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.*

FROM chronicles of the old Spanish California of the brave Quixotic days before the Mexican war Gertrude Atherton has drawn the components heaped together in a dozen tales now grouped under the suggestive title of "The Splendid Idle Forties." Substantially the same collection was issued some years ago, and was then called "Before the Gringo Came." The revision and enlargement of the present edition have not changed the essential character of the book, which is rather that of rich but crude material for fiction than the refined product itself.

In one of the stories, a United States army officer calls for enchiladas—"that delightful dish with which I remonstrate all night—olives and cheese and hard-boiled eggs and red peppers, all rolled up in corn-meal cakes," to be washed down with a swallow of aguardiente. And that is what Mrs. Atherton's California stories are like.

Proud Spanish señoritas with mantillas and guitars, caballeros in velvet, silk, and silver, mounted on gorgeously-caparisoned, prancing horses, dueñas with faces like a withered prune, feudal generals and governors, missionary priests, Indian

vaqueros, and an occasional Gringo for contrast—these typical characters, set in varied combinations against the romantic background of old Monterey, with its luxurious, passionate customs of living, its sapphire crescent bay, encircling hills, forts, cypresses, and sea-fogs, fill the pages of the book. It is a glittering pageant of by-gones, but rarely giving the illusion of real life.

Mrs. Atherton should take time and pains to develop these vivid sketches on the broader canvas of a novel—or, better still, a stage drama—and so realize the full value of the material now scattered loosely amongst thirteen "splendid idle" tales.

H. T.

HAUNTS OF ANCIENT PEACE. *By Alfred Austin. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. The Macmillan Company, New York.*

WHEN reading Mr. Austin's books we are always in gentle company. In "Haunts of Ancient Peace" we are again with the Poet and Veronica and the child-like Lamia. This is a story of an autumn driving tour through historic England, taken by the narrator in company with the three friends named above. The book is hard to classify. It cannot be called a novel, for of plot in the usual sense it has not a shadow; nor is it a book of travel, for the charming places it describes are never mentioned by name. The book is principally made up of conversations between the four travellers and the people whom they visit; well-bred, soft-voiced conversations, most of them on subjects which the modern world considers as disposed of some time ago. Though never very original, the characters sometimes say things that remain in the memory after the book is laid aside.

One incident is especially charming and very English. The four wanderers arrive about tea-time at a castle, "an ancestral home," whose mistress is an old friend of the Poet and Veronica. It happens that on the afternoon of their visit the members of the local branch of the Red-and-White Rose Society, tenants of

the estate and neighbors, are having their annual gathering in the grounds of the castle; and the host being absent, his little son of eleven years makes the customary speech to the people from the top of the terrace steps. He "delivered in a clear, deliberate voice the brief words which he explained he had been told to say to them. A Bossuet or a Fénelon could not have been more attentively listened to; and it was not till he ended, and his little speech was enthusiastically cheered, that a slight blush came over his cheeks, and a tremor over his manner, and he seemed to turn and cling to his mother, as though to ask what he ought to do next." This is delightful.

One of the poems, "Willowweed and Meadowsweet," is very pretty, especially the first stanza, which gives one a breath of the atmosphere of the whole story:

"Into untethered bark we stepped,
When the winds and waters slept,
In the silvery-curtained swoon
Of the languid afternoon,
Floating on 'twixt shore and shore,
Without rudder, sail, or oar;
Nothing stirring, nothing doing,
Save white clouds white clouds pursu-
ing,
And the ringdove's lovelong cooing;
Skirting with slow swan-like feet
Willowweed and meadowsweet."

The book is charmingly illustrated with old-fashioned drawings.

E. B.

ISTAR OF BABYLON. *By Margaret Horton Potter. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

THE publishers of this novel have called it "The Persian Ben Hur," and "The Babylonian Quo Vadis"; they might have added, "An Asian Romola," for it contains suggestions of all three real masterpieces of literature. Indeed, it has more than suggestions—it has their atmosphere. And it is in atmosphere, technical workmanship, and power of stimulating and retaining interest that this story is admirable almost to the point of a success. Yet it falls so clearly short

of attaining success that it must be rated very nearly a failure; certainly, it is disappointing in the keenest degree and leaves the reader with an impression of utmost dissatisfaction and almost disgust.

It is the story of a Greek shepherd-bard who, hearing a traveller tell of the glories of the reincarnated goddess Istar of Babylon, leaves his home and flock to behold and worship the wonderful woman. Here we get a pretty picture of peasant life in Greece, in many ways the sweetest, daintiest bit of work in the book. But when our Greek reaches Babylon, we are at once lost in a maze of contradiction and upsetting visions and fancies. A Boston author of very recent fame for historical novels is said to owe his success to following his publishers' advice to besmirch some popular idol and exalt some disgraced celebrity. Miss Potter has evidently taken a similar cue. From the Bible, from profane historians, from Lord Byron and from other sources we have all secured certain conceptions of Belshazzar and Daniel with which this story is hopelessly askew; and as there is no historical basis for this twentieth century conception of Belshazzar as a beautiful character and hero, and of Daniel as a murderer, traitor, and coward, we must be pardoned our resentment of this adroit attempt to shift characters. Even calling the story a phantasy will not excuse such a piece of effrontery.

The story is exceedingly well told, its atmosphere is clear and fascinating, the pictures are wonderfully well done, and the characters act and speak most of the time like real men and women. It has so many elements of a genuine, worth-while novel that its inherent defects and superficialities are all the more distressing.

F. B. T.

THE SPENDERS. *By Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated by O'Neill Latham. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

WHEN you can read a whole book through—especially a long modern novel—and not be bored with a large part of it; when you find a book that is not tiresome, even in spots, you

feel like lauding that book to the skies and keeping your critical faculties in the background. This is the case with Mr. Wilson's "The Spenders." The book is thoroughly amusing. That is all it sets out to be, and as it accomplishes this so well, why not be contented with saying that it is a good book and letting its faults, for it has them, go? To amusing people much is forgiven; to amusing books everything should be forgiven.

This book deals with the third generation, a young man and his sister, and incidentally a foolish mother, who came to New York merely to spend money; and they succeed admirably; amusing themselves, their friends, and those who read about their doings. The pictures of New York society as shown in the corridors of the Waldorf are exceedingly funny and true; the whirl, the glitter, the dash, the splendor, the expensive vulgarity of the whole place is admirably shown. There has been no better description of gaudy New York than Mr. Wilson gives in this book. He includes all that you hear and all that you see of the public and splendid vulgarity of the city—all that has made New York famous as the place for spenders of money. And he has done it so well, with such clever touches of humor, not satire, that it is entertaining and not disgusting; and, so far as I can see, he tries to point no moral—save one that is so patent that it does not count. If anyone cannot have a goodtime spending his own money in New York, let him enjoy the spending of other people's; he will if he reads "The Spenders."

J. W. H.

CASTLE CRANEYCROW. By George Barr McCutcheon. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

THE best feature of this book is the title. We have all, of course, indulged in early youth in the fascinating game of "cranecrow," and by stirring fond recollections of those days the author has preëmpted our interest in his story. Unfortunately it is not justified. The tale starts out well enough, as, alas, do so many modern books, but before many chapters have been read we begin

to realize that we are in the hands of an unskilled or careless workman—or both combined? The unmistakable earmarks of hurry are present; poorly constructed sentences, lack of artistic repose and reserve, and, worst of all, the absence of character-drawing. For think as we may of the story of adventure, as represented by "The Prisoner of Zenda," it is, nevertheless, true that to the writing of a successful book of this sort an unclouded conception of one's *dramatis personae* and skill in their presentation are necessary. Otherwise, alas for the reader's interest and credulity. Neither of these qualifications has Mr. McCutcheon shown in his latest story, in which he may be said to have out-Hoped Mr. Hawkins himself.

The adventures in this book are endless, and piled on indiscriminately and unceasingly, as though the author feared he would not have other opportunity to use them all. Is it matter for wonder, then, that finally we grow somewhat indifferent to the outcome of this *potpourri*, although, of course, the outcome is a foregone conclusion? And yet the central idea of the story is happy—the winning of an American girl from a wicked, mercenary Italian prince by her former youthful sweetheart, on the eve of their marriage. Here is material capable of development into an excellent story, had the writer but gone to his task in the proper spirit. Unfortunately, however, he has been content to deal with marionettes who perform improbable acts in a most improbable manner, regardless of the fact that two improbabilities do not make a probability. Stupid, indeed, must be the tale that does not arouse at least a fleeting interest during its perusal. Yet such was the failure of "Castle Cranecrow," after the opening chapters.

W. W. W.

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY. By Anthony Hope. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

ANTHONY Hope has written two kinds of stories; one interesting for the civilized detail, the other for the situation and plot. When we read the first kind we do not care about the result,

and we don't get excited. If we have plenty of leisure and care for little turns of expression, feeling, and thought, and care a great deal for clean and pleasant society, we are content with books like "The Dolly Dialogues." The mixture of tolerance, urbanity, and cynicism is just right for the idle person of refinement who does not want to do anything very difficult; even to feeling and thinking.

The other kind of book vein that Mr. Hope has done well (not very well: that would not be correct—it would imply effort and passion, which are not to be found in Anthony Hope) is the romantic story of adventure: as "The Prisoner of Zenda," where we are hurried along by a string of exciting impossibilities.

"The Intrusions of Peggy" is a mixture of these two manners. It has the Hope quality in the details—the indirect, civilized suggestiveness, the lightness, the touch of the mere stylist. One could make pertinent quotations *ad infinitum*. It has the other element, too—not so successful. There is intrigue and some excitement in it. We find that neither manner is here shown at Mr. Hope's best. It is not so good as "The Dolly Dialogues" and it is not so good as "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is the story of a widow who has her fling in the world of fashionable London, gets into numerous scrapes, and learns her lesson. Incidentally she reforms—unintentionally—a well-mannered and philosophic miser, who goes into his pocket-book to help her out of her trouble. He is led to do this by a delightful girl with wavy hair; sees how useless money is, and so marries the distressed and charming widow. Anthony Hope's bubbles are pretty—not very pretty; but, then, not everybody can make bubbles of any kind. Amusing conversation is somewhat rare, and this book contains a great deal of well-made talk.

H. H.

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS. *By John Oliver Hobbes. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.*

HAD we but known it at the time, John Oliver Hobbes defined with tolerable accuracy what was to be her method in the title of that first book with

which she startled us a decade ago. "Some Emotions and a Moral" was a good title, not alone because of its epigrammatical sound; it defined and described the book. Incidentally it may be applied with justice to the author's succeeding works. At first there was something dazzling in that brilliant style; but as the eye becomes accustomed to the glare of epigram and neatly turned phrase it perceives the matter underneath the scintillating exterior. Mrs. Craigie deals precisely in emotions and morals—in anything but real, living, human beings. A character is for her an idea dressed in a clever, descriptive epithet. If the description is bright enough, it may blind us for the moment to the fact that the figure under it is only a skeleton—a mere framework of a man or woman, without flesh and blood. But sooner or later the skeleton is bound to obtrude itself.

With all her growing seriousness and control of much of the novelist's technique, Mrs. Craigie's latest book remains at one with her earliest work. The plot, in bare outline, is good; it diagrams well. This contest of a very latter-day prince and his secretary for the love of a beautiful English girl ought to be absorbing. The grouping of the characters is extraordinarily clever; the composition of the picture is admirable. If only these people had the breath of life in them, if one could but catch even for a minute the flush of red blood in their veins, all would be well. But one cannot be long interested even in the smartest talk when it proceeds from mere puppets. The ingenuity of the mechanism may be admirable; but is it art?

Once one has seen the lifelessness of these lay figures which Mrs. Craigie moves about the stage, the brilliant manner in which they are manipulated begins to pall. Mrs. Craigie's epigrams are not so startling as they were ten years ago. At bottom much of her cleverness rests on a mere trick. In her effort to avoid the commonplace, she discards all that other writers have agreed on as important, and insists on the trivial. No doubt an artist can often use the smallest matters in such way as to make them tremendously

significant. But Mrs. Craigie chooses the irrelevant detail, not because it is significant, but for the attention its very irrelevancy excites. She tells us that the private office of "Messrs. Sachs and Bickersteth" was "paneled with mahogany in the Empire style," and one is tempted to retort, what of it? "'Leonore' was reading 'The Blessed Damozel' (her favorite poem)." Another author would have condemned her to read "Lucille" with the same result. At first all these details sound smart—there is no doubt that they are an escape from the conventional. But Mrs. Craigie has carried them to a point where she has created a convention of her own, more tiresome than the commonplaces she has left behind her. If it were new, "Love and the Soul Hunters" would be clever; but it is old, very old—at least ten years old—and its once brilliant mannerism is a memory of the past.

E. C.

ITALIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.
By Luigi Villari. Edited by William Harbutt Dawson. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.

IT is rare that facts and general information are found so charmingly combined with a commentary that is well worth reading by itself—based upon thorough knowledge, unprejudiced, well-balanced. This book will help to do away with the old-fashioned "stiletto and song" idea, so dear to the hearts of those who look furtively about for Roman fever and brigands. A plain, unvarnished tale that makes the Italian like other people; that robs him of his time-worn, romantic attributes long enough to tell the truth about him, is not what the average person wants; but for those who love their Italy and know their Italians "Italian Life in Town and Country" will prove a treasure—a book to pass around the sacred circle where the word "Dago" is unheard. Pictures of domestic life are delightfully drawn, full of truth and sympathetic humor. The chapter on literature and the press is especially interesting.

It is refreshing to find Signor d'Annunzio placed in his proper niche; a fresh

breeze in a foul atmosphere could not be more grateful. There is indeed a fresh breeze blowing from the beginning to the end of the book, and its tonic effect reminds one of a sunny afternoon in October, when the band plays on the "Pincio" and one looks over at St. Peter's, hopeful and at peace with the world.

K. M. B.

JOHN MALCOLM. *A Novel. By Edward Fuller. Illustrated. Snow & Farnham, Providence. \$1.50.*

THIS story deals with an old man and his troubles on account of having so much money, such disobedient and wilful children, and an adopted relative who is so careless as to be caught by an intriguing companion flirting with a pretty housemaid. There is much that is clever and amusing in the book, and the affection between the old man and the young one is nicely conceived and well handled. Mr. Fuller is more successful with his men than with his women, and in his quieter scenes than in his violent ones—in the latter he is too apt to drop into melodramatics and his women to fall, in their scolding, into a class which is far beneath their social position. His plot is intricate and the outcome is well concealed, and the dénouement delightfully happy and old-fashioned.

S. R.

ADAM RUSH. *By Lynn Roby Meekins. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.*

A QUARREL between three soldiers in the Mexican war, in which one was killed, and the secret of his death, known only to the two survivors and another, furnishes the motive around which is woven a story of wholesome effort, ending most happily for the deserving.

Mr. Meekins's characters have a familiarity that is refreshing. One does not have to stretch the imagination to picture Samuel Salt, whose early experiences have broadened his heart to the capacity of twenty ordinary men, and whose native

wit and philosophy are part of his stock in trade. David Bradson, the moneyed promoter, has the wherewith to make other men shoulder the odium of his corrupt dealings, not an uncommon character but a true one.

The book just breathes of man's love for woman, but perhaps the most vital is that of the young hero, Adam; while Hona Weatherby is as proud, loyal, and beautiful as befits the station of sweetheart.

"Adam Rush" is not a story of mad passion and endeavor, and no tears fall on the pages.

Its moral lies in duty's path, and the book may be read to the end with an ever-increasing satisfaction in the kindness and helpfulness of human nature.

R. B.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE CAREER.
Being the Autobiography of a Convict.
An Authentic Document. Edited by
Stanley Waterloo. D. Appleton & Co.,
New York. \$1.20, net.

THE real life of any man is always interesting—this is a real life, a veritable "human document" of a man who had varied, often crooked, and always interesting experiences. The use of the word "convict" in the sub-title is misleading; for, during the part of the life which the subject details, he is not a convict; only a criminal who bids fair to be one. The part of the life given deals with the career of a common sailor, who was afterward a soldier in the Civil War. The experiences are told clearly and freely; no shame keeps the man from saying what really happened.

The book is thoroughly interesting. It forms an admirable commentary on the books written in imitation of the real thing—all the various novels, tales, diaries, and similar efforts of people who try to get out of their own class. Sometimes these things are interesting and amusing; but they never have an atmosphere of reality; you can always see the kid glove, or the ordinary morals of the educated, in the background. To any interested in "the submerged," this book will be thoroughly interesting, and it is the best book

on war—the ordinary experiences of the ordinary soldier—that has been published for a long time.

F. H.

THE REAL SIBERIA. *By John Foster Fraser. Illustrated by Photographs.*
D. Appleton & Company, New York.
\$2.00, net.

EUROPE, as the author remarks, is now looking towards Siberia as, half a century ago, it looked towards Western America. It is the wheat field of the world, and Mr. Fraser believes it has the finest grazing to be found in the two hemispheres; the finest horses and unlimited coal, iron, and gold.

The engineers, business men, and speculators of the world are turning their eyes towards that desolate and far-away land which, until recently, has only been known to us as the dreary and frozen place of exile of chain-laden political prisoners and cruel prisons. But the two slender steel rails that have crept across it from Europe to the China Sea, representing the newly completed and wonderful trans-Siberian railroad, are the cause and the token of a new era of vast significance.

Mr. Henry Norman has expressed in his book "All the Russias" some of the ideas suggested by this opening to commerce of unknown Siberia, but the present writer, being neither a philosopher nor student of things political, does not attempt to exploit its commercial or sociological potentialities. He is merely an energetic newspaper man who went by rail from Berlin to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Irkutsk, and thence through Manchuria to Vladivostok, returning the same way except for a loop down the Amur River. His was merely a mission of curiosity, with no other aim than to find out just what travel meant in this part of the world and to write his impressions of what he saw in a readable manner. He had no thrilling adventures, but innumerable incidents, and he has produced a book so sensible, so graphic, and so thoroughly interesting that it makes delightful reading.

W. F. D.

THE GIRL PROPOSITION. *By George Ade.*
R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.00.

WHATEVER may be said of Mr. Ade's fables, the fact remains that he has been successful in striking a popular keynote. His latest collection, which he sub-titles "A Bunch of He and She Fables," comprises twenty-six short selections. Readers have grown familiar with Mr. Ade's peculiar use of capital letters scattered over his pages, so that without them his fables would lose much of their individuality. They are amusing, slangy without being vulgar, and the bits of philosophy which underlie the light veil of humor show the writer's insight into life and character.

Although "The Girl Proposition" has been met with before by many newspaper readers, the preface is new, and it is a gem in its way.

H. A.

OUR LADY OF THE BEECHES. *By Bettina von Hutten. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.*

RARITY, a delight! A voice refined to such simplicity that it has become naive; attractively nonchalant, yet veiling very intense longing. A style supremely feminine, of a femininity conscious of its power, not disdain-ing coquetry yet using coquetry as a grace not as a weapon; an absence of effusiveness, an abandon, a high-natured camaraderie, a true *intimité*—"Our Lady of the Beeches" will go direct to a good many hearts.

In it we are aware of more artifice than art; we find many grains of sugar in the cup of sincerity, the necessary suspense is not always so well disguised as to make us feel that the writer's chief aim is a simple statement rather than a theatrical effect; we might wish that she should scheme less, make her subtlety less open, bamboozle us more skilfully, enchant as well as delight us; but this is perhaps wishing for too much. The writer has given us fancy and delicacy, she has insisted that we like her personality very much indeed, she has led us through briar and bush on a love chase so sudden and

unavoidable that we fall at her feet spirit-weary in her own beech forest. There is charm in "Our Lady of the Beeches"—charm and disappointment. It is dangerously attractive reading for those men who, loving many women many times, seriously believe they can love but once. The book hasn't an ounce of immorality, but it drops no unnecessary tribute at the worn altar of domesticity. It is passionate, tender, disturbing. The man and the woman make the good decision, but they don't want to. He returns to the studies of the savant, she to her titled husband and her loneliness among the trees. One kiss has passed between them, and that one kiss must suffice: it is to have no sequence, it is to like life. We close the book angry and agreeing. The world is full of the progeny of Rousseau, and among these the Baroness von Hutten's semi-epistolary little novel, besides being prized for its excellences, ought to run the whole gamut of popularity.

J. S. D.

THE TWO VANREVELS. *By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated by Henry Hutt. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.*

MR. Booth Tarkington will always suffer from having written "Monsieur Beaucaire." Everything he writes is sure to be deprecatingly compared to that enjoyable romancette (why not?). Yes, even were he to pen a "Tom Jones" or a "Vanity Fair" the critics—a youthful, Frenchy lot, mostly—would shake their well-barbered brows and cry "hem! *ce n'est pas*, Monsieur Beaucaire." Now, Mr. Tarkington may have as emphatic a liking as anybody else for his literary first-born; yet it is not natural for authors to believe that their limits can be instantly reached, that the light of self-excellence is really behind them rather than before, and that the early work they somewhat scorned as seeming incomplete is not only liked but preferred: this preference being, to tell the truth, stunting to a man's ambitions; for it is of the nature of an enclosure instead of a highway, and the future becomes under its influence a little hemmed in.

Yet, with all our sympathy for the au-

thor, we can't call "The Two Vanrevels" a very satisfying book. His rope of art may not have sagged, but it is certainly drawn no tighter than it used to be. Mr. Tarkington seems to have tacitly (or commercially) agreed that his limits are set for all time, and that his disport shall be within them. He gives us a picture of Indiana in the '40s, and much of the setting is very cleverly done. One of the characters, Crailey Gray—a vagabond so cultured and fanciful that we believe he must have his prototype in some up-to-date Canadian poet—is not untrue to life. But the other principal persons are hardly fleshed and blooded at all. They exist only in one plane, having length but neither breadth nor thickness; they are outlined rather than modelled. And now we come to the chief fault of "The Two Vanrevels"—diffuseness. It seems, indeed, not so much like a novel as a short story long drawn out. The thin wire of narrative is so mercilessly stretched that we are conscious of the tang of the vibrating cord. And to offset it there is no very large thinking or large feeling, no special virtue of drama or avoidance of the commonplace, nothing to repay even in moiety the lavish expenditure of words. The writer has humor, but he too often crushes it by persistence on the humorous point; he has amiability, which at times, however, borders the goody-goody, and his natural sweetness and fluidity of style become frequently insipid from his too loyal adherence to archaic use and his too insatiable a wish for verbal bonbons. It is what we call a Dorothy book, one of the spinet series. The heroine is the most beautiful maiden ever seen, her name is Mistress Betty, and she has, of course, "a charming face, with parted lips and dark eyes beneath the scuttle of an enormous bonnet."

C. N.

THE STARBUCKS. By Opie Reid. Laird & Lee, Chicago. \$1.00.

JUSTICE demands, of course, that books be judged strictly according to the class to which they belong. Measured by this standard, "The Starbucks" must be pronounced a brilliant success: a

more noteworthy contribution to the mirth of nations it would be difficult to designate in modern literature. Indeed, so delightfully unnatural is the story, so grotesquely indifferent to reality, that it achieves the fascination inherent in the gargoyles of Notre Dame. Moreover, it is a strictly moral tale, inculcating in choice language the noblest sentiments of fallen humanity. With a single stroke of the pen all distinctions of class are swept away and love rides triumphant to his goal. To be sure, the heroine—if there may be said to be a heroine—is but the unlettered daughter of an East Tennessee "moonshiner" who conducts his illicit business for strictly "charitable" purposes, while her lover is the pampered son of a Federal judge of spotless lineage—but what of that? Shall true love be weighted down with grammars and hated 'scutcheons? Never, while Mr. Reid remains free of writer's cramp. Nor shall villains escape punishment nor virtue fail of its reward.

The more fortunate among us enjoyed some time ago the opportunity to see the original drama from which the novel has been constructed and from which the tableaux are here reproduced in wondrous manner, as highly colored as the legendary Connecticut butterfly.

W. W. W.

THE LAST WORD. By Alice McGowan. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THIS book illustrates in pronounced degree the faults and merits which are generally considered essentially feminine. Furthermore, it is too autobiographical in tone, becoming tiresome in the manner that a friend's confidences finally weary us. Moreover, it is a sad mistake to spread over more than four hundred pages material deserving of hardly half that space. "The Last Word" should have formed the subject of a novelette, or of a half-indicated, half-told story, such as "Ships That Pass in the Night" or "An Experiment in Altruism." As such it would have been delightful. Or had the writer been able to infuse into her narrative the fire and passion of "Jane Eyre," the four hun-

dred pages would have found their justification. Lacking this, the book as a whole can hardly be called aught but a failure, despite much freshness, humor, and vivacity of style. Indeed, the vivacity is a little overdone, as in the body of a novel which bids for serious consideration we are wont to demand rather more dignity than goes to the making of a Western "sketch." Miss McGowan has evidently been through the newspaper syndicate "mill," for she describes it well and without effort. It is in this atmosphere that her heroine is plunged—a local Texas celebrity who has been imported to New York to do "special" work. The motif of the story is the love for each other of the new importation and the president of the publishing company, a forceful young man with unpleasantly old-fashioned ideas on the subject of women and their need of love and stifling protection. To get him cured of these ideas is the difficult task of the heroine and author; but in the end they succeed, and the last word is finally spoken on page 439.

T. L. G.

THE QUEEN OF QUELPARTE. *By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IN the hands of a competent writer Mr. Hulbert's story might have been made most interesting. Everything necessary to a good tale of adventure is here: novelty, plot, picturesque setting, historical background—yet despite these advantages and the inestimable one of knowing at first hand the country of which he is writing, the author has failed in his effort to interest us. According to his own statement, he was a witness of many of the events following the war between China and Japan, and undoubtedly there attaches to his story in a general way an element of picturesque reality that baffles analysis, but which is best defined by the word "journalistic." Indeed, this word admirably defines the book as a whole: it is a chain of unusual and intrinsically interesting events set in the form of a story, but in the narration of which is lacking the leaven of a knowledge of human na-

ture. Moreover, there is a certain haziness of detail everywhere present which constantly disturbs credulity and destroys the pleasant fiction of actual participation in the adventures of the hero. The style is distinctly "journalistic." In fact, the book serves best to demonstrate the author's need of a thorough course in English grammar and literature. His one hope lies in the extreme youth which this, his first effort, reveals.

It is perhaps a case of supererogation to state that the name "Quelparte" is a metonymy for Corea. Of the illustrations the only merit which can be predicated is that they are not more numerous.

B. W.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. *Studies in International Relations, Naval and Political. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain United States Navy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.60, net.*

THIS compilation of essays, all originally published in magazines, has more in it of interest to the historian and student of politics than to the naval man. The subjects are many and varied; and that they are very much up-to-date may be guessed from the titles, such as "The Influence of the South African War upon the Prestige of the British Empire" and "Admiral Sampson," the last-named essay having been written soon after the death of the Santiago commander-in-chief, and containing certain qualities, both human and literary, that separate it in a general way from the rest of the writer's work, wherein is seldom found so much simple reminiscence or emotion. In this case he speaks with the charming candor of a boy; he goes back to scenes of his midshipman-days; best of all, he gives us convincing insight into the commanding attributes of the dead admiral, and ends by declaring that "history will unquestionably recognize and affirm Sampson's eminence as an officer." And as Captain Mahan is the very voice of fairness and unprejudice; as we have never known him to exhibit any bias whatever; as his mind seems equally incapable of exaggeration and insufficient

statement; as he is always arbitrating, deciding, judging, his conclusions have a value. He never speaks unless he has studied exhaustively, and all that he says is worth hearing. He has a liking for preparation, for building; he organizes, designs with rule and compass, he is important without being pompous, mathematical rather than argumentative. Captain Mahan has a fondness for the exact meaning of words rather than their suggestive meaning; yet here lies the writer's weakness; for these qualities, so indispensable to the logician, injure, in the absence of vital emotion, anything like literary style. The writer's articles are not tedious but they are often colorless, they are too squarely blocked out to be artistic, too careful of denotation to be musical. He will not let one dove of suggestion wing out from the merciless ark of accuracy; and worst of all, he is not even sailor-like, briny. It is hard of belief that this Aristidean arbitrator has ever stumped the quarter-deck with a smoky gale washing his sou-wester, has ever lit his pipe and yarned with his cronies, or gone into battle without, like Goethe, making notes on the theory of light when the great guns spat out of the dark! He doesn't affect us with the humanness either of "Bob" Evans or of His Excellency the author of "Cromwell" and "The Rough Riders." Yet there is, after all, room in literature for Captain Mahan.

J. S. D.

FRANCEZKA. *By Molly Elliott Seawell.*
The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

THE charm in "Francezka" is the charm of Molly Elliott Seawell's own personality. The woman who can dominate a Washington drawing-room with her wit and who can arrest a dozen vis-à-vis conversations while she tells stunning stories with inimitable persiflage cannot help being original and acceptable all the way through a hundred and fifty thousand words.

The story of "Francezka" is told by Captain Babache, of the bodyguard of Count Saxe, the great marshal of France under Louis XV. This captain maintains at his sword point that Saxe is the

bravest man, the finest man, the handsomest man, the man most dreaded by his foes, the most loved by his friends, and most incomparable with the ladies, the first soldier of all time—in short, the most superb, most terrible, and the most admirable man who has ever lived. Such a proposition laid down at the outset is appetizing enough, and the author maintains the quizzical romance of Captain Babache's challenge to the end.

Francezka herself is a notable personage. Her chief lovers are two brothers, Gaston and Reynard Cheverny, who look more alike than two peas, but who differ as the hero differs from the villain. After a secret marriage to Gaston, both Gaston and Reynard completely disappear in one of the wars. Francezka spends her fortune in searching for a lost husband through the Austrian military prisons. After two years Reynard, personating Gaston, appears. The eager wife does not know the deception. But as the years wear on the frightful truth slowly dawns upon her. Finally Gaston, escaped from a dungeon, appears before the pair, is acknowledged by his wife, is slain in an immediate duel, the appalled Francezka leaps into the wintry lake, and the tragedy is complete.

No fault can be found with this new use of an old plot, but the construction is so cumbrous and stretched-out that Miss Seawell's bright style is all that saves the story from being tedious. The endless addition of episodes, covering many years, gives the book almost the character of annals. There is a deplorable lack of the tense development which differentiates a novel from a narrative. Moreover, the various personages pale out. The gorgeous swashbuckler Babache tames down to almost anybody. Francezka, even, loses her gleaming personality and becomes undistinguished save in her tragic fate.

F. B.

EDGES. *By Alice Woods.* *The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.* \$1.50.

IT is seldom that one finds a book the reading of which leaves such a pleasant after-glow as this work of Miss Woods. Most books bore us a trifle as we approach

the last few pages, yet in this instance there cannot fail to be a decided reluctance at parting with the characters brought so clearly under our notice by the author. They seem like old friends, and we turn the last page with regret.

"Edges" is artistic from cover to cover. It is interesting from the outset, and it is written with an infinite skill that leaves the impression that one has looked on a very beautiful painting and absorbed some of the atmosphere. Throughout the book the descriptive work and the word pictures remind one of the writings of Robert Chambers. The color system of conveying an idea is used liberally and with great effect.

The originality both of the plot and of the detail is almost daring in its conception. Bordering at many times on the questionable side of life, there is, nevertheless, not a word or a thought that can be construed as risqué. The work is clean and wholesome throughout.

For the drawing of her characters, too, Miss Woods deserves high praise. Her woman is a womanly woman, who thinks and acts as a woman must and always will—impulsively. Her hero, who remains nameless, is a manly man, and the boy—ah, there is a character which in itself makes the book well worth the reading. If this author should ever write a book of juvenile life it should make her famous.

All in all, "Edges" is an exceptional book. There can be nothing but praise for it, and that, too, of the highest character. The name, the cover, the illustrations, and the printing are all of a kind in keeping with the text itself. In every way the artistic atmosphere is kept intact throughout, and the true literary merit of the book should secure for it a high place among the well written and really clever books of the year.

H. A. V.

OUT OF GLOUCESTER. *By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.*

"OUT of Gloucester" is a splendid book to flee to when the doctor or your own inner consciousness prescribes sea air. Any one of the six stories in it—stories technically short, but

actually much longer than they seem to the excited reader—carries you away with a rush from yourself and all humdrum surroundings and petty troubles, "out into the light of things"—into the domain of jolly mariners, keen with the tang of the "nor'easter," alive with the high spirit of adventure. Here is romance—true romance, whose heroes are intensely alive, their antagonists the elemental forces, the scene of their daring the open ocean or the harbors of the North. This is the sort of thing Kipling tried to do in "Captains Courageous." He failed because, clever as he was, he could not get inside the life, could not become a veritable part of it, and so could not describe, in action, the forces which he could accurately observe at rest. Mr. Connolly knows his Gloucester; he has lived with, loved, and admired its fishermen for years. Hence the tingle of bluff reality in all that he writes about them. On your first dip into the book, you are greeted by a whiff from the open in some verses from the ballad of "The Echo o' the Morn":

"Lights out and southern courses,
Let her head come 'round,
Devil take the British forces—
Here's the 'Echo,' homeward bound."

The second story, which properly belongs with this ballad, tells of the glorious chase wherein an American fisherman escaped the clutches of a British revenue cutter, in the days of the "late unpleasantness" between Canadians and Gloucestermen about "fishing inside the shore limits."

"Clancy" is rather different from the rest—the story of a colossal hoax perpetrated by a reprehensibly engaging rascal upon a Newfoundland collector of customs; it has somewhat the effect of a work of W. W. Jacobs, translated into terms of the open sea, and printed in capitals. "A Fisherman of Costla," too, differs from the others—and far surpasses them all, I think—by grace of the tenderness with which the character of the warm-hearted Irish fisherman is studied. In this story your interest is gripped not only by the splendid daring of the

mad dash across Galway Bay for the sake of "the fatherless childer in America," but also by the short scene between Gerald Donohue and his little son in the poor old fishing-boat at night. The pathos, the strength of Gerald's soliloquy are as wonderful as the description of his exploit. Mr. Connolly is a master of the art of monologue—monologue that reveals, at every turn, the character of the speaker, and that suits perfectly the tale he has to tell. The shining characteristic of the book is its rugged virility. It is a man's book, about men. The romance is the romance, not "of the way of a man with a maid," but that of "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea."

J. K. H.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. *By Augustine Birrell.* MATTHEW ARNOLD. *By Herbert W. Paul.* GEORGE ELIOT. *By Leslie Stephen.* *English Men of Letters Series.* The Macmillan Co., New York. 75 cents each.

THE series to which these three volumes are additions has for many years deservedly ranked as an excellent summary of the best critical exposition of the works of the writers included in it. Mr. John Morley, the responsible editor, chose his subjects and the writers who dealt with them with admirable judgment; and we welcome gladly the continuation as exemplified in the newer issues.

Mr. Birrell subjects Hazlitt to no very harsh treatment. The many opportunities which Hazlitt offers for severe and drastic censure Mr. Birrell kindly ignores, and, with a wise sympathy, glosses over the idiosyncrasies of his hot-headed Radical and equally hot-headed Bonaparte enthusiast, with that quiet and urbane expression which is so characteristic of the author of "Obiter Dicta." Hazlitt was undoubtedly a gifted man, gifted especially with a power to express himself in words that not only objectified his every thought, but carried his reader on the rush with him. Much of his language is just sheer talk, repeating in astonishingly varied phrases and with a remarkable flow the emotions he felt.

Often it mattered little whether the emotions had any foundation in his reason. It sufficed that he felt it—that was enough to cause him to open out a torrent of seething, raging, and enraging language. He loved and hated in extremes; and yet he had in an unusual measure the gifts of the sane critic. He could write of the poets with fine discrimination and with a select taste for what in them was excellent; but with them he was not irritated by prejudices against personalities. Where personalities were concerned he could hate with a blindness that was almost maddening.

Mr. Birrell does well taking Hazlitt as he does. It would be a grave critical error as well as a great injustice to Hazlitt to deal with this excellent writer of English from the standpoint of the smug academic. Hazlitt gave himself thoroughly and even ingenuously to his work, and his writings are a part of the man's nature. Mr. Birrell never forgets that, and we are glad that he does not.

We are not quite convinced of the advisability of including Arnold and George Eliot in this series. We take it that this series should deal with those writers only upon whom a dispassionate and matured verdict has already been precipitated by means of the process of time. If we are right, then surely both Matthew Arnold and George Eliot are still of our age, and we are not able to judge them impartially. There are many of us alive who knew them both, and who still treasure reminiscences of the stir made in the literary world by the publication of "Essays in Criticism," "Literature and Dogma," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Adam Bede." Our doubt is emphasized by Mr. Paul's treatment of his subject on the one hand, and Sir Leslie Stephen's of his on the other. Mr. Paul will have it that Arnold is the poet more than he is the essayist and controversialist. Sir Leslie Stephen is more judicious, and gives George Eliot a high place for her delineation of the country people of the English Midlands, though he sets much less store by her other works. It would be quite out of our province to discuss here whether either or both are right or wrong. The fact that differences

in critical judgments are immediately aroused is an argument to have kept out of the series subjects which are still raw and unmellowed for the critical taste, and towards which the most self-centred of judges cannot help extending the personal bias. Arnold and George Eliot are personages with whom or against whom we once took sides; their lives and works are the product of an age for which our sympathies are still alive.

We have but one word to say against the argument that Arnold will live by his poetry and not by his prose. Arnold's poetry is the result of a mind seeking consolation in the midst of a very critical and inquiring age. It is not the product of that reaction born of a lively joy with existence, but the precipitation of a melancholy leading to resignation. That, we contend, is not the highest, or even an approach to the highest, form of poetry. Poetry to Arnold was a criticism of life, and his work shows how well he lived up to his definition; but even Mr. Paul does not accept this as the truth of poetry. Arnold's prose, however, in spite of the defect of repetition which his biographer does well to point out, is stamped with the classic qualities of distinction and urbanity. No one can read his essays on, for instance, "Marcus Aurelius" and "Joubert," without yielding to their charm and inspiration.

For George Eliot, there is also a place with those who see in Dorothea Casaubon and Tito not merely individuals but types, and if it be true, as Sir Leslie Stephen says, that, in delineating these, George Eliot was somewhat out of touch with the actual world, it is also true, as he does not fail to point out, that they are both the work of extraordinary power, evincing subtle and acute observation. But her final position as a writer may not yet be fixed.

T. S.

THE WEAIVING OF WEBS. *By F. W. Van Praag.* R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.50.

WAR and the bloodshed of battle offer a tempting field for the novelist, but it is a field fraught with pitfalls. The most obvious of these dan-

gers is that of overcrowding the picture, of attempting to usurp the functions of the historian as well as the romancer. This may be successfully accomplished, as shown by Zola in "La Débâcle," but for the painting of such heroic canvases Anglo-Saxon genius is not ripe.

Evidently Mr. Van Praag was conscious of the dangers of his undertaking, and wittingly abstained from giving to the world an exhaustive picture of the struggle between the North and the South. In consequence he has succeeded in producing a readable story, with the Peninsula Campaign of McClellan as background, against which is projected the clearly outlined figures of hero and heroine. With little apparent effort, and at the cost of scant description, the author has drawn two life-like, attractive personalities, in whose adventures and mutual passion the reader cannot fail to entertain lively interest. Moreover, the accompanying roar of battle is unmistakably that of real cannon, but it is not of such volume as to drown all else. Indeed, in the vividness of numerous passages Mr. Van Praag arouses recollection of "The Red Badge of Courage." But with this has been exhausted his measure of praise. Viewed in retrospect, the story does not rise above the level of meritorious effort. It is entirely lacking in the "compelling" qualities which mark the great novel. Furthermore, it labors under the blight of being essentially sketchy. As these, however, are sins of omission, not of commission, and as the author's style is good, we are justified in looking for something stronger from his pen in the future.

W. W. W.

FOLLY IN THE FOREST. *By Carolyn Wells.* Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.

MISS Wells's book seems at first blush to be setting itself up as a rival to the inimitable "Alice in Wonderland." The heroine, "little Folly" (her real name was Florinda), wanders through the book, meeting strange creatures, talking affably with birds and beasts, vying with them in re-

citing rhymed and unrhymed nonsense. But Folly's country, the Forest of the Past, is not reached by way of Dreamland—at least, you are not told that it is. It is, moreover, divided—like the Gaul of our beloved Commentaries—into three parts, Mythologica, Historalia, and Lit-rachooria. The characters, too, come into the book singly or in small groups, like performers in a vaudeville, not to reappear at all. Indeed, the whole effect is of a clever vaudeville, with three different stage "sets," and with Folly for interlocutor all through. The performers include many old friends—Pegasus, the Sphinx, Dick Whittington's Cat, Crusoe's Goat, Poe's Raven, and other clever folks. Conundrums, bits of nonsense rhyme, puns—all sorts of sky-rocket witticisms—are shot off at little Folly with alarming rapidity. But she is equal to the situation, as no child of Miss Wells's brain could fail to be.

"How can a cat best catch a mouse?" queries the Sphinx. "Hide herself in a mouse-trap and mew like a piece of cheese," responds her small visitor. Altogether, the show is great fun. Considered as an imitation of "Alice in Wonderland," Folly is a failure. She cannot come within a million miles of the sweet, whimsical universality of her prototype. But taken for what she is, apart from comparisons, Folly must be reckoned a success. Moreover, an enjoyment of her adventures does not presuppose a knowledge of the beasts in the Forest of the Past—it is simply a jolly and unusual form of introduction to these creatures, so that the child who runs across them in his later reading will be able to hail them as old friends, every one. He would better not expect them to look like Mr. Birch's pictures, however. They lack imagination, and several other desirable qualities.

J. K. H.

IN THE MORNING GLOW. *By Roy Rolfe Gilson. Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.*

THIS is a collection of short stories, or, more properly, human nature studies, most of which have appeared in "Harper's" during the past year. They tell of quiet family life in an Amer-

ican small town, as seen through the eyes of a loving—but sometimes naughty—little boy, whose horizon is bounded by the home circle, and whose world is made up of members in that circle. The author, travelling back along the years, tells of "Grandfather," "Grandmother," "Little Sister," "Mother," and "Father" as they seemed to his childish vision long ago, touched now with "the tender grace of a day that is dead." The "stories" lack plot and action; their character-painting is, in and of itself, the slightest; each is a mere series of sketches. But what sketches! They would suffer from greater finish in detail, for as they stand every one, with its delicate, restrained suggestiveness, opens the flood-gates of memory in the reader's mind. Stories of alien life and alien people rouse forward-reaching imagination. These lead your fancy back . . . back . . . back . . . lighting up with affectionate ideality every dear familiar object on the way, till you exclaim with Mr. Gilson, "Oh, it was golden in the morning glow, when you were a little boy!" The self-created terrors of imaginative childhood, its "cookie or spanking" standards of conduct, its apparently whimsical likes and dislikes—even Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" has not brought these more vividly to our remembrance. The very speech of childhood and its modes of thought are reproduced with more delicate accuracy than that of James Whitcomb Riley or of Eugene Field.

It is difficult to praise one study particularly when almost all are so good. Only two seem inadequate: "When Aunt Jane Played" is so slight that it hardly justifies its appearance in the book, and "The Toy Grenadier" is downright bad—you cannot help wondering why, having made the mistake of printing it once, the publishers should repeat their blunder. Only a more skilful worker than Mr. Gilson yet is could have successfully combined the reminiscent tale of home life with the tortuously imaginative romance of a wooden soldier and a rag doll—and the attempt is not worth making. Of the other studies, however, you can say, with all emphasis, that they are worth doing, and that they are worthily

done. The subject matter is absolutely unique. Never before, I feel certain, has a writer given us a sincerely romantic portrayal of the home life that is common to most Americans—not slum dwellers, not “farm types,” not “old families,” with or without wealth—just the everyday “folks” who live in small towns, keep shop, have dinner in the middle of the day, and take care of their own children. In his search for the picturesque the ordinary writer neglects wholly the great middle class, from which he probably sprang, and goes far afield for “bits” more obviously alluring, perhaps, in that their “possibilities” meet the tyro half-way—but not so intimately dear to the heart of the race, nor more worthy the touch of great art. Mr. Gilson has something of the spirit of those old painters who selected sweet, human, fallible mothers and children as models for pictures that were to express to all time the sanctity of motherhood. He has chosen to embody the great and glowing principle of family love in the terms of familiar commonplace—or perhaps it would be better to say that he has lifted the veil of commonplace and shown the beautiful truth of things that lay behind it all the while. And he brings his stories nearer yet to you by a certain warm intimacy of style; he uses the second personal pronoun all through. “When you are a little boy,” he says, “the world is just as wide as your eyes.” The book is not autobiographical in form, but it cannot be other than autobiographically read—and therein lies its distinctive, happy charm. This charm Alice Barber Stephens has enhanced by her marvelously sympathetic illustrations.

J. K. H.

DONOVAN PASHA. *By Gilbert Parker.*
Illustrated by R. Talbot Kelly. D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$1.50.

TO those who have grown to think of Gilbert Parker—in spite of his Australian tales and his Jersey novel—purely as a Canadian, a frequent tiller of one field, “Donovan Pasha” comes in the way of rebuke. It shows him to

everybody, as he has long been to the discerning, like Kipling, a writer of the Empire, of the greater Britain. These stories of a boyish English younger son, who ruled a Khedive and through him ruled Egypt, disclose a Parker of far wider and broader range than many had suspected. He knows the East; he has even learned something of the intricacies of the Oriental mind, and these strange things he manages to make real and vivid to us. And interwoven with everything is the even more wonderful story of masterful Anglo-Saxon domination, an irresistible force whose workings make a tale more fascinating than all the mysteries of the East together. Gilbert Parker has seen this romance of the modern age in the midst of an ancient glamour, and like Kipling has made himself its apostle.

Indeed, his stories sound strangely like this author's throughout; not that one is imitator of the other, but that both had their inspiration from the same source, nursed on the same imperial bosom. Donovan Pasha, Kingsley Bey, and Ismail the Khedive are all distinctly Kipling's type of men; and the women of the book (as much for their infrequency as anything) are like Kipling's women. The style, too, is not wholly different from Kipling's straightforward Biblical manner of speech, so plain and simple, yet so full of tremendous suggestion. Compressed, these tales are as nothing Parker has ever written before. In “Pierre and His People,” his earliest volume of short stories, for instance, he explains his characters; in “Donovan Pasha” he places them before us, alive and doing things, and lets us see and hear for ourselves. Like the men and women we meet, we must read them by their deeds and their words, with no *deus ex machina* in the shape of an author to elucidate. This little Dicky Donovan, though of his personal appearance we are told only his size and the color of his hair, and of his mind's inward workings nothing at all—yet how much clearer a figure he is than “Pretty Pierre” of the far North, who is a completed character at the end of one tale.

Yes, the stories of “Donovan Pasha” have what so many short stories lack, an

underlying spirit running through them all, which gives not only continuity, but life. If they were not short stories, we might place them among the first of what Parker has already written, but with such a novel as "The Right of Way" behind us that is impossible. No short story can be the climax of Parker's work; and therein lies the great difference between him and Kipling, who has yet to write a novel worthy to stand beside "The Jungle Book" stories and "Without Benefit of Clergy."

S. L. S.

FRIARS AND FILIPINOS. *By José Rizal. Translated by Frank E. Gannett. Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. \$1.25.*

THIS volume, which gives a very clear insight into Filipino life, was written by Dr. Rizal, in the Tagalog language, in 1886. As the translator explains, the author suffered much at the hands of the friars in his native land, and his works have been severely condemned by them. When late in life he returned to the Islands from Europe, Rizal was put to death, through what Mr. Gannett claims was an infamous plot concocted by his enemies. The translator further explains that Rizal's writings are in nowise a reflection on the Catholic church, as a whole, and asserts that the Filipino writer lived and died a good Catholic.

As a work of fiction the book is exceedingly interesting. The plot is good, the action quick, and the setting picturesque. Unfortunately the author has found it necessary to break the thread of his story innumerable times in order to throw a strong light on the manners and customs of the natives. This detracts from the interest in the book as a work of fiction, while at the same time it adds to its value as one of instruction.

Throughout the book the author condemns the friars in no uncertain terms, and it is to be deplored that the intense bitterness that Rizal felt on this topic should have been allowed to show itself so plainly in his writings. While much of the condemnation is, without doubt, fully deserved, it must be borne in mind

that Dr. Rizal deals with only one side of a very mixed question; seeing things as they were, no doubt, but from only one point of view.

The book is well worth the reading, especially by those who desire to keep abreast of the times, and wish to be informed on topics that are at present attracting much attention. For the work of interpretation Mr. Gannett deserves praise. His language is simple and concise, and, notwithstanding the fact that Tagalog is a particularly difficult tongue to translate into English, Mr. Gannett has succeeded in keeping intact the atmosphere of the original writing to a surprising degree.

H. A. V.

THE SHADOW OF THE CZAR. *By John R. Carling. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IN "The Shadow of the Czar" Mr. Carling, a new writer, has given us a book that must be taken with several grains of salt. The author has crowded into his work a series of startling situations, some of which are not only improbable but impossible. There appears to have been a strong desire on the part of Mr. Carling to make the book as melodramatic as possible, and in this he has succeeded.

The plot is centered about the love of a young Englishman for the Princess Barbara of the little principality of Czernova, in Poland, and most of the scenes are in that country. The hero, Paul, is a very good young man—much too good to be taken seriously. His achievements in behalf of the princess are wondrous. That part of the story which deals with the hero's imprisoning his superior officers, and taking command of the garrison over their heads, can scarcely fail to be ridiculed by those of the reading public who are not entirely ignorant of British army methods and the definition of the word mutiny.

Mr. Carling, however, shows promise. He displays ability in handling a deeply involved plot; his dialogues are well written, and, with the soft pedal vigorously applied, he may write a book more worthy

of praise than "The Shadow of the Ozar."

H. A. V.

A SEA TURN AND OTHER MATTERS. *By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.*

"A SEA Turn" is as deliciously executed and impossible as a Molière farce. It all seems so humanly sure, yet so divinely out of the question, that one is kept laughing from both points of view at once. And just before we have had too much laughter, behold! we are in a fairyland of color, fancy, and melodious phrase. Mr. Aldrich knows unerringly the moment for relief, either from jesting or seriousness. His pulse beats along with ours. He has a chair at the reader's hearth.

How subtly inwoven, how precise, is the whole delicate tracery! What an admirable craftsman he is with his blending of beauty and mathematics! With what equality, wholesome restraint, fluidity, and fulness of experience he leads us, like the genial enchanter he is, to the unexpected climax, which happens, nevertheless, to be exactly the climax we would want. Mr. Aldrich possesses that extremely classic gift—the gift that Goldsmith had *par excellence*—of making the reader sensuously pleased with himself as well as with the writer.

J. S. D.

EAGLE BLOOD. *By James Creelman. Illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

THE only reason for noticing "Eagle's Blood" is that it is written by Mr. James Creelman. When a journalist of his distinction writes a novel the book cannot be treated as it would be if it were done by a less considerable personage.

It is interesting to speculate how so clever and so straight-seeing a man as the brilliant war correspondent could fail

to be a fairly keen critic of his own novel. He would recognize crudity, clumsiness, and the inartistic in another man's novel; but the many pages of really fine journalistic writing which he has got into "Eagle Blood" seemed to make him unaware of his own amateurishness in construction, conversation, and character-work, while his hero, an English viscount who passes through the stages of impecuniousness, New York newspaper reporting, and military service in the Philippines under Uncle Sam, to a renunciation of his title and naturalization as an American citizen, all because of a girl, is passably convincing, every other character in the book is fantastic, overdrawn, or melodramatic.

If the author knew his people, it was in a crude newspaper way, but he had no notion of the delicate art by which the novelist indicates their personality and gives them speech. Their patriotic sentiments and weird villainies would be screaming delights to a Third Avenue theatre gallery; and the marvel is that a man who can write such interesting news-letters as Mr. Creelman should not have recognized his own clumsiness in this attempt at art.

It is another illustration of the extreme difficulty with which the long-trained newspaper man, enamored with his own valuable dash of style, can achieve anything in a field which requires merciless self-criticism.

F. B.

LOVE-STORY MASTERPIECES. *An Idyl of First Love by George Meredith. A "Dream Life" Love-Story by Donald G. Mitchell. The Sire de Malétroit's Door by Robert Louis Stevenson. The Autocrat and the Schoolmistress by Oliver Wendell Holmes. William S. Lord, Evanston. \$1.25.*

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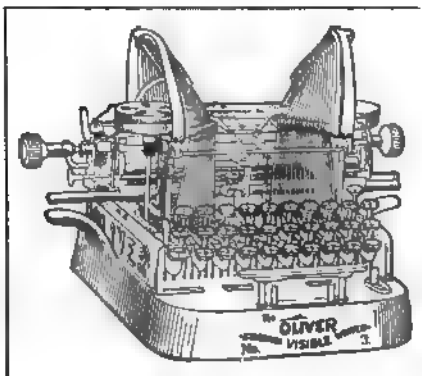
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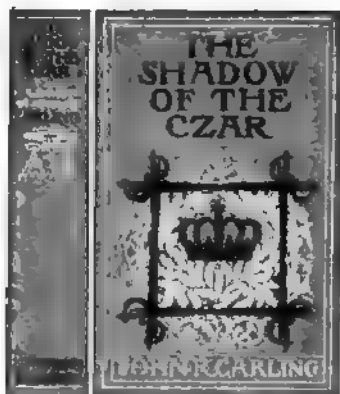
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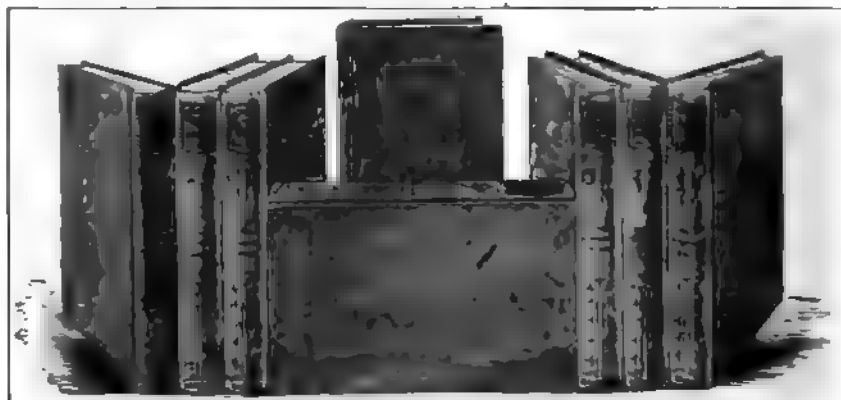
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VOL. I

JANUARY, 1903

No. 3

Writers and Readers

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The majority of our correspondents have chosen for special comment our department of reviews, and we trust that the majority of our readers find this department of interest and value. We believe that in no other periodical are so many books reviewed in so individual a manner. A review bearing evidence of ignorance or prejudice is never knowingly printed in THE READER.

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THE Cornhill Booklet " is to be issued again by Mr. Alfred Bartlett, of Boston. But instead of being a series of reprints, it is now to contain original matter, and to be a quarterly instead of a monthly, as formerly.

THE method used by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Company in advertising at least one of their late books may be "popular," but it is not dignified. The number of tramps who have been going about New York's streets carrying placards on standards were not things of beauty. Again, why do the publishers confuse the uninitiated reader by announcing that Mrs. Craigie's brilliant new novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters," is by John Oliver Hobbes? Unfortunately, not every American novel reader knows that the latter is Mrs. Craigie's pen name.

WE have had Marie Bashkirtseff; we are having *Marie MacLane*, and we shall have—probably about the first of February—a third human document, which, by all fore-runners of pronouncement, will prove the most tragic and pathetic of the trio. The first of these was silenced by unsought death: women of the second type are irrepressible—save by marriage—and Arthur Stirling, this latest to lay bare his soul's secrets, fared to "the valley of the shadow" by committing suicide in the twenty-second year of his age. In this act he showed a quality of courage which yet failed him to longer face the scorching sun of hot Despair over the long waste sands of Failure.

Somewhere be, among the unwritten documents, who, with similar experience but more resignation, remain to ever strive with the soft voice of un-success; others cry out against the injustice of life and, by their very plaint, wrung from them by strong suffering, flare to genius for the moment by the force of their rebelling, and are recognized. But when from the dust and ashes of defeated ambitions and all that was once corporeal of the victim, who struggled and soon loosed his grasp in bitterness, comes a voiceless cry of all the hopes that were his, as in this journal of Arthur Stirling, the pathos of the hopeless and irremediable supplies the element of human interest that may have lacked in his writings.

We are told by one to whom the dead author confided his journal that the success sought by the living will attend the dead, through these intimate confessions born of a tortured, self-centred temperament. But even publishers' predictions are not infallible, and his name may still be but an empty breath with the grave-chill upon it, and he shall dwell in the "Valley of the Shadow" forever—his valley of which he writes:

"Sometimes it is silent in my Valley, and the creatures sit in terror of their own voices; sometimes there are screams that pierce the sky; but there is never any answer in my Valley. There are quivering hands there, and racked limbs, and aching hearts, and panting souls. There is gasping struggle, glaring failure—maniac despair. For over my Valley rolls *The Shadow*, a giant thing, moving with the weight of mountains. And you stare at it, you feel it; you scream, you pray, you weep; you hold up your hands to your God, you grow mad; but the Shadow moves like Time, like the sun, and the planets in the sky. It rolls over you, and it rolls on; and then you cry out no more.

"It is that way in my Valley. The Shadow is the Shadow of Death."

The publishers who announce the book are Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, who have this month moved to their new offices, 372 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A MOST attractive collection of autograph letters, drawings, and interesting relics of Thackeray was recently sold in London by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge in connection with the library of the late Miss Georgina S. Hurt, which contained a valuable series of children's books, including a fine copy of "Beauty and the Beast," by Charles Lamb, in the original paper case.

The Thackeray collection was formerly the property of the late Miss Kate Perry and her sister, Mrs. Elliot, who were his intimate friends. One of these curious relics is a small sketch of a cupid, on which Thackeray has written: "I am free now for a little, as much as that miserable villain can be said to be free who is flogged night and day by a cruel tyrant who shall be nameless—and at my age, too, to be whipped so by a boy!"



BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON IN HIS LIBRARY

ON the 8th of December, 1902, the allotted term of man's life—three-score-and-ten full, rounded years—had passed to the glorious record of Björnsterne Björnson, dramatist, social theorist, orator, and greatest lyricist of the Norwegian nation. To his people he is that man of all living men most revered, loved, and believed in; as social theorist, he stands for the exponent of that right living, motivated by a boundless humanity and harmony of thought freed from superstition, which shall lead to the millennium of mankind. Of strong religious instincts, though antagonistic to form and creeds, he epitomizes the new thought movement of the age.

They are his own soul experiences which he has given to the world in the drama "Beyond Human Power," which, under censorship for fifteen years, was, finally, unbanned and the

first half presented on the stage by Mrs. Patrick Campbell last winter. The second part, in which some of the same characters figure, to carry out the logical sequence of the moral conveyed by the first, was to follow this winter, but Mrs. Campbell has abandoned this intention. No other drama of recent years has been received with equal claim abroad. "Auf Storhove," his latest dramatic work, will soon be presented; this Norwegian title being simply the name of a family estate.

Björnsterne Björnson became first known through translations of his peasant idylls, and many of his works have since been published in America by the Macmillan Company. The recent celebration of his anniversary, in which all the schools, universities, theatres, public institutions, and their following of Norway participated, lasted one week.

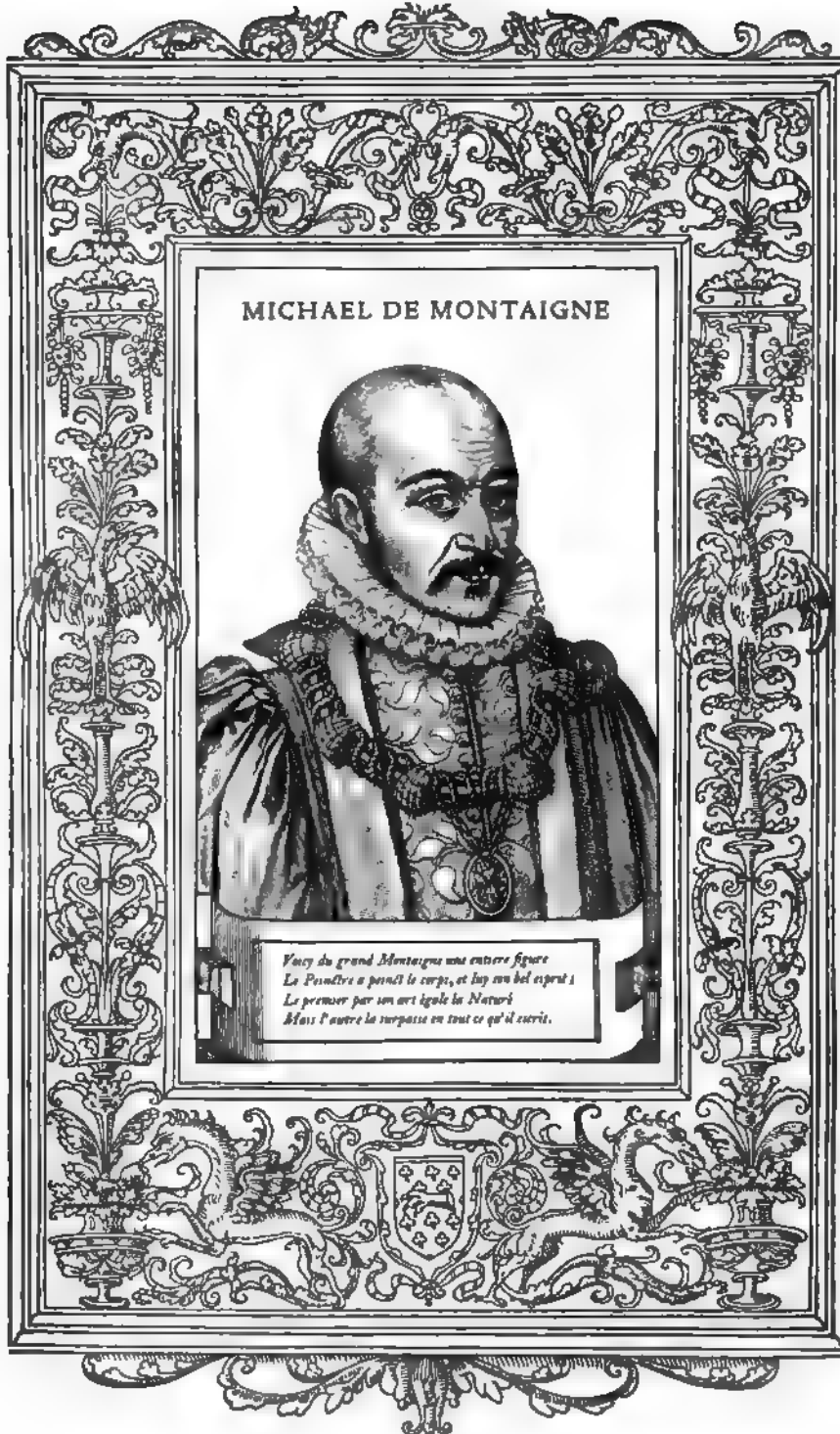
ON the opposite page we reproduce the frontispiece from the first volume of Houghton, Mifflin & Company's limited edition of "Montaigne's Essays," which will be ready for delivery to subscribers before Christmas. A more ambitious piece of bookmaking has never been attempted by an American firm, and we are glad to hear that already the edition is entirely subscribed for. In preparing the text the third edition of "Florio" (1632) has been taken as the basis, and collated with the first edition (1603). No changes have been made in the spelling or the language, except in the few instances where an unquestionable misprint is found in both of the above editions. The punctuation, however, has been freely revised, for the better elucidation of the text. There is no reason to believe that the punctuation of the early editions, which has been followed in the recent reprints, was the work of anyone except the printer; and in very many cases it sadly confuses, sometimes absolutely perverts, the author's meaning, and makes the reading of the Essays a difficult task.

The Notes will include: (1) References to Montaigne's authorities, whether directly acknowledged, hinted at, or unacknowledged. The notes of all the most important previous editors—Coste, Amaury-Duval, Naigeon, Lecerclerc, Johanneau, and Motheau and Jonaust—have been carefully examined, and verified by comparison with the originals; some few new references have been added. In this respect it is believed that this edition will be more complete than any previous one, whether in French or English. (2) Corrected readings of those passages which Florio translated erroneously or unintelligibly, and of a few which he omitted. For this purpose the editor has collated the latest reprint—that of Courbet and Royer—of the standard edition of 1595, with the four earlier

editions, and with Naigeon's reprint of the annotated copy of the edition of 1588, now in the Public Library at Bordeaux. Occasional reference is made to some of the interlineations in Montaigne's handwriting on the annotated copy mentioned above, which, for some reason not fully understood, the editors of 1595 failed to incorporate in their text. (3) Miscellaneous notes, relating to various matters connected with the composition of the Essays, and to those incidents in Montaigne's career which are referred to therein. The Notes will be illustrated by facsimilies of Montaigne's hand-writing, seals, and of title-pages of various books with which he had to do, including his translation of Raymond Sébond's "Natural Theology," which is the theme of the famous twelfth chapter of the second book of the Essays.

The Bibliography is based upon that published by Dr. J. F. Payen nearly seventy years ago, and has been brought down to date. An examination of Dr. Payen's extraordinary collection of French editions of Montaigne (said to contain a copy of every edition published previous to the collector's death), now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, showed that his bibliography, published when his collection was still in its infancy, is incomplete and, in some respects, inaccurate; the necessary additions and changes have been made from the original. The Bibliography also contains some particulars concerning the early editions of Florio's and Cotton's translations, and concerning the various portraits of Montaigne. It will be illustrated by reproductions of the title-pages of all the early editions, including that of the Bordeaux copy of 1588.

Volumes two and three will have as frontispieces portraits of Florio and of Mademoiselle de Gournay, Montaigne's *fille d'alliance*, and editor of the editions of 1595, 1598, and 1635.



OUT of Gloucester soil, silicious and unprolific in appearance, and forming a cold, white dust from its separated particles, spring flowers in unexpected profusion, as though innate to the atmosphere: children of this tone-coloring of cloud-tissue and sea-haze that floods the earth in this fishing hamlet whence come and go the fleets, freighted with the destinies of the fisher-folk whom James B. Connolly, whose portrait appears opposite, has interpreted to his reading public.

The superficial observer may find his lineaments and achievements as incongruous as flowers from out the Gloucester soil; indeed, the qualities and training that fit for athletic prowess to the degree of Olympian victorship seem far removed from those of marked intellectual attainment. Brawn of brain and muscle are rarely combined with the fine balancing found here, and this blending of power and perceptive faculty, in even proportion, is noticeable, dividing the upper from the lower portion of his face.

Said one who recently visited Gloucester: "I went to scoff at the exaggerated prominence it had assumed in the public eye, but I came away silenced. Purple and glow, and glory of coloring indescribable brood over this harbor of sheltered inlets formed by coast ramifications, like the fingers of an outstretched hand of stone, upbearing on their tips the varied habitations of resident and summer bird of passage." And Mr. Connolly has arisen as a timely exponent of this rugged coast and its natives—they that dwell on water and on land, and go down to the deeps in tragic sleep without awakening.

IT is pleasant to hear that a publishing house has just been established for the purpose of giving beautiful and dignified form to the classics of English and American Literature. The

Scott-Thaw Co., of New York, will issue, this fall, a series of books entitled "The Wayside Books." It will consist of limited editions of well-known works, printed on hand-made paper and bound appropriately, to be issued so as to be within the reach of people with limited means. So far, the following books are announced: Lamb's "Essays," with biographical introduction of Charles Lamb, by Barry Cornwall, in two volumes; Walton's "Complete Angler"; White's "Natural History of Selborne"; Walton's "Lives"; "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," translated by George Long, with introductory essay by Matthew Arnold; and "Epictetus," translated by George Long, in two volumes. The size of the volumes is to be small 12mo, so that they may be easily portable for the pocket. The printing has been done by the famous Chiswick Press, of London. Other volumes for this series will be announced from time to time.

Mr. Temple Scott, who is well known as an authority on rare books and as the editor of the best edition, so far issued, of the works of Swift, has associated with him in this business Dr. Alexander Blair Thaw, a son of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburgh. Dr. Thaw also is a man of letters, and his volume of "Poems," published by John Lane, was received at the time of its publication, two years ago, as the striking production of a distinguished mind.

The Scott-Thaw Co. also announce reprints in large type of Browne's "Religio Medici" and the "Book of Job." These are the first volumes of a series for the study, which will include later A Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," "Confessions of St. Augustine," Emerson's "Conduct of Life," Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," and others. Each work will be limited in its edition to 500 copies, but of the first two only 150 copies remain for sale.



James B. Bennett

PROBABLY no collection of books has come to this country in recent years which so exhaustively and richly represented the knowledge of man on one or two limited periods of history as did the collection of Comte Riant, acquired some two years ago by Harvard and Yale. The part secured by Harvard, covering perhaps the wider field, has at length been temporarily entered upon their catalogue, and this latter fact seems to make another notice of the acquisition of the library in this country worth while. Comte Paul Riant, a French savant of European reputation for his learning as well as for his library, had two main interests in gathering his books—Scandinavian languages and literature and the history of the Latin East. To-day we know the Latin East and its history and problems, principally under the term Eastern Question. Harvard secured through gift and purchase this latter portion of his library, amounting to several thousand volumes. Comte Riant added to his own historical knowledge and discrimination in purchasing—the possibilities of a well-filled purse—and as a result his volumes are not only in many cases rare and costly, but are well bound and beautiful copies. It is worthy of note that the collection contained over one hundred incunabula and about one hundred and twenty-five manuscripts. It should be borne in mind, too, that the collection contains in many cases the original sources of history—contemporary accounts of events, early chronicles, and narratives. No better proof of its intrinsic value could be given than the contents of a monograph recently published in Paris by Comte Bégouën—“Notes et Documents pour servir à une Bibliographie de l’histoire de la Tunisie (sièges de Tunis 1535 et de Mahédia 1550).” From the original documents, and publications of contemporary date

which he cites and describes in this work, he establishes conclusively that the disputed date of the siege of Mahédia is in reality the year 1550, a year earlier than the date usually given. He goes on to give in detail an account in bibliographical terms of the original sources consulted. And now comes the surprising and interesting fact. Every one of the sources consulted—twenty-nine—with three exceptions, is in the library of Harvard university. Says Comte Bégouën: “La partie de la bibliothèque du Comte Riant qui contenait les documents que je me suis proposé d’étudier a été récemment vendue en bloc en Amérique, à l’Université de Harvard. Il est vraiment regrettable que les circonstances n’aient pas permis au gouvernement tunisien d’acquérir les raretés (parfois les pièces uniques) que je signalerai plus loin et qui auraient été bien à leur place dans la bibliothèque de la ville de Tunis, si pauvre, hélas! en ouvrages relatifs à l’histoire de la Régence.” It is greatly to be regretted that more publicity cannot be given to the acquisition of such a collection and to its contents. The Harvard authorities may be congratulated upon its possession, but only legitimately so when some scholar or student appears who will make known to other scholars its rarities and its riches as Comte Bégouën has done for a small part of it.

HOUGHTON, Mifflin & Company’s annual portrait catalogue has been, for a number of years, a feature of autumn book-lists. That which the Company has recently issued does not fall short when compared with previous issues. The style has been changed, new, clear type used, and many portraits and autographs of later authors added. The catalogue has a classified list and index of over one thousand titles.



THIS library corner, assembling many of the genial candle-masters of literature so endeared to book-lovers, is so far remote from any suggestion of "shop" in the general sense ascribed to it, that it will, doubtless, surprise most of our readers to be told that it is merely an æsthetic outcome of representative modern enterprise, as exemplified by Messrs. Burrows Brothers Co. of Cleveland, in their "store for book-lovers and book-buyers."

This store is, in reality, a thoroughly classified, carefully arranged library, on a purchasing basis, in place of the borrowing one that holds in public libraries, the book stock being divided into specialized main heads and subdivisions, and placed accordingly on the shelves and counters, in such manner that customers may have access to them for examination without being obliged to search in different places for kindred books.

Their stock includes many rare, valuable, and early-printed books, examples of the early presses and fine specimens of famous binders—English, French, and American; first editions of American and English authors, Americana, and issues that are out of print. Second-hand books are purchased here and abroad, and a catalogue of these issued every two months, that collectors may be kept in touch with the opportunities arising from this influx of old books gathered from divergent sources.

Every facility is furnished for examining books at leisure and in comfort, with none of the disquietude and annoyance that often attends upon the lingering choice of purchase from among a tempting array of these "only true equalizers in the world."

This firm is now publishing a series of admirable reprints of rare, early Americana.

Frederic Remington as an Author

BY HERBERT CROLY

ORDINARILY the illustrator is to the author very much as the actor is to the playwright. He may partly succeed in hitting off the latent pictures in the book, or he may wholly fail—or he may hit off something very different, though equally as good. But whether he misinterprets or more than interprets, he almost necessarily changes. Often the manner of the artist is so very personal, and the change consequently is so radical, that the illustration, charming and clever though it be, rather obscures the text than justifies or reveals it; and at such times one cannot but deplore the necessity that drives so many talented artists to a life of tolerably assiduous misrepresentation. Apparently, the only safe course is for the author to draw his own pictures, or for the artist to write his own books—as Mr. Frederic Remington has begun to do, for instance, in “John Ermine of the Yellowstone.” If John Ermine survives as one of the most picturesque figures in the literature of Western life, the credit will be at least partly due to the author’s illustrations—especially the single figures, which make our eyes see this Caucasian Indian, this long and light-haired outcast, who was white enough to love a white woman, but so red that his passion only stunned and terrified his timid mistress.

The story has been described as a character sketch; a sketch, in the sense of a moving picture, it is; but it is also a sketch with a development, a culmina-

tion, and a moral. What we get in the first place is the figure of a man—the bold, winning, somewhat mysterious, half-barbarous, half-poetical figure of a man. This figure is surrounded by just a sufficient background of the Western wilderness, and of military episode and adventure. John Ermine is a boy who is born of white parents, and whose birth is written on his face and head, but has been brought up as a Crow Indian. Such he would have remained had not a white recluse, who was the oracle of his tribe, adopted him, and tried to educate him for a life among his own people. The boy is amenable, intelligent, and well-disposed; he is moulded into a high-minded, picturesque, ambitious, and in all ordinary relations a well-balanced man. Very evidently he can hold his own among white men—as well in the horse-play of camp life, as in the sterner business of Indian campaigning. Up to this point the story is admirably simple, strong, vivid, and convincing. The author is writing in a vernacular that he thoroughly knows; he is using a method that is as economical as veracious, and as carefully finished as that which produced his best figures in bronze; he is drawing upon experience that covers every phase of the situation; and with all his realism, he has shown a little of that imaginative touch which makes the wilderness speak through the inhabitants he places there.

But it takes more than the com-



MR. FREDERIC REMINGTON

panionship of white men to make John Ermine feel at home among his own people; it takes the love of a white woman. Just here Mr. Remington visibly flinches in the illustrating, as well as in the telling of his story. It is an open secret, which not even the absence of a familiar signature does anything to close, that several pictures of the young lady have been drawn by Mr. C. D. Gibson. The young fellow falls desperately in love with her, encouraged thereto by a portrait of the lady, discovered among the ruins of a camp in the wilderness. Miss Searles behaves just as a Gibson girl might be expected to behave; she is fascinated by the picturesque and striking feature he cuts; she leads him on, and when he explodes in a passionate declaration of love, she is horrified and can only flutter away to the protection of her parents. John Ermine has no sentimental ideas about renunciation. He resents fiercely the notion that he cannot marry her, quar-

rels with and shoots her accepted lover, and so becomes an outlaw and meets an outlaw's death. This development and culmination of the story is as strongly and truthfully conceived as is the initial sketch of Ermine. That the boy should be rejected by his white people, because he claimed, in the hands of a white woman, the final testimony of their respect, and that his savage origin should prohibit his acceptance, and outlaw him after his disappointment: all this is a more human and effective handling of the situation than Mr. Wister gives us when he dresses his cowboy in London tweeds that he might marry the schoolmarm. Yet, in working out his culmination, Mr. Remington's method or his patience fails him. It almost looks as if he had become tired of his job and hastened his conclusion. He does not get his full effect, because the various incidents he uses do not gather slowly and inevitably to the tragedy. His ending is pathetic, but it is nothing more.



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HALT! WHO GOES THERE!



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JOHN ERMINE



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HE BORE THE LIMP FORM TO THE SANDS

Björnsterne Björnson

BY LOUISE PARKS RICHARDS

IT was in the rugged hills of Osterdalen, on the 8th of December, 1832, that there appeared in the far north the bear star—Björnsterne—of the bear son—Björnson. He was christened in the parish of Kvikne, where his father was pastor, and where he lived until he was six years old.

Then the faithful minister's field of work and sacrifice was changed to that of Naesset in Romansdalen, a region famed for its picturesque scenery. On either side of this valley the rock-ribbed hills rise abruptly, lifting their summits to overlook the fjord leading out to the sea.

Here in the midst of some of Norway's most varied beauty this child of imagination and of probing reason grew up, impressed alike by Nature's extraordinary phenomena and the mystery of that unshaken faith of his father which left its peculiar stamp.

As a child he read with avidity all the works of poetry and history that came in his way, while in the little town of Molde, where he was sent to school, he revelled in the books of folk-lore and folk-songs which the town authorities had collected into a library. Saturating himself with the romance of the country and the people, there took root that intensity of interest and affection for his native land and its folk which has since characterized the man.

Very early did the passion for leadership begin to manifest itself. At this school in Molde the young Björn-

son organized little *vereins* and societies among the boys, and became a sort of chieftain among the school children.

At seventeen he went to continue his studies at the University in Christiania, where he interested himself especially in Danish literature. The Danish theatre, then flourishing in Christiania, took a strong hold upon his mind, and was one of the most potent formative influences of his youth.

At the age of twenty he returned to his home in Romansdalen, where he saw the life of the people in a light which, to his newly awakened interests, was full of peculiar charm. He began to write songs of, and for, the people, in the style of the ancient folk-songs, then sung by the peasants. The lives and loves of these peasants, too, with all their inner motives, became an inexhaustible source of idyllic material, which he learned so well to present with the rugged beauty of northern folklore. It was to his village stories that he was indebted for the first notice that came to him as a writer.

On his return to Christiania a year later he took up the study of contemporaneous Danish writers on metaphysical and philosophical subjects, when there opened to him another vista. To this pastor's son of fiery enthusiasm, who, in the remote northern home, had known only the doctrines of a narrowed orthodoxy, rigid in its puritanical applications, and who, as a student in a uni-

versity where there was no one who stood as the exponent of modern ethical or social questions, had heard nothing of higher criticism or humanitarian movements, there was the dawn of a new revelation.

With the inheritance of a deeply religious nature, hitherto puzzled by the theories of accepted beliefs, the young heart was strangely moved. The emancipation from dogma came not without its struggle, but with its substitute of humanitarianism and natural morality his reason became satisfied. His final grip was that of the enthusiast, the optimist, who not only wills, but is ready to compel, for all the world, all the comfort, and all the joy which he believes humanity's due.

As an antagonizer of old conventionalities, whether in theology, literature, or society, the young writer early learned to do battle, and to strike out direct and hard for his convictions. While yet a student in Christiania he began to write as a newspaper critic, and earned for himself the usual number of enemies allotted to youthful aspirants of vehemence and indiscretion.

From a contributor he became an editor, and while an editor he was the director of a theatre. This was in Bergen, where, on the insistence of his friend, the celebrated violinist Ole Bull, he came at the age of twenty-five to take charge of the theatre, and where two happy years were spent together.

While taking the liveliest interest in the questions of the day, wherein he always felt called to take a part, poems, novels, and plays followed each other in astonishing succession. Although his first novels and dramas, to whose unconventional type the people were not accustomed, did not meet with flattering success, he was soon recognized as a poet.

His ballads and greater lyrical compositions, of which "Bergliot" is the most exquisite, had the sparkle of the

frost, the ring of the Erlking, while his songs of the fatherland have become national songs. The poet was not content, however, to be singer only; he must needs teach and preach as well. This he would do through the drama. As director of the theatre in Bergen, and later in Christiania, the practical knowledge thus gained stood him in good stead.

Working with the impetuosity of his strong nature, he was scarcely thirty when success had come to him. His name as dramatist was finally sounded abroad, and his dramas were translated, and received upon the foreign stage with acclamation. His best dramas, however, were written after his fortieth year. In the preacher's son the desire to preach had then reached its maximum, and with his wide range of interests, many were the topics of powerful sermons delivered in parts on the stage.

The all-mastering intent of Björnsterne Björnson has ever been the higher civilization of his land. To this end he has felt himself chosen as the forerunner of his people, an outpost guard in the warfare against wrongs, not only of physical and political might, but of intellectual error and dwarfing prejudice. His dramas, therefore, have embraced not only questions of politics and religion, but the domestic relations and social conditions.

A powerful satire on the press is delivered in the drama of "The Editor," and in that of "The King"; not only does he make an attack upon the monarchy as an institution, but exposes the weaknesses of its figurehead. In one of his greatest dramas, "Bankrupt," he goes into the financial world, disclosing its poverty of honor.

It is told that the wife of a secret defaulter, on seeing this drama on the stage, and recognizing the criminal character of her own husband, fainted at the glaring portrayal. A speculat-

ing banker in the audience, his own defalcations brought home to him by the vivid picture, was so overwhelmed with guilt that the very next day saw him declare his own bankruptcy.

While Björnson invariably combats circumscribed dogma, he is the never tiring champion of virtue in its highest sense. In his play of "Leonarda" he shows the cruelty of fanatical prejudice which ruined the name of a woman who had committed no sin, while in "A Glove" he makes a demand for moral equality in exacting the same standards for man as for woman.

The story of "Magnhild" distinguishes morality as virtue and as an institution, as a law of the heart and as a regulation of society. Personal purity is one of the foundation stones of Björnson's Utopia. Like a missionary he has gone to the cities and to the villages of Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and over into Finland, where he has lectured nearly an hundred times on the subject of chastity, with an appreciable improvement in moral conditions as a result. "Nothing is so effective as a powerful sermon," said one of his countrymen.

"In God's Paths" is Björnson's best novel, a work that has come to be regarded as a handbook of conduct, a moral guide, that teaches wherever good people walk, there are to be found God's paths. In his protest against the fanaticism of dogma he declares that, with love and justice as the substance of true Christianity, it is life and not formalized belief which is the first consideration. Unlike the pedagogue, he speaks heart to heart, and with a sympathy that comes closer than precept.

As the prophet of his country, ready to cut and hew, bend and turn the branches, that his beloved people might have light, he early recognized that politics as well as ethics was a consideration in the welfare of a nation, and

thus he became a notable factor in Norway's political life.

In the union with Sweden under a Swedish king, and with a Swedish prime-minister, whose residence is in Stockholm, the Norwegians have ever been on the alert lest they be treated as a province of the reigning state. In the very essence of his nature a democrat, the entire independence of Norway became Björnson's dream, and to this end he took up the cudgels of journalism.

As the young editor of a newspaper in Bergen, he fought the further amalgamation of the two countries with all the might of his pen, and to him it was due that the representatives who had voted for a closer tariff relation between Norway and Sweden were not reelected to the Storting. Later—1859—as editor of the "Aften Bladet" in Christiania, he vigorously advocated the right of Norway to refuse a Swedish governor, and in 1866-67, while editing the "Norske Volke Bladet," he stood out against all restrictions of constitutional rights, and further opposed the proposals to tie the political knot of the two countries any closer.

It was in the question of the king's absolute veto that Björnson came to be one of the most powerful political leaders in Norway, and the greatest public speaker in the whole Scandinavian land. This was due in part, according to one of his own nation, to a visit—1880—to his early friend, Ole Bull, then living in America, where he made a study of the "popular American rhetoric." Whether American political speeches have served him as models or not, it is true that when he has a message for the people he does not hesitate to take the stump as its proclaimer, and when his voice is raised, it is to be heard throughout the land.

One of the most striking scenes in Norway is that of the now stalwart leader, the grand old poet, mounted on

a platform, around which are assembled hundreds of peasants, over whom broods the death-like silence of veneration, while his clear, ringing voice speaks to them in their own vigorous language of country, of life in its best sense, and of their duties and obligations. When he ceases, the strange hush is broken by such a shout from lusty throats as greets only an idol of the people.

Björnsterne Björnson is singularly the man of his own nation, and the relation he bears to his countrymen is unique. Not only as representative of his land does he count himself, but as educator, and moral teacher of the folk. To make human beings healthy and happy has been the aim of this Victor Hugo of the North, as he has been called by Jules Lemaître. To this end each novel, each drama has been written, the solution of whose human problems is to bring more good, more happiness into the world.

In his battles against the wrongs of society, church, or government, he has never hesitated to use his weapons in whatever rôle may seem most effective. As the most natural thing in the world he will lay aside the poem, the book, the play, and turn all his forces into the channels of the daily press, or to the platform, for an immediate cause of right and justice. In the city, in the country, among the high or the lowly, no place is too humble for this man of love and fight to stretch out his protecting arms, or to raise his voice for the good of the people.

Though often misunderstood, defeated, his everlasting optimism has never deserted him, for he believes not less in the ultimate righting of wrong than in his own mission as adjuster. In his first drama, which bore the significant title "In the Midst of Battles," there was the sound of a personal note. Here was pictured the born leader as philanthropist, in whom burned the love

for his people, and the consuming desire for their welfare, but who, constantly misjudged, always thwarted, felt himself forced to do much harm on the way to good.

The cause of humanity is always his, even when it calls in other lands, and whether it be for virtue or a republic, for physiology in girls' schools in Norway, or a Norwegian Minister in Sweden, for the Peace Congress in the Hague, or for Dreyfus in France, Björnson does not fail to speak in italics, and with exclamation points.

His course, early marked out for himself, has been with a distinct end in view, and however much he may have invited criticism, he has been consistent with himself. More than twenty years ago a report went the rounds of the German newspapers that Björnson, wearied with the political foment he had induced at home through his attacks upon the monarchy, had decided to take up his residence abroad, in Munich. In a private letter he wrote in reply:

"I shall live right here in Norway—I shall thrash and be thrashed in Norway—I shall win and die in Norway—of this you can be sure."

Though time has modified many an ultra position, and rounded off the jagged points of antagonism, he still enjoys the vigor that comes from combat. Physically he has been prepared for all the encounters that the fires of his zeal might invite, for Nature has fitted him with her best equipments.

The broad shoulders are a bulwark in themselves, and with muscles as of wrought iron stretched over a framework of steel, the tall, erect figure is as perfect and powerful as that of a gladiator. With the keen, penetrating eye that looks straight in and through, he is never the man to shrink or turn back.

Alice and Ellen

A Conversation

BY JOHN W. HERBERT

WHEN Alice had climbed through the bookshelf into Bookland she looked about her for a companion—she was tired of animals and she wanted a real human playmate. She did not at first see anyone that looked interesting, so she wandered about on a tour of inspection. At last she saw a thin little girl, with dyed stockings, sitting by the roadside all alone; and, as she looked forlorn, Alice thought she would speak to her. So she went up and said:

“How do you do, little girl? You look lonesome. What is your name?”

With a wild cry, the strange little girl, hiding her head in Alice's skirts, gave way to a violent burst of grief that seemed as if it would rend soul and body in twain. Then they clasped each other in a convulsive embrace while tears fell like rain, and the little girl sobbed: “My name is Ellen Montgomery.”

“Oh,” said Alice, “that isn't such a bad name. I wouldn't cry so, if I were you. You ought to have seen the Mock Turtle cry—his tears were twice as big as yours; though I don't think he had any more of them. Did you,” trying to cheer her up, “did you ever see a Mock Turtle or a Gryphon? Where do you come from, Ellen?”

Ellen sobbed more gently, but that and the mute pressure of her arms was her only answer at first. Then she

yielded helplessly to the grief that she had been obliged to control for two minutes, and with a wild wail of anguish she answered:

“I—I am Ellen Montgomery, and I come from ‘The Wide, Wide World.’ You don't know me, and nobody does now; and I used to be so popular—I have made more people weep than any other child in this place—and now, and now, people don't weep at me any longer. They don't seem to like to weep so much now as they used to, any way;” and with this she burst into a fresh paroxysm of tears.

“It is very curious,” thought Alice, “I never saw such a little girl as this. I shall be crying myself next thing, if I don't look out.” So she took her handkerchief and, shaking off the tears that had collected on her own waist, she wiped Ellen's eyes and said:

“Come, Ellen, let's look about us and see who's here. Take my hand and we'll see what we can find to amuse us.”

“I don't want to be amused,” sobbed Ellen, as the tears rained down and made little mud tracks behind them as they walked along.

“Oh, my!” thought Alice. “Whatever shall I do with this little girl—she's worse than the pig baby. I wonder what she will turn into. I wonder if she can't talk at all. I'll try her on some of my friends; maybe she knows them, and it's always interesting to talk

about one's mutual—no, I mustn't say that—one's common friends. I say, Ellen," she added aloud, "do you know Kim?"

"Yes, I've heard of him; but he isn't very nice, is he? He deceived that dear old man, and—and he wasn't very honest, was he? Didn't he sometimes lie and swear? And didn't he almost cheat once or twice? I don't think he is just the kind of boy my mother would have liked me to play with," and she burst into a fresh passion of weeping.

"Oh, come," said Alice, much disgusted at this opinion of her favorite, "this will never do. Don't be such a baby. Come along with me, or the Duchess will get you," giving Ellen a pull and rubbing her own shoulder reminiscently.

"Oh! oh!" shrieked Ellen. "Who is that horrid little boy coming along without any clothes on, with a bear and a black panther side of him? I hope he won't come any nearer—I should be so ashamed and frightened. My aunt wouldn't like me to see him at all."

"Oh, stuff!" said Alice. "He's the nicest boy that's come here for a long time—the very nicest—and he does have the nicest animals with him. They aren't so funny as my old friends, and they talk a curious kind of language—like the prayer-book, something—but they're all very nice, and we are great friends. Aren't we, Mowgli?" raising her voice.

"Ah! Is it thou, little sister of the man tribe? Welcome! Where are thy friends the White Rabbit, the March Hare, and the Cheshire Cat? Would that they were with thee! We—thou, Bagheera, Baloo, and I—would have good fooling with them if they were with thee. But who is that man thing behind thee; making puddles with the water that falls to the ground from her great red eyes? Let her be gone to the Bandar-log, and come thou with us."

"No, Mowgli, I cannot come with

you now. I'm going with this little girl—it's Ellen Montgomery, and she comes from 'The Wide, Wide World,' and we are going to hunt some of her friends. Later, I'll get the Mock Turtle and the rest and we'll have some fun. Good-by."

"Good hunting to thee, little sister!" called Mowgli. "Don't stay too long with that Bandar-log," and he made such a face at Ellen, who looked up just then, that she gave way to a fresh burst of tears.

"Oh, dear," thought Alice, "I wonder if she'll ever stop. I wonder if we shall ever find anybody that she likes."

A number of children came along just then and attracted Ellen's attention. Alice did not particularly like their looks, for they were all lame, or blind, or starved, or bruised, or dying, or crippled in some way; but her companion was delighted and wept afresh at each new set. She pointed out a few of them to Alice, with comments such as: "That one is Jackanapes—he'll die very soon. That is Wickey—he'll die, too. That one will have a short life. That one was run over and made a cripple for life saving her little brother. That one almost died because she almost had a pet dog almost cut up alive. That one was misunderstood. That one is going to kill himself, so that the rest of his family can have more to eat when he's gone. Aren't they all beautiful!"

Alice differed in her opinion, but she did not like to say anything, for fear of hurting Ellen's feelings and making her cry. They walked along in silence for a little while—a silence broken only by Ellen's convulsive weeping.

Suddenly, with one great sob, Ellen straightened up and, waving her tear-soaked handkerchief, called Alice's attention to a near-by group of children, saying: "Aren't they lovely? I shall like to join them in their play."

Alice looked carefully. It was cer-

tainly an interesting group. "Curiouser and curiouser," thought Alice as she looked. In the centre was a small, weazened child in a little wheeled carriage. The mark of death was on his face, and he constantly asked a moping girl by his side what the wild waves were saying. Next to these two stood a tiny, helpless cripple with a crutch, and near him was a wretched, half-starved little girl, hand in hand with a decrepit old man. "Oh, oh!" sobbed Ellen. "That is dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—is stirring nimbly in his cage." A crowd of pale, miserable, half-fed, half-

dressed children stood about this central group. One of them was crying for "more"—of what, Alice could not at first make out, though she finally concluded it was tears, as they all wept afresh each time; and Alice's companion gave way to another violent paroxysm and rushed forward, wailing eagerly: "Let me weep, too! Let me weep, too!"

"Well, I never!" said Alice. "If that isn't the most curiousest play I ever saw! I think I'll go back with Mowgli and Bagheera, and we'll find the March Hare and the rest of the animals. I don't think I care so much for the children in this place."

Old Books

BY JOHN W. HILLIARD

OLD books are best! In sooth, I hold
 With wise Koheleth's saw of old:
 Of making books there is no end;
 Therefore, when I'm inclined to spend,
 By modern wares I'm not cajoled.

Bodonis, green, perhaps, with mould,
 An Aldine clad in vellum cold,
 An Elzevir—if fates befriend!—

Old books are best!

A Horace, too, when fortune's doled
 An extra coin or two of gold;
 A Walton—"first," of course—to blend
 Its mirth with Burton's morbid trend;
 By Solomon the truth was told:

Old books are best!

James B. Connolly

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

YOU are to imagine a stalwart, athletic figure; a youthful, rough-hewn, shaven face, at once virile and sensitive; informal simplicity in dress; directness and ardor of speech; warmth, as well as modesty, of manner; cleanness in conscience; abstemious habits; and an exuberant, illimitable passion for adventure—and this is James B. Connolly, author of "Out of Gloucester," to whom Theodore Roosevelt has of late written his appreciation. The President delights in the hardy normality of Mr. Connolly's work; he should by all means meet the man.

For, next to shooting and riding and ruling the Great Republic, President Roosevelt loves best to get the acquaintance of stern literary craftsmen—he had Frank T. Bullen at luncheon the other day, and not even that valiant whaleman can hold a better "yarn" than Mr. Connolly. Has not Connolly, too, hunted whales? And has not Connolly punched steers on a cattle ship, taken alligators in Georgia, gone down in a diving bell, fought at Santiago, twice crossed the ocean in the steerage, travelled from the Russian frontier to Hamburg with the emigrants (locked in with them forty hours, standing all the time), fished with Lapp fishermen out of Hammerfest, Finnish fishermen out of Vardo, and German fishermen in the Baltic—to say nothing of some dozen or more voyages, two of them in the heart of winter, to the Banks of Newfoundland? Why, now that I come to

think of it, his father was a doughty scafarer before him—first a Galway pilot, then a "T-wharf Banker"—and one of Connolly's earliest recollections is that of being carried from the cabin to the fo'c's'le in his father's arms, when the cabin had been flushed out in a gale! Here, then, is an author after President Roosevelt's own heart.

But observe. Unlike Bullen, unlike Hamblen, or Warman, or Stanton King, Mr. Connolly has arrived at authorship by the orthodox path; he is none of your untutored adventurer converted to letters; instead, he had a year at Harvard and served an apprenticeship in random journalism before the editors of "Scribner's" were yet aware of him. Moreover, he is a Bostonian by birth, and belongs, by right of his talents, to that happy class called by the "Springfield Republican" "persons qualified to live in Boston." A rare case, I assure you—adventurer not for "copy," but for sheer love of rough life; author by force of sympathy with doughty seamen; Rooseveltian to the core! Yet, after all his stirring exploits, you find him most singularly modest; indeed, it took no little friendly nudging to force his first appearance in the magazines.

And now I find that I have twice spoken of Mr. Connolly's modesty. You will forgive me—will you not?—since to me his modesty is the most extraordinary thing about him. For this is the same James Connolly who figured

so conspicuously at Athens, in the Olympian games. Those glowing days were enough, you would say, to turn the head of a stoic. Think of it—the welcome by ten thousand people, the flourish of colors, the parades, the speeches, the reception at the Chamber of Deputies and on board U. S. S. “San Francisco,” the drinking of healths, the hobnobbing with Prince George, the double line of soldiers around the arena, and nobody allowed inside but athletes—athletes and Royalty! Connolly was entered for the first event—the triple leaf—which he won, establishing the Continental record. The Stars and Stripes shot up the flagstaff, the band played “The Star-spangled Banner,” and the 150,000 spectators cheered themselves hoarse. A victor’s medal, a diploma, a branch of laurel, a gold and silver bowl, a bit of sculpture, and limitless adulation rewarded the young Bostonian. His picture, surrounded by colored incandescents, was in half the shop windows. Crowds followed him about the streets. He attended the King’s banquet and the Royal picnic at Daphne. Prince George, whose admiration far outsped his English vocabulary, slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed: “Mr. Connolly, your leap was—was—I mean, your leap was—was *disgusting!*” The Athenian populace nicknamed him “the Rabbit.” But what amused him more was the reception he got in South Boston, on his return. The sky was filled with rockets, saloons blazed with red and green lights, bands played “Hail to the Chief,” and policemen who had chased him when he was a boy did their best to keep order. Something of this Mr. Connolly will tell you, when he knows you well enough, and after assiduous pumping—but never by way of boasting. For aught I can see, he regards the whole affair as a romantically fortuitous joke.

But many a thing he will never tell.

The autobiographical note is lacking in his stories, absent almost wholly from his conversation. He is out and out a hero-worshipper, preferring the third person, lavish of praise. Ask about Sol Jacobs or Tommie Ohlsen, and you open the flood-gates. Enthusiastic admiration, growing out of intimate, sympathetic personal contact, inspires the story, spoken or written. Said Emerson Hough, in a chat I once had with him, “You can’t write about anything till you know it, you can’t know it till you love it, you can’t love it till you’ve lived with it.” So here.

And, happily, Mr. Connolly’s athletic vigor fits him to live the actual, perilous, rough life of the world’s most adventurous workers. Unmarried, he roams at will, making endless “experiments in reality.” A stranger to routine, he writes in the calm intervals between those experiments, and during such intervals spares not himself: four thousand words at a sitting—penned words, not type-written—are nothing unusual! And thus his superb endurance tells once again.

A morning’s task of four thousand words, five mornings more of scrupulous polishing, and the story is done. But writing is with Connolly the mere recording of creative intellectual work previously performed. The story, founded perhaps on an actual incident, slowly forms itself in his mind, momentarily takes color and atmosphere, gradually develops character. It evolves. No notes are jotted, no written outline prepared; but little by little the thing becomes a part of the author, who has known it, loved it, lived with it. Then he must write—and for sake of unity and coherency, as well as for dash and fire, must fling off the whole in a single heat. Was it not Carlyle who said, “When the furnace has simmered long, throw wide the door and let the precious metal burst forth at a single gush”?

Now, I fancy I understand something of Mr. Connolly's method, and something of its effect. For one thing it means the suppression of humor: humor is superficial—life is not funny at bottom, it is only funny on top. Connolly drinks too deep of experience, sups too heartily of observation, to chuckle at oddities. He will laugh at your joke, he will repeat the jests of his captains courageous—as of one who, in describing the return of a fishing schooner in a raging storm, said: "They brought her in on her side, with the crew sitting out on the keel." And yet—take a humorous view of any living soul, he will not and cannot. His perceptions are too large, too deep, too true. Moreover, his heart beats too warm, and humor leans toward cruelty.

In another respect his patient brooding tells—his art is sincere, it is free from self-consciousness. All the material gets itself so perfectly assimilated, proportioned, arranged, that the story, finished before written, comes out in the honest, ardent English of a man absolutely sure of himself. He is not creating as he writes; he has long since created. In the full tilt of transcription he can listen to no tempter, whether of affectation, or charlatanry, or any sort of specious brilliancy. His work is, as my honored contemporary Mr. Chuck Connors would put it, "on the level," "the real thing"—no posing here, no straining for effect, never the uncertainty of touch which suggests an author tearing his hair in a frenzy over something, anything, to say next.

Nevertheless, one is tempted to grieve over so slow a method of production. For might not Connolly sit years and years in comfort, doing nothing

but write? And see! After six weeks or so of the pen, he must forth on the trail that is Always New—forth again to the Banks or the whaling grounds, life in hand, seeking fresh material. He must live anew—hear the seamen talk, tread the reeling deck, feel the spray in his face. Bret Harte would have given us volumes where Connolly gives us only one short story. But patience. Precisely such seasons of unproductiveness yield superb, though spasmodic, fruition. After this manner of workman was Alphonse Daudet—loitering week after week in boulevard and café, inviting his soul, putting questions to life, absorbing atmosphere, color, human feeling, thought, passion. Nobody taunts Daudet with having failed to make out a career. So with Connolly—he has learned the merit of Bliss Carman's quatrain:

"Have little care that life is brief
And less that art is long.
Success is in the silences,
Though fame is in the song."

Has Connolly's art a purpose? No—if by purpose you mean the pleading of causes or the pulpiting of abstract ethics. But who can read "Out of Gloucester" and not have his blood leap, feel his heart bound with enthusiasm, hear the Red gods call? Just this is James Connolly's message: Honor the rude humanity of rough and brave men, prize the hardihood and rugged virility which God in His goodness has given you. And this message came home to President Roosevelt, who must forthwith write the author of it his satisfaction that so healthy a tone should make itself felt in American letters.

Sailors as Critics of Sea Fiction

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

YEARS ago, when a mere boy intending to become a sailor, and consequently interested in things nautical, the writer stood before a window where was exhibited a painting by a then unknown artist. It was entitled "Reefing," and was unquestionably a work of art—good in conception, color, and composition. It was a picture of a small schooner, with light canvas furled and the mainsail lowered for reefing, riding over a crested sea, with a background of rain and storm cloud. There was wind, and wet, and work sticking out of every square inch of this picture, but it possessed one technical fault to which the writer's attention was called by two sailors who halted beside him.

"How'd he ever pass that earin' with the boom way off" said one, in a tone of disgust.

"Couldn't reach half the reef points," grunted the other, "let alone the earin'." And away they went; the beauty of the picture lost upon them.

Fore-and-aft canvas is reefed from the deck; and the quick comprehension of the sailors had grasped the fact that the after half of the boom, on which the work was already done, was out of reach of the tallest man.

It was a lesson in seamanship for the writer, and his first in criticism; but, had he not gone to sea a little later, the captiousness of it might not have been confirmed in him. As it was, he spent the next ten years of his life at a

trade in which there are but two ways to do anything—the right way and the wrong. The first was merely necessary and expected of him, the last disastrous and unforgivable; and while he was imbibing these ethics that unknown artist was becoming famous, and now stands in the first rank of the world's marine painters. But, though the writer, in the light of his own ignorance at the time, might have forgiven the first lapse from truth, he cannot, having been a sailor, condone the artist's later sinning. He is a friend and a neighbor, and an all-round lovable man; but he is still a sinner against fact. Realism has rights which even an impressionist should respect; but this prevaricator of the brush and palette paints a stormy sea and sky with flecks of red in the crests of breaking seas, and on the sides of solid objects. A gale of wind really is gray—light gray, or dark gray, but gray. The faint light of a storm will not visibly refract in the liquid prisms. He paints in the red and green side lights of a craft when she is in such a position that one will be hidden by the screen; and with his ever present love of red he paints a blazing reflection of the port light in a sea too rough to show the reflection of a bonfire. He paints a full-rigged ship under sail—one of the finest sights on earth—and he does justice to the beauty of the spectacle; but he puts reef points in the topgallant-sails, which seamanship decrees shall

not be reefed; for if whole topgallantsails are too heavy for the ship, and mere topsails not canvas enough, a compromise can be effected by reefing topsails and setting topgallantsails above.

Of course he has his reasons for these things—for it is beyond question that he knows them—good reasons, too, from an artistic standpoint. Red is a very pretty tint: harmony of color demands that it be sprinkled in various places. And the broad, white expanse of a topgallantsail, unrelieved by detail, is a blemish on an otherwise harmonious composition. Hence the reef-points.

Now, the animus of the foregoing strictures is not the writer's devotion to realism; for this is growing less with the passing of the years, and, with the near advent of his second childhood, eventually will lapse into the romanticism and impressionism of his youth—so he would be consistent with the coming state of mind; but as there is enough of it left in him to intrude itself at this moment, and as it does so after years of study and progress, and charitable thought, and absence from the realistic school, it can be considered as a fair index of the strength of the original brand, and the thoroughness of the tutelage which makes sailors, like women, more alike than different.

And so, in this discussion of sailorly criticism, the writer would strongly insist that what he says adversely of modern marine art in oil or in words comes from the sailor in him, not from the growing idealism of his advancing years. Let this be understood; but if it cannot be understood, then, as he will criticise no further the work of his countrymen, and as he is a worker in words himself, grant him the privilege of the American working man in inveighing against the products of cheap, English labor that are flooding this country to the detriment of honest American industry—in short, the unreal sea stories of the Clark Russells,

Cutcliffe Hynes, and Kiplings of England. For, as there are but few marine oil painters in the world, and as sailors seldom see their work to criticise it, but are inveterate readers, it is with word painters that this discussion will deal, and the sinful artist referred to, being an American, whose sins have served to illustrate the sailorly mind, is dismissed with promise of forgiveness.

With regard to general literature, a sailor is a romanticist, for it is his romanticism which made him, or at least which keeps him, a sailor; but in sea fiction he is a rigid, uncompromising realist. No poetic license and artistic privilege for him: he demands that the author know the ropes. He is apt to criticise Shakespeare in "The Tempest," because the "bosun" gave orders not in keeping with the seamanship that he knows, and to deride the story of St. Paul's shipwreck as an improbable "galley yarn" because, though it might interest him as a well told story of a lively trip, still the anchors were dropped from the stern. Now, he knows that anchors belong on the bows, and expects that writers of stories, whether sacred or secular, should know it too.

So strong is the sailor's realism that it will often dominate and over-rule proof that he is wrong in his criticism. A lately deceased American clergyman once published the story of a trip up the coast in a schooner yacht, and this book, being moral, found its way into one of the libraries supplied to ships by the Seamen's Missions, thence into a fore-castle where lived the writer. An old sailor got the book first, and pronounced it, as he read, a "mighty good yarn"; but when about half way through it he flung it across the fore-castle and reversed his opinion of the book, and its author.

"He says," roared the old realist, "that they trimmed jib sheets down to *windward*. Who the devil ever

heard o' trimmin' jib sheets to windward? Jib sheets trim down to looard, an' any fool knows it."

The story was spoiled for him; and even when the passage was found, and explained as ship-shape and proper—referring to the schooner being "hove-to" to wait for another craft—he would not read more of it. He was a square-rigged sailor, with but a hearsay knowledge of schooners. "Craft back their yards to heave to," he averred profanely; "and if they had no yards they could not heave to."

Hand in hand with the sailor's demand for truth in technique goes his demand for truth in color. He knows the sea, and knows that a storm which is fully covered by the phrase, "a bad blow," can fill him with the sum total of physical pain; and he objects to the awful storms he reads about—he wonders, knowing the possibilities in a bad blow, how any one in the book survives. He objects to the murderous scoundrels who are content to be sailors in the books. Such fellows could not get berths: no one would ship them. He is bad enough himself, he thinks, for practical seafaring. Why should sailors be worse, and still go to sea?

Perhaps the most persistent misrepresenter of sailors and the sea in the world to-day is W. Clark Russell, who has held the field for twenty-five years and worked it well. What experienced and weather-worn seaman ever saw such gales and seas as rage and crash through his novels—such vivid, long-continued lightning, such uproarious thunder? He is an artist in words, and a good one, as such art goes; but why his lavish use of color? The writer read his first book, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," on a passage around the Horn from San Francisco to Queenstown, at an age of extreme impressionability. On that passage there were squalls on the Line, some rather bad weather off the Horn, a gale off the

River Plate, and another in the Bay of Biscay. The Biscay gale blew the seas flat during the squalls and made going aloft easier than coming down. Eighty miles an hour is the measure of a hurricane, and a later reference to Weather Reports at Queenstown gave one hundred and forty-four miles an hour as the estimated velocity of this wind. Surely a wind that can flatten a Biscay sea and blow men aloft is a strong one; but neither in this blow, nor in any other squall or storm of that turbulent passage, could the writer find anything to match the lurid descriptions in the book he had just read.

But it is not in his extravagant use of language that Mr. Russell is most deserving of reproach—although he has, no doubt, lessened the revenues of steamship companies by frightening timid people. It is in his misrepresentation of the sailor. Working for art's sake rather than truth's, he has needed villains in his stories; and these he has drawn from the forecabin. Nowhere in the seafaring world are there such murderous, mutinous scoundrels as burn, sink, and destroy through his pages. In this he has created such strong public sentiment against the sailor that it is difficult to-day for him to obtain justice in the courts—not of England, but of America; for England cares for her sailors, and Mr. Russell could not be taken too seriously over there.

There are two other word painters in England, who can out-paint Mr. Russell when they try, and, curiously, one of them, Frank T. Bullen, who has perhaps been longer at sea than any writer in the world, makes his sailors as good as Mr. Russell makes them bad. They are good as Mr. Bullen himself, and Mr. Bullen is a deeply religious man. But he is a rare exception. Sailors, as a class, in spite of all that has been said and written about their strong faith and trust in Providence,

are a skeptical lot of men. Their intimate contact with the mighty works of God, which has been quoted as the reason of their faith, is exactly what makes them skeptical. They trust, not in Providence, but in good forethought and seamanship. They know there is no mercy to them in the elements; every storm is an enemy seeking their destruction, and this enemy cannot be baffled by faith, or trust, or prayer. On the contrary, they see or hear occasionally of ships being pulled out of very bad scrapes by wicked, blasphemous skippers and mates who know their business.

The other word-painter, Joseph Conrad—and the writer salutes this man, this wonderful master of a language he can hardly speak—must be approached with the respect accorded to genius; for in no other living writer is combined the seamanly knowledge, the insight into the hearts of sailors, and the style of expression which he puts into his sea stories. And yet it might be permissible for the writer, hat in hand before Conrad, to speak of one place where he forgot which tack he was on—a serious thing in practical seamanship. It happened to Conrad in “The Children of the Sea,” when he wore ship at the end of that bad blow off the Cape of Good Hope. Though he carefully refrains from mentioning which tack he had hove to on, using the expressions “windward” and “leeward” in place of “starboard” and “port,” yet he had in his mind, with that west-bound ship, to heave to on the tack which would drift him nearest his course. This is mere common sense; he verifies it on page 92 by mention of the setting sun to leeward, and on page 95 speaks of “the icy south wind.” That ship was hove down on her beam ends on the port tack with her starboard rail buried; and when, in the judgment of her skipper, she had drifted far enough to the west to clear

the Cape, he wore ship, or in reality performed half the operation—brought the south wind on the port quarter—and the ship righted. Then Conrad says this: “The immense volume of water, lifted by her deck, was thrown bodily across to *starboard*,” and again, “the water topped the starboard rail with the rush of a river falling over a dam.” Now that starboard rail was the one that was buried, and the water would have been thrown to port as she righted. A very slight lapse this, of no importance whatever to a landsman; but the writer, reading this vivid account of a wintry gale with every old instinct aroused by the author’s power, actually living the experience with those starved and frozen men, felt, on coming to this mistake, as though a bucketful of that icy water had been dashed in his face. With all sailorly deference to Conrad he protests—to his publishers.

A strenuous sinner is Kipling, who either overrates the strength of a Scotch engineer, or underrates the feel, and the weight, and the uncompromising stiffness of a wet hawser in winter time. In “Bread upon the Waters” he has McFee plunge overboard and swim to a derelict steamer. There is nothing wrong about this, for a bath will not hurt a Scotchman (the writer is Scotch and knows); but McFee drags a long line after him, climbs up with it, then drags a hawser aboard from his own craft and lifts it up to the high bow, where he makes it fast. McFee was a strong man to swim through a Western Ocean sea with that line, but he must have had a hard time getting that hawser aboard. It is a job for all hands. Kipling worked McFee thus hard in the pages of a magazine, but in book form gave him assistance—steam on the forward donkey and a man to hold slack. Yet he was a strong man, too.

But a stronger man than McFee is

Cutcliffe Hyne's doughty Captain Kettle—a little, dried up fellow, according to the fellow-artist's pictures of him—who, in the story called "The Derelict," takes four Portuguese sailors aloft on a two-thousand ton ship, and shortens down everything to lower topsails. Even with the patent rolling upper topsails supplied by Mr. Hyne to make the story plausible, it could not be done; even a main topgallant-sail in such a ship cannot be furled in a gale by five men. It is a job for a watch. Mr. Hyne forgot. He also forgot that wet grain will swell, and that eight feet of water in the lower hold would cause an expansion in bulk

that would not only lift the 'tween-deck, but burst the sides outward; so that long before the plucky and powerful little captain could have arrived to salve her, she would have sunk.

All this is "sailor's growl." No sea story writer may escape it; and if exception be taken to the writer's privilege to "growl" at bad yarn spinning, let him qualify it by quoting a criticism of himself by a Philadelphia reviewer who reviewed one of his books. He gave the title, the sub-title, and the name of the publisher, then this and nothing more: "The author has never been to sea, and does not write like a sailor."

"Lord" Timothy Dexter's Extraordinary Book

FORGOTTEN for many years, the writer had occasion, the other day, to look up a copy of "Lord" Timothy Dexter's extraordinary little volume, published late in the eighteenth century. The book is not a myth, as many suppose, but although original copies of the first and second edition are extremely rare, reprints may be found on a few book-shelves.

"Lord" Timothy Dexter wrote only one book. That was enough. On it rests his literary reputation, but so unique is his production that it holds an undisputed place among the curiosities of American book-making. Possessed of great wealth, as wealth was estimated in his times, and practically no education, "Lord" Timothy was accustomed to having his own way. He had it in his home and business life; he had it with his printers.

In his own estimation "Lord" Timothy was a great man. Persuaded of his greatness, that he was equal to any and every undertaking, like other eminent men of his time, he thought he must become an author. So he wrote "Pickle for the Knowing Ones," demanding that his printers set up and print the book as written. He had courage as well as conviction.

It is a small, thin volume, containing some sense and much nonsense jumbled together, but the most curious thing about the first edition is that there are no punctuation marks. This was commented on, so in a second edition "Lord" Timothy placed at the end of a page of different punctuation marks, this note:

"Mister printer the nowing ones complane of my book the first edition had no stops I put in A Nuf here and

they may peper and solt it as they plese."

"Lord" Timothy was not a fool. By his shrewdness, industry, and a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel he acquired a large fortune, and Samuel L. Knapp, a noted lawyer of his time, who wrote the first life of Daniel Webster, also wrote a life of Dexter. William C. Todd, a later biographer, wrote of him in 1890: "As a man he was worthless, and only deserves the space devoted to him as an example of erroneous biography and tradition, of which so much still remains accepted."

Yet the author of "Pickle for the Knowing Ones" enjoys a peculiar and enduring celebrity. He has been regarded as a most marked example of a man of feeble intellect, gaining wealth purely by luck; but he was more than that. He was eccentric in other things than his extraordinary book. Born at Malden, Mass., January 22, 1747, he, when a mere lad, was apprenticed to a leather dresser in Charlestown, and when twenty-one commenced business for himself. In 1770 he married the Widow Frothingham, older than himself, and who brought him some money, which he invested to his great advantage.

As his wealth increased, so his eccentricities. He assumed the title of Lord, which no one disputed, and moved to Newburyport, where he built a palace. Forty elaborately decorated figures of national celebrities marked the main avenue, among them one of himself bearing the inscription, "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher of the Western world." "Lord" Timothy was not modest. Two gilded lions guarded the entrance to his castle. His ten acres of land were laid out like an English park, and the interior of his house was furnished with a heterogeneous collection of furniture and books from foreign markets.

Having made himself a "Lord" he caused an elegant coach to be built, bearing a coat of arms which he took from a book of heraldry. His tomb was built in the garden, and a massive mahogany coffin with silver handles and mountings was a part of his house furnishings. Hearing that the English king had a poet laureate, he engaged Jonathan Plummer, a fish-monger, to sing his praises. Later in life "Lord" Timothy became addicted to drink, and he died October 26, 1806.

The Poet's Place

BY THOMAS WALSH

THE *Now* is but the eternal vantage-place
Between the Past's and Future's streams;
There does the poet stand, with Janus-face,
In one mouth wisdom, in the other dreams.

The Literary Guillotine

III

Wards in Chancery

THEREFORE, John Kendrick Bangs," said Mark Twain, addressing the convicted humorist, "the decision of the court is that you be taken from this place and confined in the State institution at Matteawan until such time as you shall have been pronounced recovered from your facetious hallucinations. Remove the prisoner."

"One moment, your honor!" cried Bangs anxiously. "Is that the asylum where the inmates thought I had been reporting their conversation? My life wouldn't be worth thirty cents there."

"No, that is not the place," replied Mark Twain. "But before you go let me give you one piece of advice: although birds of a feather flock together, remember when you have reached your destination that it is not a wise thing to utilize that feather as a quill for writing. Now go."

Without further attempt at parley, the author of thirty-three crimes turned and followed the court officer from the room, preserving to the very end the jaunty, confident air which he had worn since the beginning of the trial. It was impossible altogether to suppress a feeling of misplaced sympathy with him. There was, however, but little time for the indulgence of this weakness, as the presiding judge had already begun to address the Professor before his partner in crime had vanished from sight.

"And now, James Brander Matthews," he said, sternly regarding the frightened author, "it becomes my duty to announce the decision of the court in your case. Although we feel that in some respects you are as guilty as the writer just sentenced, yet in view of the fact that it is impossible to conceive that many people have really read your stories, their malevolent influence thus being confined to the editor who published them and to one or two other unimportant persons, we have decided to release you under bonds of \$10 for good behavior. Are you prepared to furnish such a bond?"

"Yes, your honor, that is just the sum a magazine owes me for a serial I wrote for them. I'll ask them to pay me at once."

Mark Twain groaned.

"Good heavens! have you no perception of the seriousness of your position, that you talk about a serial? If that story appears, you are a lost man. I shall, therefore, commit you until you have secured a bond from some other source. Remember, though, no serials, no 'vignettes,' no 'royal marines.' Do you understand?"

The Professor nodded.

"Remove him," ordered Mark Twain, and the Professor was led away to temporary confinement. It may be as well to state at this point that a few hours later the bond for his good behavior was furnished by one of his

colleagues, who had indignantly denounced the "Guillotine" in the journal of which he chanced to be the editor, regardless of the danger he himself ran of becoming its victim.

The disposition here recorded of the cases of Bangs and the Professor had taken place at the opening of the third sitting of the Literary Emergency Court, preliminary to the trial of the fourth offender on our lists. This was a woman, and it was with considerable trepidation, I confess, that we looked forward to the trial, knowing how deeply rooted in the American breast is the regard for woman, even though guilty of such crimes as "Robert Elsmere" and "Eleanor." Moreover, the present case, of course, was complicated by questions of international law; but on the principle that a crime is punishable in the country in which it is committed, we had decided to proceed with the trial on the charge solely of her American copyrights, trusting to the good sense of the English people not to quibble about so trivial a detail as nationality in so great a matter. Besides, did we allow this opportunity to bring her to justice to escape us, chance could hardly be counted on to deliver her into our hands a second time.

"Bring in the prisoner," said Mark Twain to one of the officers.

Instead of obeying, the man advanced and whispered something to him, so low that even I could not hear it.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mark Twain, turning to me, "he says there are two of them."

"Twins?" asked Herford.

"I don't think so, sir," replied the attendant; "leastwise, they don't look like it. One of 'em's tall and thin like, and the other's short and stout. They've been in the same cell since yesterday."

"Man or woman?" again inquired Herford.

"Oh, a female, your honor. Which one shall I bring in first?"

Mark Twain turned toward me inquiringly.

"We'd better have them both in, hadn't we?" I said. "That's the quickest way out of the difficulty."

"Bring in both, then," ordered the presiding judge; and we settled back in our seats to await the solution of the mystery.

"Two women shall be in one cell," quoted Herford irreverently, "one of them shall be taken and the other left. Great Scott!"

This exclamation was caused by the appearance in the doorway leading to the prisoners' quarters of a rather tall, severe-looking female figure, dressed in black and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles.

"'The Gates Ajar'!" cried Mark Twain. "I might have known."

Closely following the tall one came her whom we were expecting, the "other" twin, as Herford had styled her, the author of "Marcella" and "David Grieve." In her arms she carried a number of books, which proved to be a complete collection of her works. All our attention, however, was needed for the other lady, who was in a high state of excitement. Looking neither to the right nor left, she advanced to the enclosure in front of our desks, when she came to a stop and stood regarding us with flashing eyes, struggling for speech.

"What—what does this—mean?" she at last succeeded in ejaculating. "Why am I imprisoned in this manner and kept confined all night in a cell with—with this creature? What does it mean—tell me!"

It was evident that the flood-gates of tears were about to be set ajar unless preventive measures were quickly taken.

"Madam, madam," said Mark Twain deprecatingly, "I beg of you,

be calm! There is some horrible mistake here, I assure you. It was never intended that you should be arrested."

"I can't hear you!" was the tearful plaint. "I can't hear anything! Oh my, oh my, this too!"

"Tell her to take the cotton out of her ears, then," said Mark Twain, addressing Loomis.

"Take the cotton out of your ears!" thundered the prosecuting attorney. The second attempt to make her hear was successful.

"Oh my, I forgot!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands to her ears and removing the obstruction. "Now I hear everything. I put the cotton in because the woman you put me in the cell with insisted on telling me the detailed story of 'Lady Rose's Daughter.' My face burns with shame at the recollection."

"I sympathize with your sensations, madam," said Mark Twain, "and I hope you will accept our apology for this unfortunate accident. The similarity of names must have been at the bottom of the whole trouble."

By this time, with the unexpected recovery of her hearing and the prospect of immediate release, the purveyor of celestial literature had begun somewhat to recover her usual equanimity.

"And now, Mrs. Ward," said Mark Twain encouragingly, "will you kindly explain to the court how and when you were arrested?"

"Well, your honor," replied the tall lady, "there is very little to tell. I had come down to this wicked city from Boston for a day or two, and had gone to my usual temperance hotel. Yesterday as I was sitting in my room, drinking a glass of sarsaparilla and writing on my new book, 'The Gates Unhinged,' suddenly a young man threw open the door and advanced toward me.

"Are you Mrs. Ward?" he inquired fiercely.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Ward," I replied; 'but by what right——'

"You are arrested for the crime of 'Robert Elsmere,'" he interrupted, 'come along!'

"In vain I protested that I was not the person he wanted; that I had never written so wicked a book—he would not listen to a word, but forced me to come with him to this place, where they locked me in with that woman who insisted on telling me the story of 'Lady Rose's Daughter.'"

"Well, Mrs. Ward," said Mark Twain, "I can only repeat my apology and assure you that no such inhuman punishment was intended. Indeed, your arrest was altogether a mistake. Since you are here, however, I will take this opportunity of telling you that as a matter of fact we did examine into your record, and that although there was nothing found—er—deserving of an indictment, yet there are one or two minor points of which the court desires to warn you, purely in a friendly way, you understand. Mr. Loomis, I think you have the notes to which I refer. Will you please convey the court's admonition to the lady at the bar."

"Madam," said Loomis, rising, "I am, as you see, almost young enough to be your hus—your son, so that it is with a certain reluctance that I fulfil the court's command. However, it is my duty to obey. The points in your writings referred to by his honor are relatively unimportant, but of course nothing can be deemed absolutely unimportant in works dealing with heaven and its daily life. Information regarding no other place of which I can think, with one exception, is of such vital interest. However, it is not primarily of the celestial side of your writings that I wish to speak, but of the terrestrial, save that we should like to have your assurance that the marriage in heaven of the young lady in 'The Gates Beyond' with the husband of

another woman is borne out by your other revelations, so that no one may be disappointed in his or her hopes of getting a divorce after life's fitful dream. You got your information straight, did you?"

"You may rest perfectly assured on that point," was the reply; "although I do not quite approve of your flippant way of putting it."

"Your assurance will be welcome, Mrs. Ward," said the prosecuting attorney gravely, "to thousands of people throughout the country, I am sure. However, it is of other matters that I desire to speak. From time to time in your writings you have allowed, doubtless unwittingly, certain expressions of a vulgar nature to slip in which, we fear, may tend to tarnish the minds of the members of the Epworth League and the King's Daughters who may chance upon them. Thus, for instance, on page 59 of 'The Gates Ajar,' you say: 'Uncle Forceythe wanted mission-work, and mission-work he found here (in Kansas) with—I should say with a vengeance, if the expression were exactly suited to an elegantly constructed and reflective journal.' Of course, Mrs. Ward, I have but to read this paragraph for you to see its impropriety—such an expression has no place, even apologetically, in an elegantly constructed and reflective journal."

"You are right, Mr. Loomis," said the authoress; "I shall see that it does not occur in the next edition. Is there anything more?"

"Yes, madam, I am sorry to say there is; this time quite a serious matter. The members of the court have deeply regretted to see that your influence has been thrown in favor of hasty and ill-considered marriages, instead of tending to inculcate in young people the wisdom of delay and prayerful consideration in such matters. Thus, on page 21 of 'The Gates Between,' you allow your hero to say: 'Be that as it

may, beyond my reach for yet another year she did remain. Gently as she inclined toward me, to love she made no haste.' Yet five pages later on we find this sensational announcement: 'A year from the time of my most blessed accident beside the trout-brook—in one year and two months from that day—my lady and I were married.' Mrs. Ward, can you not make that seven years?"

"Well, I might," she replied, doubtfully. "Suppose, though, we compromise on five years?"

"Well, I think that will do," said Loomis; "but don't forget the two months."

"No, sir, I won't."

"And now, if the court pleases, I have finished with the present writer, and unless your honors desire to examine her I shall excuse her."

"One moment, Mrs. Ward," said Mark Twain, "I should like to ask you a question. Did you write 'The Confessions of a Wife'?"

"Mr. Clemens," was the stiff reply, "I am surprised that you should ask me this question in open court, as you must remember when you first told me you were writing such a story I suggested for it the name 'True Love Ajar.'"

For the first time in my experience Mark Twain was embarrassed. Somewhat sharply he replied:

"Madam, you seem to have preserving on your mind. You are excused, but do not leave the room; we may want you as a witness. Call the case."

"Mary Augusta Ward to the bar!" rang out through the room.

With a start the great English authoress woke from the perusal of 'David Grieve' and rose to her feet.

"You have not heard the indictment read, I believe?" said Mark Twain.

"No."

"Do you wish to hear it?"

"No."

"Have you counsel to defend you, or shall we assign you counsel?"

"Neither—I do not recognize your right to try me. Do you realize who I am?"

"I think so, madam."

"I am Mrs.—Humphrey—Ward, author of 'Marcella,' 'Robert Elsmere,' 'Sir George Tressady,' 'Eleanor,' and other novels."

"You admit it, then?"

The prisoner regarded him in speechless astonishment.

"You don't seem to understand me, sir—I am Mrs. Humphrey Ward, niece of Matthew Arnold."

"Madam," replied Mark Twain, "you force me to remind you of a remark which your uncle once made. 'If it had been intended that there should be a novelist in our family,' said the great critic, 'I should have been the novelist.' He made that remark late in life."

Mrs. Ward drew herself up stiffly and an angry flush overspread her face.

"Be that as it may," she said, with great dignity, "I refuse to discuss the matter with you. I am an English subject, and I have appealed to my ambassador at Washington. You shall smart for this outrage."

"Perhaps—later on. But at present I shall have to ask you to plead to the indictment. Are you guilty or innocent of the crime of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters? What say you?"

"I refuse to plead."

"Enter a plea of not guilty. Proceed to draw the jury, Mr. Loomis. You have the special panel of Italians for 'Eleanor,' I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. I will have the names called."

Under the circumstances there was, of course, little difficulty experienced in securing twelve men to try the accused, as none of them was challenged. All of them were of Italian parentage

or birth, and a more bloodthirsty looking set of men it would be hard to find. It was evident that they had read "Eleanor."

"Now, Mr. Loomis, are you ready to begin?" asked Mark Twain when the last juryman had taken his seat.

Before Loomis could reply, however, a court attendant pushed his way to the front and handed the presiding judge a card. He glanced at it, and then so far forgot himself as to whistle. Then he held it out for me to see.

"Hall Caine" was the name that met my astonished eyes. But there was no time for comment, for the man who looked like Shakespeare was rapidly advancing toward us, regardless of the angry murmurs of the crowd.

"Order in the court!"

As the newcomer ascended the steps of the dais on which were our chairs, Mark Twain rose to receive him, and I, of course, did likewise. Herford, on the other hand, remained immovable in his chair, busied with a sketch of Cain killing his brother Abel.

"We are much honored by this visit, Sir Hall," said Mark Twain, extending his hand to the lord of Greeba Castle. "Let me present my colleagues."

This, of course, forced Herford to rise, which he did with a very bad grace.

"Permit a slight correction on my part, Mr. Clemens," said the great novelist, as he prepared to seat himself in the cushioned chair which had been placed for him between Mark Twain's and mine, "I am without title—as yet."

"Pardon me," said Mark Twain, with a bow.

"Don't mention it," replied the Manxman graciously, as he settled himself between us. "Ah, Mr. Clemens, this is a most auspicious occasion. You are doing a noble work, sir, a noble work."

"We think so, Sir—Mr. Caine; we

think so. But our labors have only just begun. Just wait until you see whom we bring to trial next time. We had hardly dared to hope, though, to induce you to attend our sittings."

"I was at the photographer's when word reached me of to-day's session," was the reply; "but despite the fact that I had only had seventeen postures taken, I immediately broke off and hurried around to urge you to prosecute this case relentlessly. The slightest admixture of mercy would here be out of place. Why, to show you the enormity of this writer's crimes, I need only mention the fact that several of her novels have sold almost as extensively as my own."

"No—is it as bad as that?" cried Mark Twain, incredulously. "Perhaps later you yourself will take the stand against her?"

"No, no! People would say that I was actuated by jealousy. Of course, such a thing is as foolish as though Alfred Austin were accused of being jealous of Kipling—I mean the other way round—but you know how ready the world is to impute unworthy motives. But, come, I must no longer interrupt the trial. Pray continue, and from time to time I will give you the benefit of my suggestions."

"Thank you. But pardon me one moment."

Thereupon Mark Twain wrote a few words on a slip of paper, folded it, and handed it to an officer without showing it either to Herford or myself.

"Now, Mr. Loomis," he said, "please continue the case."

I glanced at Herford's sketch. He had finished it, and underneath were the words: "And Caine said, My punishment is greater than I can bear."

What did Herford mean by that?

"May it please the court," began Loomis slowly, "I shall make no speech in opening this case; I shall let it speak for itself; it is perfectly able to. If the

accused is agreeable, however, I should like to question her in regard to a few points in her writings."

Loomis paused for a reply, but none was forthcoming.

"Do you hear, Mrs. Ward?" said Mark Twain. "The prosecuting attorney wishes to know whether you are willing to go on the stand."

Slowly the authoress raised her eyes from the pages of "Helbeck of Banisdale" to the face of the presiding judge.

"I have announced once for all that I refuse to recognize your right to try me," she said with dignity. "Kindly permit me to read undisturbed."

Mark Twain scratched his head in perplexity, and leaned across in front of our distinguished visitor to consult with me.

"I declare, I'm at a loss what to do with this woman," he said helplessly. "Can we go on and condemn her unheard? What do you think?"

"Tut, tut!" interrupted Caine impatiently, "hasn't she made herself heard enough all these years? She's trying to bluff you. She knows it's her only chance."

"What do you think about it, Herford?"

"Well," replied that individual quietly, "one thing's certain—dead women write no tales."

"Continue, Mr. Loomis," said Mark Twain.

"May it please the court," said Loomis, in obedience to the command, "although the refusal of the accused to take the stand is regrettable, chiefly for the reason that we cannot now hope to learn what great personage of the past she is the reincarnation of, yet it simplifies the matter surprisingly. Indeed, in view of the intelligence of the present jury, it would be safe, I feel sure, to submit the case to them on the ground of 'Eleanor' alone. Still, to do so would not be to do my full duty.

I shall, therefore, beg the indulgence of the court while I read one or two short extracts from the writings of the accused, that the jury may form some idea as to the justice of the indictment. I think, also, such a proceeding will set us right in the eyes of posterity. For this purpose I have selected at random one or two passages from the pages of 'Robert Elsmere' leading up to and during the solicitation of Robert for Catherine's love. It was a strenuous time—so strenuous, indeed, that the chronicler of their wooing became somewhat confused in her use of the English language. At the beginning of this duel of love, we are informed: 'And she (Catherine) turned to him deadly pale, the faintest, sweetest smile on her lips.' In view of that 'deadly' paleness, it never surprised me that Robert hesitated thirty pages longer with his proposal. But at last it came, that beautiful declaration of love which lasts for so many hours and which can be unreservedly and verbatim recommended to young men contemplating a proposal of marriage in a storm on the mountain-side. 'Send me out to the work of life maimed and sorrowful, or send me out your knight, your possession, pledged.' To be sure, this is somewhat suggestive of a transaction at the pawnbroker's, but, of course, that was unintentional. I have read this passage to you, however, not primarily for its own sake, touching though it be, but that it might serve as a standard of comparison, as they say in trials where questions of handwriting are involved, with the beautiful extract which I am now about to read. Kindly give me your undivided attention. 'She is a tall, grave woman, with serious eyes and dead-brown hair, the shade of withered leaves in autumn, with a sad, beautiful face. It is the face of one who has suffered and been patient; who, from the depths of a noble, selfless nature,

looks out upon the world with mild eyes of charity; a woman, yet a girl in years, whom one termed his pearl among women.'"

Hardly had Loomis ceased to read before Mrs. Ward was on her feet.

"I protest," she exclaimed, her voice shaking with emotion, "I protest against the practice of the prosecuting attorney to read extracts from my works dissociated from the context. It is not fair to me. Who would pretend to judge 'Hamlet' from one scene, or the 'Divine Comedy' from one canto? That passage must be read in connection with the whole mosaic of which it is a part."

"Madam," said Loomis quietly, at the close of this outbreak, "you declared at the beginning of the trial that you would refuse to defend yourself. Had you stuck to this decision you would have been wise. I did not say that the extract which I just read was from your pen. It was not. What would you say did I tell you that it was from the pen of that eminent novelist, Hall Caine? I did not think you would fall into the trap so easily."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Then some one in the rear laughed, and a ripple of mirth swept over the assembly.

"Silence in the court!"

Hall Caine was bursting with rage.

"This is an outrage!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could find words to express his feelings, "an unpardonable impertinence! To impute my work to the author of 'David Grieve'! Mr. Clemens, I demand an apology for this insult, or I shall leave the court-room."

"One moment, one moment, Mr. Caine!" said Mark Twain in his most soothing manner. "Be calm, I beg of you. Surely you must see that this insult was not contemplated. It was the result solely of youthful indiscretion on the part of the prosecuting attorney. You will have ample oppor-

tunity to protest openly, ample opportunity. But, as you must realize, this is not the proper time for it. We must first finish this trial. Have but a little patience."

It was a difficult matter to quiet the lord of the Castle, but at last, on Mark Twain's repeated assurance that the offended author would enjoy occasion to protest publicly against this unauthorized use of his name, the great man consented to waive the matter for the present. Mark Twain then instructed Loomis to continue the trial.

"I had contemplated calling a specialist on vivisection," said Loomis, addressing the court, "to testify to Mrs. Ward's inhuman treatment of Sir George Tressady by torturing him to death by inches through thirty pages and more, even reviving him at the moment when it seemed that his sufferings had at last reached an end, but in view of the strength of the case already made out against her, I do not feel that it will be necessary further to encroach on the time of the court and of this intelligent jury. I shall, therefore, rest the case for the State with this single admonition: Remember 'Eleanor.'"

"Do you wish to call any witnesses for the defence?"

No reply.

"Mrs. Ward, do you wish to call any witnesses for the defence?"

Still no reply. Evidently all the attention of the accused was needed for one of the humorous scenes in "David Grieve."

"Do you desire to address the jury, Mr. Loomis?"

"No, your honor; I think that will be unnecessary."

"Well, then, it only remains for me to charge them. Gentlemen of the jury, you——"

Thus far had Mark Twain got in his address when a sudden commotion at the entrance caused him to pause. A

moment later a messenger was making his way toward us. I watched him with fascinated eyes, a premonition of the truth in my heart.

"A message from Washington, sir," said the man, stopping before the presiding judge and handing him a large, official envelope.

With trembling fingers Mark Twain tore off the cover and spread out the contents to view. This is what met our eyes:

"Mrs. Ward's arrest threatens to cause a revolution among the shop-keeping classes of London. Protest against her trial has therefore been made by the British ambassador. Her immediate discharge from custody is ordered. Signed, The President of the United States."

There was a sob beside me, and I turned to see a tear fall from Hall Caine's nose.

"Oh, what a blow literature has suffered this day!" he moaned. "Nothing else under heaven could have saved her!"

Mark Twain was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"Let the accused stand up," he commanded in a voice that brooked no hesitation.

"Mary Augusta Ward," he said, addressing the surprised authoress, "owing to executive clemency I am forced herewith to discharge you from custody. You may leave the court."

For a moment she made no reply.

"Ah!" she cried at last. "Did I not tell you that England never deserted her great sons and daughters?"

Therewith she quickly gathered together her complete works, and with a glance of triumph at our dejected countenances she turned and swept down the aisle through the rows of angry, threatening people and disappeared into the street.

In a few appropriate words Mark Twain then discharged the jury, and,

rising, he started to withdraw, too disappointed to trust himself to speak. Herford and I prepared to follow him, but Hall Caine still continued to sit, crushed by the blow that had fallen, his eyes fixed on space. But suddenly he aroused himself and rose to leave. Without a word he descended the steps of the dais and started toward the exit.

"One moment, there," said an officer, stepping to his side and tapping him on the shoulder, "you are wanted."

"I am wanted — what do you mean?" cried the novelist, suddenly awaking to full energy.

"I hereby arrest you for the crime of 'The Christian,' 'The Eternal

City,' and numerous other novels. Come with me."

For an instant it seemed as though the man who looked like Shakespeare was about to make a dash for Mark Twain, who had stopped to watch the arrest. But with sudden self-control he forced down his rage and drew himself up with great dignity.

"So, that is the manner in which you distinguish between genius and its opposite in literature!" he said scathingly. "For this arrest your name will go down to posterity as that of a vandal. Lead on, gaoler, I submit to barbaric force!"

So that was the meaning of the writing beneath Herford's sketch!

Villanelle

Englished from the French of Jean Passerat by A. Lenalie.

I have lost my dove for aye;
Stilled her notes of ecstasy:
I would follow her alway.

Dost regret thy mate's brief stay?
This, alas! befalleth me;
I have lost my dove for aye.

None doth thy true love allay?
So, too, love I faithfully:
I would follow her alway.

Thou renew'st thy plaint each day?
Ever plaining must I be;
I have lost my dove for aye.

Now, Earth's fairest flown away,
Naught else beautiful I see;
I would follow her alway.

Death, to whom so oft I pray,
Take thou him who turns to thee;
I have lost my dove for aye;
I would follow her alway.

This famous model, complete in nineteen lines, fulfills the conditions now held strictly binding for the form of French verse called the Villanelle.

Petrarch's Last Sonnet; or, Three-Quarters of an Hour at Vaucluse

BY HENRY TYRRELL

INQUIRE not too curiously," said Petrarch, "why I am here, nor how I came, at this time, in what you seem to think such questionable shape. Those things which you are pleased to call the mysteries of Life and Death are commonplaces to me. On my part, I readily forbear asking tedious explanations of you, gentle voyager from a wild western land unmarked upon the maps, until discovered by a Genovese compatriot of mine."

"Yes—I'm from New York," put in the American Poet-Editor, who was improving the opportunity of a month's vacation to make a tour of Provence.

"From New York, and yet you would discourse of poetry—nay, even claim to be a laureate *en gaye science*?"

"That's what," answered Mr. R. W. Gilder, with modest insistence. "I have been persuaded to accept a complimentary membership with the *Félibres*, or New Troubadours of Avignon. Here are my published poems, in the American language, to which I owe that exotic honor. But, doubtless, my verses will be as unintelligible to you as the Provençal of the *Félibres* is to me."

He handed Petrarch a little mouse-colored volume, bearing the Century imprint, and entitled "Sonnets, Lyrics, and The Celestial Passion."

"Welcome, then, savage bard, to my rustic solitude of the Vallis Clausa. Sojourn with me here a while, and you shall tell me of the rude native songs of your people."

Mr. Gilder looked at his watch, nervously, and said:

"I can give you three-quarters of an hour. You see, unfortunately, this meeting of ours is a chance one, and not by previous appointment. I ran out here to Vaucluse merely to get a few snapshots of the Fountain, and of your house—which latter, by the way, I am glad to have you vouch for as authentic, so that I can publish a picture of it in the Magazine. Now, it is a four-mile drive from here to l'Isle-sur-Sorgue, where I have to catch the train back to Avignon—and I wouldn't like to be out after dark."

Petrarch offered him refreshment, in the form of a rare Rhine wine from Châteauneuf-des-Papes; but the Poet-Editor declined it with graceful thanks, saying he never took anything stronger than milk-and-water.

Knowing little English, and less United States, Petrarch turned the leaves of the Century book in vague perplexity. Mr. Gilder came to his aid, and translated some of the titles into French or Italian, according to his hazards of vocabulary in those tongues.

"A 'Drinking Song'?" repeated Petrarch, pausing at one of these selections. "I thought you told me you looked not upon the wine."

"Merely symbolical—the figurative expression of a spiritual, not spirituous, mood," replied the Poet-Editor hastily; and he improvised a free translation of the following stanza:

"Hope not thou to live hereafter
In men's memories and laughter,
When, 'twixt hearth and ringing rafter

Death thee shall call.

For we both shall be forgotten,
Friend, when thou and I are rotten
And the grave hides all."

The Italian looked very glum at this, and scowled as he finally said:

"Speak for yourself, Signor Americano. Kindly leave me out. Not so fast, if you please, about our *both* being 'rotten.' Whatever opinion your contemporaries may hold as to your verses, mine have lasted some five centuries already, and still live in men's memories, if not in their laughter."

Mr. Gilder hastened to change the subject, and began to talk about the sonnet.

"You will be pleased to know, my dear Petrarca," he said, "that the artful fourteen-line stanza which you so affected has become the favorite and recognized vehicle of poetic expression in our great Republic."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's a fact, and I can prove it by statistics. My friend Mr. Stedman has compiled an American Anthology, showing that in our vast country there are only about five hundred poets, including himself and all his personal and family acquaintances. Now, as a practical magazine-editor, I can assert positively, of my own knowledge, that there are over five thousand sonneteers, male and female."

"Are you one of them?"

"Er—well, I have written a sonnet on the sonnet. Listen:

"What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell

That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;

A precious jewel carved most curiously;

It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell

From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;

A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah, me!

Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;

The solemn organ whereon Milton played,

And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:

A sea is this—beware who ventureth!

For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid

Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls."

"H'm. I don't see anything particularly the matter with that," mused Petrarch. "Of course, I am at a disadvantage, not understanding your language. Still, I couldn't help noticing that my name was not among those you mentioned. Where do I come in?"

"The fact is," faltered Mr. Gilder, visibly embarrassed, "writing as I did for the home circle, I thought it prudent on moral grounds to leave you out. Not that I am personally an extremist in such matters; but, amongst the English-speaking races, there is undoubtedly a strong popular prejudice against any hint of irregularity in the relations of the sexes, don't you know. Of course it is a well understood historical fact that Madame Laura, to whom all your sonnets are addressed, was a married woman, and—ahem!—not *your* wife."

There was a dangerous glint in the Italian's eyes—Mr. Gilder wondered if he carried a stiletto—but he continued his interrogation calmly enough.

"Are those other poets, whose names I don't recall, the approved models of propriety?"

"Milton is safe, and so is Dante—for his love sonnets, like King Solomon's Canticles, have been pronounced purely allegorical. Shakespeare—well, Shakespeare is a great classic, an exception to all rules; so we have to give him the benefit of the doubt."

"But those five thousand American sonneteers—don't they write about love unconstrainedly?"

"Not in 'Old Hundred.'"

"'Old Hundred'?"

"Yes. That is the name of my Magazine. It is the limit—I mean the standard, leading high-class, or thirty-five-cent, illustrated periodical. Everybody reads it."

"Does everybody write in it?"

"Oh, no. We are very particular about that. Our contributors are all celebrated writers, mostly Generals and Admirals. We make a serious attempt to maintain a humorous and cheerful tone. We keep heavily stocked with material in the lighter vein. Josiah Flynt writes regularly about Tramps. Our poetry is by such singers as Charles De Kay, Clinton Scollard, Edith Matilda Thomas, Hildegard Hawthorne, Carolyn Wells, and John B. Tabb. I write, also."

"Would you accept a poem from me?" asked Petrarch, growing interested.

"Why—we should be very glad to examine anything of yours," answered "Old Hundred's" editor, warily.

"Here is an unpublished sonnet, which possibly you might like."

He produced a manuscript-scroll, which Mr. Gilder took and perused with apparently unfeigned enthusiasm, murmuring:

"I could translate it, if suitable. Let's see. This first line—

"*'E quale è quei che disvuol ciò che volle,'*

might be rendered in English:

"'As one who unwill's that which he did will,'

and so forth. Yes—a sonnet from your pen, translated by mine, and above all beginning with the magic formula, "As one who," ought to be worthy of a place in 'Old Hundred.' I'll let you know promptly, in any case. And, now, so long, Petrarca! *Grazie—mille grazie!* I must catch that train. *A rivederci!*"

Some three months later, a long envelope bearing the New York postmark and addressed to "F. Petrarch, Esq., Vacluse, France," turned up at Avignon. It was forwarded from there with the added superscription, "Try Arqua, Italy." Eventually it landed in the Italian Dead Letter Office, whence it was sent back to America; and, having been opened, was found to contain the rejected manuscript of a sonnet, accompanied by a note from the editorial office of "Old Hundred," saying:

"Dear Sir:—

"We are very sorry to have to return this manuscript, which you kindly submitted; but upon careful consideration it proves unadapted to the special requirements of 'Old Hundred.' We have on hand enough similar material, previously accepted, to supply the needs of the Magazine for several decades to come. Moreover, we are compelled to make up our plans so far in advance, that the earliest possible number in which we could have published your contribution would have been a year from next March. Thanking you for letting us read it, we are,

"Very truly yours,

"THE EDITORS.

"P.S. We never use translations."

Tragedy and the American Spirit

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

TRAGEDY in America is dying of neglect. Not so abroad. Ibsen is a prophet even in Norway: in Germany Goethe lives: in France, while Racine exists on Government bounty, Réjane and Antoine carry modern plays as poignant, if less perfect, to success: in England Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Tree, Sir Henry Irving face their stolid public with Bjørnsen, Stephen Phillips, and Shakespeare (somewhat bedizened). But here the Syndicate demurs, and when Maude Adams, for example, begs permission to play Juliet, "Who," asks the Syndicate, "who, my dear Miss Adams, is Juliet?"

So at least runs the legend, and few are the legends not founded on fact. But though a fact, the Syndicate's indifference is not fundamental. It is merely a symbol of the public's indifference. If the public craved tragedy, the Syndicate would submit. But how much does even the best of the public—how much do you and I and the matinee girl—care for King Lear and for Oedipus. In our hearts we prefer the Rogers Brothers. No wonder, then, if tired typewriters and commercial travellers flock frankly to "Florodora," and leave tragedy to die.

So much for the surface aspect, an aspect after all far from hopeless. If matters were really no worse than this, tragedy might rise again, might actually thrive as it seems to thrive when American curiosity, with six thousand

eyes, stares night after night at Sir Henry Irving or Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But curiosity is no gauge of kinship; and curiosity, even the most appreciative, even the most sympathetic, cannot naturalize life alien to the soul. Such is tragedy: to the American spirit pagan, strange, outworn. And this, not for superficial reasons, but because our basic preconceptions and those of tragedy are utterly at odds.

At first blush this seems preposterous. While the world lasts, there must be pain and death and the horror of moral evil, and every sane spirit—and the American spirit is essentially sane—must meet these things and face them. But the tragic spirit faces them in one way, the American in another. And the difference remains unnoticed only because tragedy is little by little losing its tragic soul.

Go back to Aeschylus, and the antagonism grows clear:

"Lo, in grim earnest the world
Is shaken, the roar of thunders
Reverberates; gleams the red levin,
And whirlwinds lick up the dust.
All the blasts of the winds leap out
And meet in tumultuous conflict,
Confounding the sea and the heavens.
'Tis Zeus who driveth his furies
To smite me with terror and madness."

Instinctively we recoil from this hap-

less majesty. Its despair is alien to us; the hostile god behind it, pagan and strange. Yet such despair is the essence of tragedy; such a god, with his hostility, is its *sine qua non*. In Sophocles, it is the god Fate driving the unconscious Oedipus hideously into sin, and punishing him, though innocent, with self-inflicted blindness and with horror and endless remorse. In Shakespeare at his somberest, 'tis the malignantly equivocating god Witchcraft who lures the weak Macbeth where

“Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player
That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a
tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and
fury,
Signifying nothing.”

Finally, in Ibsen, it is the god Inheritance, that hostile deity who, in “Ghosts,” punishes Oswald, for his father's wantonness, with imbecility.

If this be the essence of tragedy, need we mourn that the American Jugernaut has crushed every chance of its popularity? The typewriters flocking to “Florodora” are wiser than they know. With gay sanity they are slaughtering what might else pervert us. For their sake, library dust lies thick on the tragic masterpiece; and all is well. Saner masterpieces, embodiments of modern victory, will the sooner rise to supplant them.

Tragedy in America is dead. It may rise again in some flickering resurrection; but the flame of it is fated, has been fated from the first. The vision of life which it revealed was transient and barbaric, that of a primitive people cowering before the apparent hostility of Nature, and fearing it as God. The vision shifted. From the Zeus of Aeschylus it became Sophocles' Fate.

Darkened by Judaism, softened by Christianity, it changed during the middle ages into that Being, half vengeful Jehovah, half Christ and comforter, the Monastic God. Time passed. The Comforter drew near. And though life at its worst seemed hopeless, death finally smiled. This was Shakespeare's more peaceful vision. This it was which made him say of Lear:

“Oh, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough
world
Stretch him out longer.”

And to Hamlet:

“Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy
rest.”

Now this Shakespearian view of things has a beauty which appeals deeply to most of us. Some it even satisfies. But these are muddle-headed or foreign at heart. Your clear-witted American does not act on Shakespeare's assumptions. Rather he ignores them, and that as serenely as the Elizabethan ignored the Zeus of Aeschylus. Nor is the reason far to seek. Zeus, the type of a hostile Nature, was remote from Elizabethan experience: quite as remote from our experience is the baffling Nature made flesh in the God of Shakespeare. Half hostile, half friendly, a God divided against Himself, He puzzled and tortured. His uncomprehended lightnings flashed to no purpose; His revelations left man a stranger on the earth. Our God is single, all-pervading, infinitely kind.

Through his inspiration, we know ourselves at one with the world. As never since the beginning, Nature is our friend; its soul responds to ours; its laws conform to our guesses, or refute them only to teach us guesswork more prophetic; its forces join themselves to

our strength, or confound it only to reveal to us forces more divine. Divinity at last transfuses the outer universe; through man the same divinity wells up singing toward the sunshine; and as our vision clears, we see in the fall of a storm-racked oak and in the gleam of a friend's eye the same and eternal life.

Sheer mysticism, this? Far otherwise. It is the one practical and rigidly necessary assumption of our daily life. Without it science would be an illusion, democracy madness, philanthropy a mush. If God's law did not animate the activity of atoms as well as the life of man's mind, testing chemical hypotheses by experiment would be, not a communion with Nature, but a making of mud pies. If God's reason did not glow, whether brightly or dully, in every man's opinions, a popular election would be, not the sacrament that it is, but mere mummery, a counting of stupid noses. If God's will did not struggle upward in each guttersnipe's aspiration, giving the guttersnipe opportunities would be, not worship, but a watering of weeds. Consciously or unconsciously, however, we make the great assumption. We trust in the divinity of life, and life backs us up. The three-armed, the four-armed, and the one-armed atom, which a chemical hypothesis states should be able to join hands and dance in two different groups, actually do so; and thus, of the same elements, form two different substances. Pat and Jonathan, Carl and Juan, whom we trust with the ballot, march to the polling booth and elect Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley; and a nameless child, transplanted from New York slums to the plains of Texas, makes of himself a State Governor.

To these and all our successes the great assumption is necessary. Yet still more needful is its inspiration in facing our failures. Tragic indeed would be the plight of slaves and waifs

and Confederate soldiers, were it not for the conscious or unconscious feeling that divinity lurks also in the calamities of life. Lacking this sense, the enslaved Prometheus cried out desperately against Zeus, and François Villon took to theft and found the gallows, and Boulanger shot himself through the heart. Possessing it, if only partially, Booker Washington, the former slave, has lived to say, "Notwithstanding the cruelty and moral wrong of slavery, the ten million negroes who went through the school of American slavery are in a stronger and more hopeful condition, materially, intellectually, morally, and religiously, than any others in the world." And General Wheeler, who might well be a continual mourner for the South, makes of its shattered aristocracy friends for the new democracy; and with their aid fights our battles against Spain.

Thus in defeat the American sows the seeds of victory; and while these still lie in ground watered with tears and blood, he knows already the beauty of their flowering. For there is no event, not the worst, but God is of and in it. And for Oedipus in his remorse and Oswald in his imbecility, there is infinite certainty of good.

Toward this feeling men have groped from the beginning. It remains for us to make it vividly distinct. And this can best be done, not by argument or preaching, but by portraying the spirit in which God is most triumphant, the spirit, that is, in which Life most abounds. This is the American. Often, to be sure, it varies grotesquely from accepted standards. Inconsistent, iconoclastic, a vandal in certain moods, it tramples on things lovely and things old. A hater of priggishness, abhorring red tape, it cuts knots that it might unravel, lynches criminals it might reform, yet it holds to a rough, sweet sense of justice; shows, in its realest moments, a delicacy of deed and

feeling almost unforeshadowed. Not a follower of King René sang with the refinement or acted with the chivalry of Whittier or the occasional cow-puncher. And, paradoxical as it is, the fact is clear that in the heart of a Georgia mob, in Whittier's verse, and in the cow-puncher's respect for a woman, lives the same spirit whose largeness and delicacy, whose tenderness and unconquerable daring, make American life the most vital in the world.

And still the spirit lacks expression, still it awaits the full self-revelation which sooner or later must purge and reanimate our deeds. Emerson, of course, and Walt Whitman, Whittier, Holmes, Howells, suggested some of our principles, pictured a few of our traits. Of late, younger men, Charles Furguson, John Jay Chapman, and Gerald Stanley Lee, have lit up the principles brilliantly from one side and another. In the face of spurious romance-makers, nevelists more or less realistic, Mary E. Wilkins, Alice Brown, and Robert Herrick, have defined separate aspects of our life; Frank Norris, with all his Zolaesque tricks, sought and perhaps found an American largeness of view; and I. K. Friedman, in his story, "By Bread Alone," has crudely yet powerfully paralleled the sweep of forces which, through loss and bloodshed in the midst of clanging steel and all the huge fantasy of the Pittsburgh mills, taught Frick and the labor unions, some years ago, a lesson of saner courage. But Friedman and Furguson are insufficient. Neither novel nor essay can reveal the American spirit. The American spirit is too vital to be revealed in anything but deeds, and deeds can be known in their living significance only through that one art of action, the drama.

If the American spirit is to know itself, it must be through American plays. Yet our stage is littered with

the most un-American truck and garbage. Not only is tragedy dead in America; but the drama which shall face evil with triumph, remains unborn. Even American comedy must often stand aside while our audiences gorge and besot themselves with adaptations and "comic" operas. Disgusted perhaps with these, they vary their diet with the slime, let us say, of "Iris." Then, as the Bible has it, the dog returns to his vomit; the Syndicate smiles; and night after night the feast goes on.

But here and there, timidly at first, then courageously, actors, managers, playwrights, protest; and gradually their protests crystallize as deeds. Hoyt writes "A Temperance Town"; Harrigan and Hart play "Cordelia's Aspirations"; Thomas gives us "Arizona"; Clyde Fitch, "The Climbers"; Gillette, "Secret Service"; Hearn produces his own "Margaret Fleming" and "Shore Acres"; and in Mrs. Fiske's New York theatre Frank Keenan last spring played "The Honorable John Grigsby."

Uneven achievements, you will say; and so they are. But with all their varied follies, these plays share the merit of dealing in a more or less American spirit with subjects distinctly American. What is more, they succeed; and succeeding, clear the path for plays more completely native. The American spirit is astir. In these plays it has seen itself in glimpses. Hereafter it will not rest till it has made for itself a mirror, strong as steel and clear as silver, in which to look all its changing aspects in the face.

Just how this mirror will be fashioned need hardly concern us. Where the American spirit feels a need it meets it, meets it with absolute daring and precision. Must a Burmese railroad cross the mountain gorge of the Chungzoune? We span it with the highest viaduct known. Must the factory

children be banished who have knotted together each breaking thread in the loom? We give the loom fingers of steel and a mechanical mind to direct them. Must our life be portrayed in a new drama? Doubtless with equal daring and delicacy the American spirit will invent it. Old forms and methods shall be stretched, altered, superseded; and fantasy, comedy, and the drama of evil shall stand forth living and renewed.

But what in general shall be their aspect? Strange and ungainly as many find our life? Yes, strange perhaps; but not ungainly. It is only natural that the delicacy which has graced American literature from the first should persist in American drama. Yet this, like the life it must reflect, will seem strange to unaccustomed eyes—strange with keen contrasts, with humor sometimes huge in its grotesqueness, and with courage bringing laughter victorious out of defeat. Courage, humor, delicacy, and contrast, these qualities spun together, strung and keyed up till they ring with the highest notes of American life, will give the drama an intensity destructive of convention. Artificial barriers smashed and forgotten, fantasy will transfuse comedy, and in the drama of evil, comedy, like lightning in the night, will reveal, behind the blackness, visions of a beauty yet more real.

Here one is tempted to leave one's dreams and guesses quite simply to the fostering or the refutation of time. But voices of protest ring sharply through the imagination, demanding an answer. "Does not this drama of the American spirit," asks one, "mean the driest didacticism?" "Is not the use of American material," asks another, "a massacre of the picturesque?" "Finally," asks a third, "does not the whole hope for a higher drama show commercial blindness literally too dense to perceive the Syndicate?"

These voices have their weight. One cannot ignore them. Yet they may be at least partially counterbalanced by a few thoughts which present themselves.

First, then, does such a drama as we hope for involve didacticism? If so, our hopes are a house of cards which a single touch of fact will bring flapping to the ground. For American audiences are bored by stage-preaching. Differing here from the French whom we so often resemble, we should balk at plays like Hervieu's "*Course du Flambeau*," in which, for the moral's sake, the characters are abstract types and the plot is a syllogism. Our audiences would rebel even against so masterly a didactic play as Brieux's "*Le Berceau*," produced not long since at the *Théâtre Français*. Its simplicity of plot would seem too bare, its moral too obtrusive, for even the intense vitality of the characters to redeem. But Brieux, in "*Le Berceau*," has an abstraction to expound. We, in our dramas, have a spirit to illustrate. And this may be done without preaching; yes, even without words—as *Soth-ern* has shown us in *Hamlet*. Instead of mutilating the end, as is usual on our stage, he retains the final entrance of Fortinbras, letting his soldiers lift the dead Hamlet on a shield and bear him aloft triumphant. Thus he makes not only the end, but by a sort of echo, the whole play ring with an overtone of gladness caught from the "flights of angels" that sing the "sweet prince" to his rest. Here is a lesson in the spiritual expressiveness of a silent deed. Following it freely, we may express the gayety and tenderness as well as the triumph of the American spirit by seizing on the words and deeds in which it lives most keenly.

But what of picturesqueness? By using American material shall we destroy this in our drama? The question reminds one of a remark on American

scenery. Said a very charming Harvard professor, "The mountains of America lack interest when compared, for example, with the Alps." Now if Mr. Norton would bestir himself, he might see the whiteness of Mount Rainier exquisitely reflected in the calms of Puget Sound; or the flame-colored peaks of the Grand Cañon thrusting themselves a mile terrifically upward from the depths. So with American life. Though it lacks the picturesqueness, say, of Victor Hugo's stageland, it possesses certain features far mightier and more gay—the picturesqueness of our thunderous mills, our Tammany Halls, our stock-markets, our creole carnivals, our flower-fêtes of the Southwest. And among these scenes move figures that posture, not with the cape and sword of an impossible Ruy Blas, but with a picturesqueness all the more striking for the lack of them. The very prose of trousers and frock-coats enhances the romance of Scannel's set jaw and Rockefeller's brain and Captain Leary's pathetically comic heart. Such men and their like make our life, if we can but see it, incomparably interesting. What is more, they add to the picturesqueness of all the world. Native bets to the contrary notwithstanding, American engineers set Baldwin locomotives whizzing through Syria. Despite mobs and ancestral curses, American electricians set their "ghost cars" whirring past the graveyards of Seoul. And why? Not merely for money's sake; but for the same unconscious reason that Leary washed and married the natives of Guam, and died without news of his promotion; for the same unconscious

reason that Scannel shot down his brother's murderer, and Rockefeller killed competition in the petroleum trade; for this reason, though they never guessed it—that American playwrights require subjects gravely as well as comically picturesque.

American life aids and abets the modern dramatist. Yet does not the Syndicate, that dragon of commerce, block his every path toward innovation? Yes; for the Syndicate hates risk. Rather than lose dollars, it would keep our drama forever rigid with convention. But this need not discourage us. Though it seems to mean our dramatic death, it means in fact the Syndicate's destruction. The dragon is doomed; and not—here's the certainty of it—not because he is commercial, but because he is commercially outgrown. Modern commerce, unlike the Syndicate, is not dull, is not narrowly selfish. Modern commerce is adventurous, even altruistic. The general freight agent of a Western railroad who does not found model dairies and keep the farmers informed as to the market price of milk is dubbed a back number. So it shall be with the stage. Though the Syndicate, not realizing it, lies dozing, it is doomed. Poor Syndicate, whom we thought so alertly modern, like Wagner's old dragon, he growls at us, "*Ich liege und besitze. Lass mich schlafen.*"—Let me sleep." But the new commerce is upon him, a very Siegfried for adventurous strength. Poor dragon! Let us hope that, though so sleepy, he shares enough of our light spirit to see the joke of his own destruction, and, seeing it, to laugh!

Why Writers Should Not Read

BERNARD G. RICHARDS

THERE is a superstition still extant that one must be well prepared to produce any literary work; that a writer needs more than a pencil and paper to perform any task. The scribe is expected to be armed to his teeth before he enters the battle of ideas. He should acquaint himself with the proceedings of the entire human meeting before he rises to ask for the earth and the attention of its inhabitants. He should know all the great things that have been said by others before he attempts to create.

Like many other superstitions, this had its origin in the dim and distant past, when everything that was difficult to understand was easily explained, and everything that was explained remained a mystery. As a matter of fact and sad experience, nothing so disarms one as literary equipment. To say nothing of winning the battle, the more one is armed the more often is one prevented from winning the contest.

Find out what others have said on this or that subject, and you are as likely as not to find that the subject has been exhausted—or nearly so. As it happens, the very ideas you have in your mind have already been used.

Some time ago a friend who contemplated writing an essay on "Temperament in Art," told me all he needed to do was to go to the public library and read up on the subject. When I met him later and asked him about the es-

say, he said that a few days in the library had completely disarmed him. After looking over everything that had been written on the subject, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that he had nothing to say. This is the usual experience among writers. I have heard of many such incidents. I myself have been cheated out of some excellent themes for literary productions, and now I am inclined to say, don't go to the library until the thing that was on your mind is already on paper and in the hands of the editor. It so happens that we find our most original ideas in the works of others. The most ingenious plots we can devise are in the novels of other people's making and our best effects have already been utilized by the great playwrights of the past.

Our thoughts, our fancies, our contentions, formulated and unformulated, we find them everywhere in cold, freezing type. Your fervid dreams, your feverish phantasies, your vague longings for expression, there they are in that volume and the name on the title-page is not yours. You open the book, and your pen falls from your hand. Someone else has taken your carriage to Fame.

The tragedy of literature is that the best things must be left unsaid, and it is often because other people have said them. The things we read are those that were on the tip of our tongue and

remained there. This is nothing to our detriment; it does not at all reflect against our talent; it does not disprove our originality; it only shows that some great people got ahead of us, that we arrived too late to write the classics. But now that we have come, we should not allow those who have anticipated us to outdo us still more.

The thing to do is to state what we have to say without consulting anybody; for in the quest of advice, or inspiration, we are in danger of losing that which we have. Original thoughts are original with many people and few ideas come to us that do not also reach others at about the same time—or much earlier. So that in reading up we often find ourselves so much out, find ourselves out of a job.

Everything has been said; yet volumes can be written on all seemingly exhausted subjects, providing one does not inform himself on how the subjects have been handled; providing one does not look up what has been said.

The thing to do is to write what is on one's mind, to escape all other opinions. Also, to do it now, for one might not think so well of his idea after a while, whether he makes preparation or not. It is wiser to do it now. Better a rejected manuscript than an unexpressed idea. As a last resort one

can always make a book out of a lot of rejected manuscripts.

There is another reason why writers should not read. The brilliant ideas of others make one ashamed of one's ideas, the faultless style of a master causes one to be sorry for one's own manner of expression, and the penetrating insight of others is frequently blinding. At best, one is liable to contract certain affectations and mannerisms; and as these are the only things you can ever contract without being called a plagiarist, what is the use of reading the writings of others? There is always likely to be enough originality in your own conceptions, enough novelty in your style, enough difference in their make-up to insure the acceptance of your products. If not, why, you may strike it rich anyway. There are editors who do not know the difference. At any rate, beware of literary preparation. Never mind what others have written. Work your own mine.

If the friend of whom I have spoken had written his essay on "Temperament in Art," without consulting any authorities, he would have added so much to his literary reputation, all would have been well, and no one would have been the wiser—not even his readers.

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

WHAT need of sculptured bust and chiselled name
For these? The dust of death is not their doom,
Nor marble mask nor versicle of fame
Can seal their omnipresence in a tomb.

An echo, not an effigy, shall give
The children of the harp perpetual birth;
Why bury them in granite, when they live
In every nook and corner of the earth?

Schopenhauer

BY R. V. RISLEY

IN regard to Schopenhauer I am in a rather peculiar position.

The circumstances are as follows:

Some years ago, while in diplomatic life, in Denmark, I, in the way in which a boy may know an older man, formed a somewhat unusual friendship with a certain Doctor Alan W. Read, expatriated Quaker. He was at that time about sixty-five years of age; he had left America as a youth. He is now dead.

On his arrival in Europe he went to Frankfort on Main, where he passed some two years. Here it was his fortune to meet Arthur Schopenhauer under the following auspices:

Schopenhauer, who lived in another house, was in the habit of dining in the hotel where my then young friend resided, and, for some reason — my friend was an intellectual man in many strange ways — the philosopher admitted him to his company. He admitted no one else.

The two sat at the same little table at dinner every night for fourteen months.

The conversations which follow were remembered—through some prophetic instinct—by my friend and repeated to me. I here repeat them as nearly as possible as he told them. Probably to me alone of all the world are they thus known.

From his childhood the life of Arthur Schopenhauer was bitter, sordid, and desolate.

Born on the lonely edge of the Baltic, he was neglected by both his parents, finding a piteous comradeship in the companionship of a sister as lonely as himself.

His mother was of the Teutonically sentimental literary type, affected, morbid, shallowly subtle; prudishly obtuse; as classically erudite as she was unimaginatively unoriginal. She wrote dedicatory sonnets in the French style, and recited the odes of Schiller to an admiring circle of lackadaisical women in her austere and Hellenic drawing-room—a drawing-room sedate, yet flimsy, in the style of the artist David. She wore white silk stockings; her shoulder-touching ringlets were the shade of molasses; she cultivated a lisp, was timorous, fainted easily, and daintily drooped from the wrists her long slim hands.

The father was a grim and passionate man; taciturn and self-repressed—a solitary and dangerous nature, emotional only subterraneanly; a man, not of moods but of brooding, not of impression but of intention, not of fury but of despair—a man who would never be able in his silent soul to find the words to express the storm which no one dreamed lay hid in his nature.

One may imagine the home life: the sombre and surly man; the theatric and hysterical woman; the two awed, yet abandoned, children.

The father went to Hamburg and drowned himself, alone and in darkness,

in the black canal between two gloomy warehouses.

The boy found a petty position in the office of a Jew money-changer where he was to sit on a high stool fourteen hours each day and scratch figures in a dusty ledger.

His mother joined Goethe's court at Weimar, where she produced, in the congenial atmosphere of sentiment and classicism, several mystical novels, now worthily forgotten.

Schopenhauer grew to manhood and journeyed to Weimar to see his sister; broke definitely with his now almost maudlinly romantic mother; was estranged by her allegations from the childhood companion he had cared for; and returned to the three-legged stool.

But he returned portentously.

Living on his own heart, ruthless of dreams, avid with omnivorous reading, desolate with the desolation such as only the yearning of youth is capable of, solitary in his soul as only an idealist can be—that is to say, only the great cynic if he be not a great fool—the mind of Schopenhauer had become dangerous with the dangerousness inherited from his self-killed father.

The one love-passion in his life was at this time.

It was characteristic of his whimsical and piteous bitterness that he should wilfully love below him.

The woman was an actress—French; her career was not exemplary.

She disdained utterly this awkwardly-clothed, sad-browed, silent, and moneyless admirer; and when after two careless months of the attentions of other men she returned to her ever-changing Parisian lovers, her conscience—if she were cursed with one—bore away no knowledge of the only love of the world's loneliest nature.

Schopenhauer went mad for a few nights. He bought new clothes; cashed his savings; grew gay; hurled himself into frivolities. That laugh-

ing face was destined to haunt him all his life.

He never saw her again, and the world does not know her name.

From this point begins the life of the real Schopenhauer as men know it; it is from this point that the awesome pathos of his career commences.

He settled down in a shadowy chamber, high up, in a rickety old house in Frankfort, and began to write philosophy.

He had some little income; barely enough to keep him.

Twenty years!

Who can write twenty years of nothing!

Twenty years alone—twenty embittered, unsuccessful, unsympathized-with, unfriended, unnoticed, indomitable years.

This impregnable soul—this nature as bare of all, or any flower, of joy as the desert is bare of a blade of grass in its wastes of sand—this friendless hermit in the midst of a great city, lived unknown through the full years of his manhood.

Stumping along the narrow streets with his stick, a disordered sheaf of papers under his arm, he became a gibe with the cellar cheese-mongers and corner beer-sellers of the neighborhood. With the delicate yellow of the afternoon sunlight patching the bowed and shiny back of his black coat in wavering squares of canary—through the blowing drifts of winter—with the flame-colored autumn leaves fallen from trees overhead lying unnoticed on his shoulders—he walked unknown.

Soured by lack of appreciation, yet contemptuous of the world he despised, an unutterable hatred of all the delight of life was born in his soul. He gazed upon the existence and passions of men as from an altitude.

Kant is reduplicative and eliminative to an equal degree; Hegel is didactic and constructional; Leibnitz partakes

both of the intuitive and of the sedate—Schopenhauer is recalcitrant and illuminative; for Schopenhauer felt his thoughts; the others thought them.

It was shortly after the few first universities had begun to recognize his significance that my friend met him.

Schopenhauer was sitting in his accustomed place in the corner of the café at the table by the window.

Alan Read entered and looked about him for a seat in the crowded place, and Schopenhauer beckoned him to the vacant chair at his table.

Schopenhauer, as he was described to me by my friend, was a man of about medium height, his square-domed forehead surrounded thickly with rough and evidently unbrushed iron-gray hair; his sombre eyes were half hidden under the overhanging shadows of his frowning brows; his tight mouth was a line of grimness; his chin was buried in the folds of a tie almost of the style of the Directoire—between collar-points *à la* Pitt.

My friend has told me that the Philosopher merely motioned him toward the opposite chair and went on eating; not one word was exchanged while they ate—nor did the elder bow when they departed.

When he was gone the waiter whispered—"It is Schopenhauer!"

The following quotations are verbatim:

"No," said Schopenhauer, "life is not tragedy; it is not comedy; it is not artificiality; it is not nature; life is all of these.

"We know nothing aside from life but matter—which is material.

"I used to dream that my soul was sick.

"There are no souls. Man is a semi-carnivorous vertebrate mammal.

"But even if there were any sign of

the existence of the soul, it would lie in the faculty of the imagination, not in the trees or stones.

"A God, if such a creature could be, would be only imagination—the only thing that creates something out of nothing. Therefore the gods are imaginary!"

"No, I do not much care for love—it begins in delusion and ends in pity—because, from a man to a woman, pity is always an ending.

"Love begins in too much unconsciousness and ends in not enough consciousness; it is a state, not a fact—all things which are capable of cultivation are relative; love teaches us by the disillusion of ideals.

"No man loves the woman—only his dream."

"Governments do not interest me.

"Patriotism is, mentally, a localization.

"Unless a man be capable of being a citizen of the world he is not capable of arriving at his greatest development as a citizen of any one part of it.

"When nature allows us to select our parents after reaching what optimists call years of discretion, reason will have some application in the animal accident of birth."

"I will, I suppose, surprise you by confessing that all my life it has been my ambition to write poetry. I am not sentimental. I am romantic.

"I have never had any friends; I don't want any.

"Yes, I am gay—to myself. Under the circumstances, why should I not be?

"Few men are interested in things extraneous to themselves save out of fear or devotion. I have shrunk; myself, now, is only as broad as fact—it used to be—when I dreamed—as broad as truth—so I am now growing younger—cultivating laughter."

"Fame? I prefer money.

"It is less contemptible."

"O, yes! I am perfectly willing to do anything which your morality decries—but even to be recalcitrant no longer especially interests me—save that it gives me my only amusement, the wonder of those who do not understand.

"I am too tired to care for anything."

"I have made one now unalterable mistake in my life—I have not been a fool. I wish to God I could be!"

"No—there have been no women whom I have loved. I have come back to the material things of life.

"No, you shall not see my poems. I am, in a way, a mental acrobat—I keep the heel of my will upon the throat of my heart."

"Laugh! Few things are worthy of seriousness—least of all an old man who sneers at the things his youth begged for in silence.

"Besides—the years flow over me like a wave—I am smothered. My brain is stunned with repetitionary detonations. The drums of memory are slack-headed as they beat the funeral farce-dirge of what I have never had—and from the land of to-morrow I hear the echo of a sunset-gun.

"Life is only an old coat, by the casting off of which I would be eased—but I lack the bravery of cowardice—which requires less vanity than mine in order to be simple enough to put an end to existence.

"Self realization kills laughter.

"Besides—I am too tired."

Schopenhauer had an odd way of talking—a way of leaning forward on the table, his fists clenched, his arms extended, wide apart, almost to the opposite side of the board.

"There is no such thing as morality; conscience is a delusion; duty is the most noble of inanities.

"All things are futile to the man who understands them. Hope, not love, is blind.

"Gayety is the only thing in life that is valuable—or important—not least so because it is the only thing in life which is unreduplicatable.

"We live our sorrows over again; we never re-live a laugh."

"Of the nations of Europe, the Turks are the wisest—because it costs more money to keep one woman than four.

"Competition lowers prices.

"The women of the Orient attempt to rival one another in the eyes of their owner in two ways—charm and ease—which latter includes the ease that economy produces in the matter of expenses. The rivalless Christian wife feels she has rights.

"Rights always corrupt kindness."

"I am English—except in all things but choice. Why? I think it is, because, in my delicious delight in contrariness, I imitate what I hate. They are prudes—intellectually as well as morally—all their greatness comes from the Norman.

"But I hate the French. Yet they are the only people who understand cynicism—and their two National characteristics, as aside from cynicism, are those two which I both respect and admire the most in humanity—bravery, and the debonnaire. I hate them—because I, Schopenhauer, will never be the equal in mercenary common-sense of the cocotte or the boulevardier.

"The Germans I merely despise. They yodle—and investigate—and reproduce."

"If there were a God, his only justice would necessarily be Pity.

"Laws are artificial; they are made by men; can the fallible produce the infallible?"

"Society? What use would it be for me to want it?"

"No, I refuse to discuss my book on the Will. Why should I? The opinion of humanity can be nothing to me—because I care nothing for either their blame or their praise.

"Fame? Ah, well—one does not remember one's food—but one has a certain appetite!"

"I remember I once walked with a man in the country (I hate the country): he was a Pastor from Tübingen.

"'Look,' he said, 'at the sky! What a glorious day! Could any one doubt that God is good?'

"And he stepped on an ant hill!

"Also, later, it rained."

"Literature? Germany has produced none.

France has two philosophers—la Rochefoucauld and Balzac. Hugo is a noise.

"Russia, I hear, has possibilities.

"England has Shakespeare—and I can read Marlowe also. This Dickens is a detailer.

"The other countries are only Yesterdays—except America—which does not yet exist."

"The political state of Europe? How should I know?

"As to the great men whom the world has produced—yes—there are a few—Galileo, Lessing, Erik the Red, Napoleon, Casanova—and Me. We six could have built man anew.

"The others are only men of events.

"Humanity does not realize to how great an extent events create men—Alexander, Rameses, Hannibal, Cæsar, Marlborough, Raphael, Goethe, Byron

—all of these men were as environment-governed as Clovis—less free than Charles Martel!

"I shall not be known so early in the emancipation of the centuries. When the slow rebellion of civilization has routed the conventionalities of thought, men will realize me."

"Youth—age? There are no such things. You are too old yet to comprehend youth."

"Money? What would I do with it?"

"The object of life? Having eliminated its joys and its reasons, could I find any object? Why, this glass of Moselle does more to tempt me to remain in life than do all my hopes—for I have so few—I am perhaps the only man in the world who has more expectations than hopes."

Personally, I make no comment on these utterances—repeated to me by a wonderfully retentive memory—I leave to those who read them the appreciation of their desolateness.

Arthur Schopenhauer died during the next year. So far as I have been able to find out—he never after Doctor Read's departure from Frankfort for Copenhagen wrote to him—the circumstances of his death are these:

Some strange agedness was heavy on his shoulders. He stooped wearily as he passed down the little street that led from the door of his lodgings.

When the leaves of the geraniums in the window-box of his room curled up and turned tobacco-brown and crumbled brittlely in the blight of the early frosts, his bravery seemed to crumble and fall with the leaves.

What his nights were, of course, no man knows.

In the space of some two weeks the austere face became piteous—as if fa-

tigue had broken the dying strength of his endurance.

He tramped, dismally alone, in the autumn fogs, his hands clasped behind him, his head bowed.

The landlady of the house where he lived sent one night for a physician—who questioned, prescribed, and departed.

Schopenhauer remained in his chair in front of the fire; his only companion was his old brown poodle.

The dog whined uneasily, and Schopenhauer reached out his arm and fed him from the untouched dinner-tray.

It was twilight, and from outside, far below, came faintly the glad shouts of children's voices. The last light of the day fell upon the face of the bronze statue of Buddha which stood upon the black pedestal in the corner.

Schopenhauer rose, went weakly across to the fire, and, with the worn poker, stirred the dying embers. He came back to his chair and fell into it wearily.

Hour after hour he sat there—hour after hour—till the shadows had turned to blackness and the ashes were dead on the hearth.

Did his eyes wander about the room in the obscurity, along the booklined walls, seeking the volumes he knew?

In the morning the broken remains of the lamp were found on the floor. He had evidently tried, at some time in the night, to light it. He did succeed in lighting the candle which stood by the tray on the table near his chair.

No one came to knock at his door.

A little before the dawn, the landlady was awakened by the howling of the dog. She went up the stairs and rapped repeatedly on the door. There being no answer, she went down again and woke one of her friends, a lodger; he brought a policeman, and the two broke in the door.

By this time the neighbors were crowded upon the stairs, peering curiously.

The dog crouched, shivering, in the corner, gazing at the still figure in the worn, big chair—every now and then giving a long, inexpressibly-mournful howl—as the following hounds are said, in Ireland, to howl, keening, after their master's wake.

The policeman tip-toed across to the candle upon the table and blew it out.

Youth

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

LIFE in the Book of Lovers bade me look.
 Oh, much of heart-break in the pages lay—
 Long grief and fierce, fair joy that lasts a day!
 All this I read before I closed the book.

“Now art thou warned,” quoth Life, “what loving is.
 Filled with this wisdom, whither dost thou go?”
 Then I, 'twixt awful tears and laughter, “Lo,
 I go to add another page to this!”

Letter from Paris

PARIS, *November 20, 1902.*

SINCE the November fogs set in with presage of winter, there has been an enormous development of literary and dramatic activity in Paris. Publishers, novelists, dramatists, are returning to their work with renewed vigor, and the alleged gay city is buzzing with business. First and foremost, M. Alfred Capus, the newly-elected President of the Committee of Dramatic Authors and Composers, a high honor, comes to the front with his new play, "Châtelaine," in which Guitry, Sarah Bernhardt's former colleague, acts Jossau, the rich manufacturer who has made a fortune in business after having squandered his patrimony. Jossau, who is supposed to be in real life that lively motorman, the Marquis de Dion, is wanted by Madame de la Baudière for her daughter Lucienne, but to this girl of eighteen he prefers the mature matron Thérèse de Rives, who is divorced, and whom he marries. M. Capus is becoming a very lucky man. His friends have now to hope that his new position will not interfere with his production. The post is an honorable but a perilous one, held previously by Ludovic Halévy, Victorien Sardou, and the younger Dumas. Paul Hervieu refused it, but Capus seems to think that he will be able to weather all the storms incidental to the post. His latest success, the "Châtelaine," being well written and full of excellent dialogue, will bear reading, even if one cannot see it acted by such splendid players as Guitry,

Jane Hading, Terride, and Boisselot, to all of whom, in the estimation of some of the critics, M. Capus is deeply indebted.

In the dramatic line, too, we have had some more of Antoine's young men to the front. Everybody knows Antoine now. Twelve or thirteen years back he left his badly-paid post in a gas company and began to run a small theatre. I met him when he was a budding showman at Pousset's in the Faubourg Montmartre, where he, Catulle Mendès, and a small crowd of literary men, actors and actresses, drank beer and smoked cigarettes every night. Since that time Antoine has become a power in the dramatic world. He has brought out some of the leading dramatists of the day like François de Curel, Brieux, author of the "Avariés," Courteline, Vaucaire. You have to pay attention to Antoine's movements, for every now and then he springs a new dramatist on the world and a new play, which may attain classic rank by the consecration of the Comédie Française. He has begun the present season by some short pieces from the pens of Maurice Vaucaire, one of the Chat Noir men of old, Georges Henriot, and Max Maurey. Georges Henriot is a new dramatist who writes over a pseudonym. We shall have to watch his progress, for he gives promise in his two-act play "L'Enquête," which is full of dramatic interest and holds you spellbound.

Activity in the intellectual world has also been marked by the annual meeting of the five academies of the In-

stitut de France. At this function we had the academicians of various sorts lumped together as it were. There were the "Immortals" pure and simple, and then the musical, artistic, and scientific men. These last are fearfully ignored in Paris by the general public, who run after the more glittering authors, painters, composers, and dramatists. The scientific men are regarded with a distant and reverent awe, but you cannot get average people to take an interest in them. At the meeting of the five Academies at the end of October, we had no science, properly so called. Instead, Camille Saint-Saëns the composer read a neat little essay on the lyres and harps of antiquity; M. Joret of the Academy of Inscriptions and Letters read a paper on the two famous journalists and scholars, Millin, Director of the "Magasin Encyclopédique," who was imprisoned in 1793, and Boettiger, the celebrated Latinist of Weimar, and M. Luchaire of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques discoursed learnedly on the accession of Pope Innocent III. M. Joret's paper was the most interesting of the three. He built it up on a MS. found in the Dresden Library, containing Boettiger's letters. The essay took us back to the days of the great Revolution, and later on, when Millin was a famous editor and had all the best people of the day to his "literary teas" in his offices in the Rue des Petits Champs, not far from that tavern where, years after, Thackeray was to eat his dish of "Bouillabaisse." Concomitantly with the meeting of the Academies, several literary people assembled in the Montparnasse cemetery to unveil a statue to Charles Baudelaire, the poet of the "Fleurs du Mal." Baudelaire died a repentant Catholic after a tormented life. The unveiling of his memorial has given an impetus to the sale of his books, and the younger generation are now devouring

the products of his bizarre and brilliant genius. Catulle Mendès recalled the other day the sad fact that during twenty-six years of production Baudelaire only gained about 16,000 francs. He did not even make two francs a day. And yet Paris is not to the same extent as London a "city of sweet speech scorned," as Rossetti wrote, referring to Keats, Coleridge, and Chatterton. Of both places it is true, however, that the average bustling and booming reporter can often make more money in four weeks than an inspired sonneteer can hope to make in twelve months.

Another sign of the season is the re-opening of the theatrical campaign led by M. Lugné-Poe, the champion of Ibsen and all the Scandinavians. He calls his undertaking "L'Oeuvre," and has now been running it for ten years. When he started, Ibsen and all his works were attacked by Sarcey, just as Clement Scott used to attack them in London. Nowadays, every cultivated Frenchman believes in Ibsen, thanks to Lugné-Poe, and the critic who has succeeded dead Sarcey, agreeing with other colleagues, has nothing but praise for the man who wrote "Hedda Gabbler" and "Peer Gynt."

In fiction, I find that Georges Ohnet has been busier than I thought last month. The critics have been making merry over the "gaffes" in his "Marche à l'Amour." He talks therein of a ballet in the opera of "Siegfried," makes a lady who is a brunette in the first part a blonde towards the end, and bestows a knighthood on a wealthy American whose wife is a star of society in Paris. It is feasible to suppose that M. Ohnet has not done all this himself, but that it is rather the work of some young and enthusiastic understudy or ghost whom he has taken on to help him. Ohnet was far more careful formerly, and no one could saddle him with such grotesque mistakes and misrepresentations as

those held up to ridicule. They are nearly as bad as those in the work of the elder Dumas referred to by Thackeray in the "Paris Sketch Book." A good deal has been made, in the meantime, of the "Deux Vies" by the brothers Marguerite, who are getting a good advertisement for themselves by their petition to Parliament for an alteration in the divorce law. Other books are "Les Beaux Mariages," issued by Fasquelle, a novel of Paris society life, and the "Associée," published by Ollendorff, a very readable book by Lucien Muhlfeld, who sketches the anguish and misery of a doctor's wife who, having enabled her husband to get on in his profession, is neglected and discarded by the man. We have another Breton story in "Gillette," which is written by Jean Thorel. Gillette is an ingenuous girl whose mother is dead. Her father marries again, divorces, but eventually becomes reconciled to his second wife, who then forms for Gillette a real home, for which that young lady has long been pining. And all the time she has been kept carefully in the dark about her own mother. This story is supposed to be founded on a curious case in real life.

The same publisher sends a book by Charles Maurras, "Les Amants de Venise." This resuscitates the old story of the loves of George Sand and her adventures in Venice between her admirers Alfred de Musset and Doctor Pagello the Italian. The subject was nearly done to death a few years since, but M. Maurras has revived interest in it. He had a bit of a fight over the title, which was claimed by another, but he proves that he himself first used it in a review six years back. The book is as good as a novel, nearly as good in fact as M. Henry Fevre's "Beaux Mariages," in which we have an ill-assorted couple of the bourgeoisie who have made a marriage of convenience.

The book is in reality an acrimonious attack on the rich middle class, and it will be read with avidity by many of those whom the author treats with scathing scorn. Among the latest publications of that enterprising and cosmopolitan company, the "Mercure de France," is "Versailles-aux-fantômes," by Marcel Batilliat, not a ghostly story in spite of the title, but one about two namby-pamby young ladies who roam around the grand park sacred to the memories of Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, Madame de Pompadour, Madame Du Barry, Louis Seize, and Marie Antoinette. These are the ghosts of Versailles, but the author's living personages, in spite of their lackadaisical longings, are very modern.

With reference to the book on George Sand and Alfred de Musset in Venice, I hear that Paul Bourget is including a remarkable study of the strange couple in the third volume of his "Etudes et Portraits," to appear early in 1903. He deals with the two lovers in a chapter headed "Un Problème Sentimental," which was planned in 1896, when the first documents about Sand, De Musset, and Doctor Pagello were published. Paul Bourget minutely analyzes the characters of the authoress of "Indiana," "Valentine," "Lélia," and of the poet who was long ago called a weaker Byron. M. Bourget prefers to call the absinthe-drinking bard a "petit cousin de Lord Byron," while George Sand is a "sœur cadette de Goethe." I should not wonder if somebody put Musset, Sand, and Pagello on the stage one day. To use George Meredith's paradoxical expression, they were "tragic comedians" in everything that they did.

The unveiling of Balzac's statue is still far off, but the numerous controversies and squabbles about the memorial to the greatest of French fictionists have led to a revival of interest in

his career. Paul Bourget is preparing some sketches to be called a "Balzac Sociologue" for the "Minerva." In the meantime that review contains a series of articles by M. d'Almeras on Balzac's dealings with his publishers. He had eight of these, the last being Charpentier, to whom he suggested the small editions at 3 francs 50, the volumes which are still sold in Paris. We find that when Balzac began, novelists could only expect to receive 300 francs for a book. He organized a small society of writers, who managed to obtain for their works of fiction from 500 to 1,000 francs. We learn from M. d'Almeras that Balzac did not disdain modern methods of advertisement. He puffed his own books and in fact did his own log-rolling to an unexpected extent for a man of his genius. However, he had to contend with dire poverty and never realized a fortune by his colossal literary work.

We have not yet done with Pascal, Port Royal, la Mère Angélique and the Jansenists. Here is a lady, Marcelle Tinayre, who does not undertake like Racine or Sainte Beuve to write the history of Port Royal, but who gives us a novel on the Jansenists. In her "Maison du Péché," something like the relations of Racine with the actress Mademoiselle Champmeslé is revived. The hero, Augustin de Chanteprie, is a pious Jansenist, but he is led astray by the ravishing beauty of Fanny Manolé, a widow, who counsels enjoyment of all the good things of life. She conquers the ascetic young man who has been nourished on the doctrines of the famous clerics and laymen of Port Royal who abhorred nature and cut themselves adrift from society in order to meditate on the strange mystery of life and the awful problem of death. The book is now in the hands of all intellectual people and the authoress is much discussed. She is considered to be able to write as well as

Sainte Beuve himself, and her knowledge of the Port Royalists, her comprehension of the doctrines of the Jansenists, are marvellous. Marcelle Tinayre has already written several novels, but none attracted so much attention as her last.

Of the books just out, or forthcoming in November, are Morian's "L'Aimant"; "Notes et Impressions" of J. J. Weiss, with letters to him from Taine, Sainte Beuve, and Renan; P. de Nolhac's "Madame de Pompadour"; Madame Melegari's "Ames Dormantes"; Gyp's, or the Comtesse de Martel's "Sœurlette" and "Un Mariage Chic"; "La Sœur du Lait," by A. Theuriet; "Chez les Ilotes," by Jules Roche; "Le Roman de Marie," by Jean Rameau; "Comme les Autres," by Brada; "Mademoiselle Pompon," by Pierre Maël; "La Baronne Kapouth," of the "Nouveaux Mystères de Paris"; and President Roosevelt's writings and speeches. These latter are collected under the title "La Vie Intense," and are in the hands of Flammarion. M. Emile Ollivier has also brought out the seventh volume of his "Empire Libéral," treating of the third Napoleon's political transactions between 1863 and 1866, that is to say to the eve of the battle of Sadowa. Of the above books, I can only say that Morian's novel, "The Magnet," is a story of the meeting of two "souls" made for each other. The author has evidently in view the "elective affinities," "Die Wahlverwandschaft," which Goethe wrote when he was elderly and in love with a bookseller's daughter of Jena. "L'Aimant," or "The Magnet" will be read for its psychology as well as for its society scenes. The central woman is Helen de Kertz, who finds in Professor Vandas a man after her own heart, and leads him away from her unintellectual nonentity of a pretty cousin.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

THOREAU used to say that if he were to wake up after a ten years' sleep, he believed he could tell to the very day what time of year it was by the flowers in blossom.

I suppose that the skilled critic of American literature, to be properly equipped for his task, should be able to locate a new poet within at least two hundred miles of his exact habitat—should be able to tell from his references to nature what State he hails from, just as he could tell by the turn of a phrase and the fall of a cadence who his masters in poetry were.

Perhaps if all poets could be trusted for scientific accuracy and faithfulness of delineation in their treatment of nature, this might not be so impossible as it seems. But unluckily we are all over-imbued with a literary phraseology which keeps us from reporting accurately, even when we see clearly. It is not every one, touched with a desire for expression, who can get away from the influence of tradition and custom and name things anew. And yet that is what every genuine poet must do—break away from the academic and the stereotyped, and bring a virgin mind to the naming of things he sees. Burns did it, Wordsworth did it, Browning did it, and Mr. Kipling has done it. It looks easy until you try it. But the

great mass of material produced which is wholly derivative, wholly reminiscent, attests the difficulty of the task.

And yet I think that our verse-men in America have not been uninfluenced by the growing faithfulness of the short-story writer, who is held in so little esteem now if his local color is a shade off, or his picture the least out of drawing. Their sentiment for nature has much of Wordsworth's piety and simple directness; and this loving care for every natural phenomenon leads them to be content with an almost reportorial exactness of phrase. And this direct simplicity of diction often results in the greatest beauty through its sheer inevitableness.

There are things in Miss Evaleen Stein's poems that remind one of the love of nature in some of the late Archibald Lampman's beautiful lyrics—not quite so sure nor so distinguished as Lampman, but sensitive and delicate and sincere. I have not her first book by me, and perhaps it is just as well, for I might be led into attempting to estimate her "growth" or even her "position"—always a rather impertinent and futile undertaking. It ought to be enough to find ingenuous charm in poetry, without wishing always to judge it and adjust its rank.

I hesitate to speak of "The Book of

Joyous Children." The name is enough to captivate one. And when one says it is by James Whitcomb Riley, there is nothing more to be said. Mr. Riley is so brimming with irrepressible humor, so loving and lovable and manly, that I cannot but think him the most distinctive American poet alive. I shall not insist on that *obiter dictum*. I am not an impartial judge; first because all his delightful rhymes, even the most trivial, are much too delicious to be criticised; and second because the man himself is much too near. I don't mean near in time; there are plenty of one's contemporaries that it would be a joy to criticise (indeed there is little else they are fit for); I mean near one's heart. If you love Riley, of course you will read of his Joyous Children; and if you don't—well, if you don't, you are no friend of *one* reviewer, at least. It is chiefly, I fancy, the heart in Mr. Riley's work that gives it so great a hold on us—its indestructible faith and spontaneous natural gladness. His is the simple human mind that has never been overlaid with sophistry nor undermined by doubt; and this native vigor of spirit and intelligence lends him power; so that he is always as happy as a June morning, just as every healthy man ought to be. The sickness of modernity has never been able to get hold of men like him; like other maladies, it is only fatal to the weak. It is a horrid disease for an artist to succumb to, and one unfortunately which they are only too liable to contract. I wish that we all might be inoculated with a touch of the Riley joy. We should all be much better for it, even though we could not write as delightfully as he does.

As Mr. Riley gives us a faithful picture of homely life in the Middle West, Mr. Frank L. Stanton draws the average life of his section of the South. His volume is full of hearty rhymes in the vernacular, which have nothing of hesitation about them nor that paralyzing self-consciousness which often makes more ambitious work so ineffectual. His training in journalism, if I mistake not, has heightened his power of interpreting the poetry of the commonplace, and making us so much the richer by showing us un-

expected beauty in the familiar. And that is no small service to render in any time or country.

A very different source of inspiration is Mr. S. E. Kiser's. The Muse of Comedy has taken him into her favor. The incongruity of an office boy's slang set in the stately movement of the Rossettian sonnet form is inimitable in its way.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Ernest Crosby should succeed where William Morris failed; and with all my admiration for him personally and for his generous ideals, I cannot feel that his new volume comes near hitting the mark at which good poetry should aim. Perhaps he did not intend it to; perhaps he is somewhat skeptical of the efficacy of beauty of form in art, and is content if the spirit of his work is noble and true. However that may be, I should be sorry to overlook the tenor and substance of his writing.

AMONG THE TREES AGAIN. *By Evaleen Stein. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.*

THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN. *By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.*

UP FROM GEORGIA. *By Frank L. Stanton. D. Appleton & Company, New York. \$1.20, net.*

LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY. *By S. E. Kiser. Forbes and Company, Boston. 50 cents.*

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES. *By Ernest Crosby. Funk and Wagnalls, New York.*

ODES OF ANACREON. *Translated by S. C. Irving. William S. Lord, Evanston. 50 cents.*

BEYOND THE REQUIEMS. *By Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. \$1.00, net.*

CLOISTRAL STRAINS. *By Louis Alexander Robertson. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. 75 cents, net.*

DRAMATIC VERSES. *By Trumbull Stickney. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston.*



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. *American Men of Letters. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.10, net.*

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

BEYOND all other poets of our language was Longfellow the lyrist of home. Yes, even beyond Burns; for "The Cotter's Saturday Night" has beneath its lordly lines a suppressed agitation, a ghost of unhopeful strife, an agreement with melancholy social conditions that permits but of temporary tranquillity; beyond Tennyson, whose heart of the solitary seemed not wholly at rest, even at his own fireside; beyond Whittier, who was more local, and Goldsmith, whose affection for home was that of a wanderer, Longfellow stands true and paternal, sweetly benignant and enduring, a symbol of the hearth, of family love. He has many other strains: Longfellow is a student of romantic themes, of mediæval ruins, and stately castles with their barons and troubadours; he sings of echoing historic times, he has a voice for legend and the music of the past, his soul vibrates equally to the wild nature epic of Norway and the fervid minstrelsy of Spain; his taste is universal and excellent, but his genius is of the one thing—of home.

Nearly all his best attributes are drawn from this one source; his wholesomeness, serenity, and purity, his moderation and staunch loyalty, his friendly cheer and encouragement, his content in God and humanity. He is not like Milton, made passionate over virtue, nor like his beloved Dante, made virtuous through passion; he is not one of those poets who must cast his soul into a great design or die. He need not penetrate, explain, justify; he hears no voice commanding him to build a temple where all mankind may enter in wonder-worship. Grandeur is not his element any more than grandeur is the peculiar element of a home. He drew closer the arm of the parent about the child, he made more blessed and blissful the hand of the wife resting in that of the husband. This is something that no other poet has done quite so successfully; and it is noble work.

It is hardly needful to say that Longfellow's life is worth reading; in fact, his literary career was especially interesting; and we can heartily recommend Colonel Higginson's brief biography, which is both sane and sympathetic, equally free from adulation and indifference. All is given a just proportion—the poet's youth and his aspirations, his travels and his academic duties, his place as a classic and his greatness as a man. The writer's conclusions are always so well based, he is the very voice of reason, moderation, and humor; he is large enough to keep himself quite in the background, yet he seems not at all belittled. In the old, old days the student Higginson sat at the table where Professor Longfellow held forth about Molière and Goethe, and the biographer might be pardoned if some slight partiality for his distinguished friend had found its way into his pages. But for this failing one looks in vain. He is absolutely open and unprejudiced; and his fourscore years have not chilled or weakened that genial style which has given deep pleasure to more than two generations of cultured Americans.

BARBARA LADD. *By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

BY FRANCIS BELLAMY

TO the reader whose enjoyment of a novel is largely in following the play of the author's mind, "Barbara Ladd" is a superlative delight.

The author virtually invites you into his garret, and says: "Spend the day with me and tempt me to talk; challenge me and make me discriminate; run everything I tell you back into its hole till each idea is so truthfully worded that no other words in the world can be attached to it; be pleasantly merciless with me, and hoot me if any of my sentences betrays haste or indolence; I hold there are for every idea worth saying in a novel certain inevitable words, words that convey perfect satisfaction, words so accurate that a sentence is as suggestive as a poem. I challenge myself to do this, and I stake my

workmanship upon your recognition of my honest dealing with words."

Only an author of the most opulent personality dare give such an invitation. Imagine the ordinary story-mechanic venturing! But here is the everlasting damnation of the ordinary novel-monger: he, she, is of dire mental poverty, and gives nothing but an objective framework; you suffer yourself to be beguiled by the bare career of the plot, but you experience no genuine thing. The story is not real unless you see it reaching back and existent in the author's mind; and when the story is read there its degree is clearly measured by the abundance, variety, and sanity of the mental plant.

But Mr. Roberts by his style invites us to do something more than read "Barbara Ladd" in himself; he asks us to witness the very operations by which each sentence was traced to its inevitable finish. His art and rare grace of touch saves the method from any shadow of ponderousness, and you linger and re-read one of his short, palpitant sentences, while the story waits; the story can wait because there are thousands of others, but you know a man might rummage a month and find no other words that could truthfully express that one idea.

And this remarkable character-study is plotted in a romantic novel. Barbara Ladd is a Colonial maid of Connecticut, with an imperious current of wild Spanish blood in her, and the Revolutionary War comes between her passionate patriotism and her lover, who draws sword for the king. Though most of the action is in a prim Puritan village and in the ancient woods, there is enough of glitter and duel and slender silk stockings in red satin slippers; and these strange Puritans make debonair speeches which might belong to Versailles or Newport. It is not a character-study of Puritanism, but of a group of delightful originalities who might have lived anywhere and any time. They are all genuine creations of the imagination, however; even the horses and the squirrels and the other furtive folk of the wood. Their wealth of originality differentiates the quality of this novel from any others that are now stuffing the boxes of the circulating libraries.

THE FLIGHT OF PONY BAKER. *By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.25.*

BY MINNA SMITH

MR. Howells's bad boy is very different from Mr. Aldrich's — or Peck's. He is quite as human though — as Mrs. Shinn's perceptive pictures present him — for he continually plans flight and yet never runs away.

Phillips Brooks said that once when he was over at East Boston among the ships, after he had been a preacher for years and years, too, he had all he could do to keep himself from running away.

Pony Baker thought life would be easier elsewhere than at home, and Jim Leonard encouraged the idea. Pony's parents were unsatisfactory to him, really trying, especially his mother. She was always calling him dear before the other fellows, for one thing, and it caused them to mock him. His father made him take his books and go back after he had left school when the teacher put him back into the second reader. Pony was thus nicknamed because his legs were short, and "he walked and ran with quick, nipping steps, like a pony." This means the conventional or literary pony of the East. The millions of cow ponies west of the Missouri River do not run with nipping steps, as authors like Mr. Roosevelt know. But that is a detail. Pony Baker was himself local. He lived in Southern Ohio in the "Boy's Town," made famous in Mr. Howells's earlier juvenile classic. This book will be a classic, also. It is intensely native. Would it not be odd if, among Mr. Howells's complete works, his boys' books should in future years lead all the rest? He tells this story in the first person and in the vernacular, says I all he wishes, and uses phrases like "took after," "hooked," "saved up," "watch out" on almost every page. This makes any boy or girl from eight to eighty who reads it feel as if sitting before a good story-teller; hearing a living voice. The town where Pony lived, and the people in it, become as familiar as the personality of the little boy himself, or of his gentle

parents. The Ohio river flood thrills like a memory of things seen, and you can't help having convictions about the rat Jim Leonard said was on the roof on which he nearly floated to his death; nor about Jim himself, clear-pictured as one of the dwarfs of Velasquez. The history of Pony Baker's flight is all about the times that he did not cut loose, run off with the Indians, or strike out into the world for himself.

Deeper than most boys in books, Pony Baker inspires what Sam Weller called "a more tenderer feeling." His story sounds delicately autobiographic. Probably that boy is father to the man we all recognize as a great contemporary figure in our American literature.

KOTTÖ. *Being Japanese Curios, with sundry cobwebs. By Lafcadio Hearn. With illustrations by Genjiro Yeto. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.*

BY BLISS CARMAN

MR. Lafcadio Hearn's volumes of Japanese tales and folk-lore, of observation and philosophic criticism, follow one another with such surprising swiftness and regularity that the very high quality of his work is remarkable. His books never seem careless or hurried; and certainly they never lose interest. One might be almost tempted to think, from the frequency of Mr. Hearn's charming publications, that he has succumbed to the baneful influence of a Western commercialism, and writes to fill an undoubted demand. But even if this were so, what matter, so long as his pages remain so entertaining?

Mr. Hearn long since established his repute among us as a daring colorist in words, with his "Two Years in the French West Indies"—a record of his sojourn in the beautiful but unhappy island of Martinique. His style has become somewhat tempered and chastened since then, with less floridity and more penetration, less absorption in outward beauty, and more interest in underlying truth, less sensuous but more significant. He is at his best, I think, in his earlier

books about Japan. Not that there has been any falling off in power in his last volumes; but the subjects have been less conspicuously suited to his peculiar treatment. The earlier Japanese books are quite as entertaining and luminous as any work of comparative racial criticism we have—as readable as Emerson's "English Traits," for instance. Whether or not they are wholly to be trusted I have not the means of knowing. But even if his Japan were a wholly fictitious one, we should still have to enjoy it, so compelling is his manner.

In the last two or three volumes, however, we have less broad criticism and more minute observation of details of life, stories, poems, obscure customs, trifling habits—things which do not give us a broad general vision, but none the less increase a knowledge of the author's adopted country. "Kottö" is a book of short stories; and the sub-title gives some notion of their character—ghostly tales, for the most part, of what we should call psychic phenomena, which the Oriental mind has interpreted after its own manner, or into which it has imported impossible but picturesque and poetic beliefs. The result is an air of half-plaintive myth, very human, and un-Western, and altogether pleasant.

But there is also something more than mere entertainment in "Kottö," as there is in all of Mr. Hearn's books. There is the vivid sense of the mystery of life and the intense interest in the problem of essential being. There is, too, a very modern note of speculation, which must captivate any thoughtful reader. And as you sit by the fire on a gray day, conning these strange stories of old Japan with an amused and skeptical tolerance, you are pretty sure—unless you are hopelessly Occidental—to come upon a few pages of reverie or reflection that will make you sit up and think, and think hard. What if they were really true, these ghostly tales? Can they be so utterly ignored, after all, as mere fancies born of the idle brains of men? Or may research not one day reveal as true what is here only set forth as dim and fairy-like surmise? The stories themselves are no stranger than many of Mr.

Kipling's Indian romances, but Mr. Hearn's power of driving home their inward significance, of making us reflect, is most remarkable. He is like Maeterlinck in his fondness for dwelling on questions of the soul—like him, too, in his capacity for holding those questions up to light, and touching our sense of the solemn and the unknown.

NEW FRANCE AND NEW ENGLAND. *By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.65, net.*

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE loss which the literature of the English-speaking peoples has suffered in the death of John Fiske is so recent and so severe that the reviewer of this his latest book—dropped unfinished from his hand—finds it difficult to subject the work to an impartial scrutiny. It is more natural to dwell upon the breadth, solidity, and adequacy of the monument which the dead author has raised to secure his fame than to put to test this individual stone of the noble structure. But it is only as a stone in the structure that this work can be rightly estimated. As an integral portion of Mr. Fiske's survey of American history it is more important and more completely worthy of its author's reputation than if it were to be regarded as an isolated whole.

Let me say at once that, so far as my knowledge enables me to speak, this is altogether the best brief presentation of the subject in existence. What Parkman has told us in his series of eloquent, richly colored, and conscientious narratives is here given in one compact volume. Narrow as is the compass within which the strenuous movement begins and ends, so admirably is the story constructed that the action never seems crowded or intricate, and at the same time nothing essential or broadly significant is left out. Discrimination in material, a sound sense of values, accuracy as to facts, precision of statement, a judicious though necessarily sparing use of local color and picturesque incident, all

combine to make this volume a singularly satisfying reduction of the picture which Parkman gave us on a scale too huge to grasp at one view.

The style of Mr. Fiske's narrative is, first of all, lucid. Lucidity of thought, and the clearness of expression which clearness of thought makes possible, have always characterized Mr. Fiske's writings. But in this particular case he has been at particular pains to write clearly, because the matter of his writing has been shaped for the lecture hall, where each sentence must tell its tale directly and completely, and there can be no casting back to recover lost clues. Over and above this one quality of clearness—the most excellent, indeed, and most essential of all qualities in prose writing—Mr. Fiske's style makes no special claim to distinction. He is not a stylist; and what he says is not remembered for the manner of the saying. His sentences do not bite, or smite, or thrill, or sparkle. They are often a bit soft on the edges. But taken all together they are very competent. Patiently and unobtrusively they build up the picture—and the picture is one we carry away with us.

The only important defect of this admirable book, it seems to me, is one which the author would surely have remedied when he came to combine his lectures into the rounded whole of a book. The philosophy of the struggle between England and France in the New World, as a vital part in the great struggle for world-empire, must have appealed, more strongly than appears in these pages, to the spacious and philosophic mind of their author. Had this idea been more emphasized, the narrative would have gained in dramatic impressiveness.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By Theodore Tilton, D.D. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50.*

DR. Cuyler is the only one living of those great Brooklyn pastors of the latter half of the nineteenth century who made that city known throughout this country and in many parts of the

outside world. His reminiscences are, therefore, of interest because of their associations. They are also valuable to the reader because of their internal charm and fascinating qualities. The average layman would perhaps hesitate to take up a volume, even of a personal character, by a Calvinistic clergyman; but such an attitude may well be abandoned, for this volume will be found to be a rich treat for all readers who care at all for personal notes of the great men of two continents and for the record of a life spent amid scenes of the utmost activity and great labor. The book could not help being religious, but although the writer shows clearly that he is a stern and unyielding Presbyterian, and although he does not hesitate to score in strong terms the "higher criticism" school of theologues, yet he does by no means offend any liberal reader. Even in the expression of his anti-imperialistic notions he can excite no animosity. With Dr. Cuyler, the art of expression, with clearness and emphasis and without severity and obtrusiveness, has become a science.

The most attractive portions of the book are those devoted to the great men of the past. His friendship for Dr. Newman Hall, the great English friend of the United States in Civil War days, and his knowledge of Dean Stanley, Dean Farrar, Spurgeon, Dr. Brown (of "Rab" fame), are subjects for fascinating chapters.

A book of reminiscences by a clergyman which the average reader with no sympathy with his tenets will pore over with zest far into the night is a remarkable thing.

F. B. T.

GOOD ORDER ESTABLISHED IN PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY. *By Thomas Budd. 1685. Reprinted by the Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland. 1902.*

THE author of this curious and interesting tract was a native of Somersetshire, England, who settled in Burlington, New Jersey, about 1678, apparently to escape the persecution from which, as a Quaker, he was likely to suf-

fer if he remained in his native land. His father had been imprisoned in Ilchester Jail, and Thomas was sturdy in the faith of his ancestors. He seems to have been a man of strong individuality, for not only did he become distinguished among his New Jersey fellow-colonists, but he became, later, one of the leading townsmen of Philadelphia. His book shows him to have been a shrewd and observant man, with an eye for the possibilities of the country in which he had settled. He knows all about its natural productions, and has some excellent suggestions by which commercial advantage might be made out of them. He has a quick eye, also, for the position of factories and warehouses, and suggested the draining of the land, in order to be rid of the "troublesome musketoes." He offers excellent advice to intending emigrants, and even constructs tables of costs and articles useful for importing. As one reads this old gentleman's strong good sense, one hardly wonders at the present prosperity of these United States, for we are reminded that they were settled by such sturdy old fellows as Thomas Budd. The old rebel—we are sure that Budd was a rebel—seems to have been somewhat independent in his opinions of those in high places. He was fined five pounds for saying that "Samuel Jennings had behaved himself too high and imperiously in Worldly Courts."

The publishers deserve thanks for this handsome reprint of a book which is accounted among the very rarest of Americana.

T. S.

CAPTAIN MACKLIN. *His Memoirs. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

MR. Davis has, in this book, undertaken an extremely difficult thing—the making a prig and a cad, a coward and a fool, the hero of a so-called military novel. He has succeeded in a realistic fashion, remarkably well. Captain Macklin is a mistaken, braggart youth who, after repeated failures in every line, thinks he has succeeded, and

who is left at the end of the story a soldier of fortune, incapable, inconsequent, and without hope for the future, like his kind in real life. There seems to have been a misunderstanding in the minds of many readers, who say that Mr. Davis intended to make his hero a heroic, or real old-fashioned, hero, and failed. Surely, with a man of Mr. Davis's experience, this cannot be the case; he could never have intended to make Captain Macklin anything but an unfortunate example. There is little, if any, plot in the book; the point is the picturing of a fool under difficult circumstances, and the point is well taken and well made.

J. W. H.

AMERICAN ANIMALS. *A Popular Guide to the Mammals of North America North of Mexico. With Intimate Biographies of the More Familiar Species.* By Witmer Stone and Everett Cram. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$3.00, net.

WHO has not, in the days of his youth, innocence, and murderous instincts, tracked over the snow, with Indian insistence, the dangerous rabbit, or even the formidable field-mouse, and the terrible skunk? One forgets amid the artificial pursuits of maturer life the primitive delights of man, when upon our skill alone depended whether we or our ferocious foe the squirrel should live: whether he would turn and rend us limb from limb, or we, like other heroes before us, should clothe ourselves in his hide, draw sustenance through the hard winter months from his flesh. This book recalls all this. You glance at it first carelessly; but little by little the insidious charm of possum and mountain goat and porcupine steals upon you. You meet them all intimately: you have their photographs in pose or surprise; and the old desire to out-leatherstocking Leatherstocking revives. And this new arm that has come in the last few years—the camera—what an improvement it really is upon the gun! How many a boy after eagerly tracking some little singing bird from bush to bush and from tree to tree finally to bring him down

at the end with a shot-gun, a little bunch of useless feathers, has not felt the end incomparably less satisfactory than the pursuit—as philosophers tell us all pleasure is. But with the camera, instructive and not destructive, giving a memento of every successful chase much more satisfactory than the quarry itself, one may hunt forever with never a qualm. And the photographs in "American Animals" are really marvellous—both the telephotos and those taken with the ordinary lens. The book is one many will enjoy to their own surprise, if once they open its pages.

K. B.

CECILIA. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

IN "Cecilia," Mr. Crawford has given us another romance of Roman society. His theme this time is that of telepathy—thought-transference under various conditions and between various sets of people. His story contains the usual ingredients for a Crawford romance—two young men of exalted birth and comparatively little money, a very youthful and improbably self-possessed girl, a foolish but estimable middle-aged society woman, a wicked old lady of rank and title, an adventurer of doubtful antecedents who rejoices in a "sensual pink and white face, hanging lips, colorless brown hair, insolent eyes, effeminate figure and dress." This villain is much like "Walter Crowdie," the heroine differs very slightly from the girl in "Corleone," and altogether the story is reminiscent of many others—and these not the strongest—from Mr. Crawford's pen. Mr. Crawford has a singular facility for describing fierce rushes of hate or heroism as if they were details of house-furnishing, and his heroines dally most maddeningly with reminiscent meditation at crises in their lives when your insistent demand, as reader, is that they shall act instantly. "Cecilia" illustrates these failings the more precisely because it is not up to its author's best, and no cunningly contrived plot helps you forget defects. The most interesting figure in the book is that of Lamberto Lamberti, of the Italian navy.

a man whose characteristics suggest, afar off, the virility of Giovanni Saracinesca. Cecilia herself, with her interminable reveries, her philosophical researches, her uniformly serious conversation, lacks piquancy, that saving grace of heroines and mortal women. Would even an early-maturing Italian girl be capable, at eighteen, of such overpowering absorption in Kant's Categorical Imperative and the theories of Nietzsche? And is not Mr. Crawford platitudinizing somewhat when he descants so earnestly upon the seer-like quality of young maidenhood in general? Does he know what girls under twenty commonly think of? Their thoughts are long, long thoughts, but even a fervidly romantic novelist would be apt to find them mostly trivial. Cecilia, it must be said, is not a flesh-and-blood girl. All the people in the story are little more than lay figures. There is no glow of health, no tingle of life anywhere in the tale.

J. K. H.

PASCAL AND THE PORT ROYALISTS. *By Professor William Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.*

UNTIL within the last ten years, no general interest attached to Blaise Pascal and his writings in America; perhaps because he was variously regarded—or disregarded—in his own country and times, by turns as a “mere fanatic,” “a mystic,” a semi-Romanticist, and “a sceptic”; but this diversity of opinion, according to Brunetière, is solely due to the mutilated condition in which his “*Pensées*” have come down to us, being mistakenly regarded as his confessions, and the fact that his life was broken into successive periods. Recently, however, through a number of translations, he has become more widely and favorably known here, and now, by reason of this latest thorough treatise of his life and famous defence of the Port Royalists in “*The Provincial Letters*,” no serious mind can fail to be roused into admiration of the invulnerable logic, fine irony, and concentrated scorn which is the very note of the genius and style of Pascal. In his striking “*Discourse*

on the Passions of Love,” every sentence is a rounded maxim: “Love is of no age; it is always being born,” and such sayings savor of Rochefoucauld, without his cynicism.

A. L.

THE MAGIC MASHIE, AND OTHER GOLDFISH STORIES. *By Edwin S. Sabin. Illustrated. A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.00.*

OF late, in this country, the people have been divided into two classes—those who love golf and those who do not. The readers of Mr. Sabin's attractive book may not be all golf-lovers, for the pages have a charm and the author has a style peculiarly his own. This is his first book, but he has for several years written most entertainingly for the magazines. He has felt the public pulse and responded to it; the outcome is this string of reprinted short golf stories. There are fourteen, and they are all good. Especially to the lovers of the royal game will this volume appeal, and serve to make a dull hour bright. The reader feels, intuitively, that Mr. Sabin knows his golf. All the world may not know the technicalities of the game, but its picturesqueness makes it popular, and next to playing it is reading about it. The book is humorous in parts, and while it cannot be called brilliant it is healthy, vigorous, and never dull.

J. P.

THE MAID AT ARMS. *By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

IN this story the author of “*Cardigan*” has brought the romantic historical novel to a high state of excellence—indeed, to as high a state, perhaps, as this order of fiction permits of. For, after all is said and done, the romantic novel is at the best a machine-made product: the only question is, how delicate is the machine? The machine used by Mr. Chambers on the present occasion is very delicate, hence the result is satisfactory. Of course the heroine is beautiful—ravishingly so—and the hero a

paragon of virtue and bravery; but since their beauty and bravery and virtue are not insisted upon *ad nauseam*, and since, despite the superfluity of these qualities, they bear genuine likeness to humanity, they prove very companionable fellow-travellers for a day's journey, and at the end we are genuinely glad to see them attain the goal of every man's desire and get safely married.

The scene of the story is Tryon County, N. Y., the seat of the great patroon families, Dutch and English, and the objective point of the early campaign of the English in their attempt to annihilate the American forces under General Schuyler and thus irretrievably to cripple the rebels at the start. But despite the warlike setting of the tale, it contains very little carnage and blood-letting; we hear of fights and armed encounters, but at only one of these are we called upon to assist, and that the unimportant battle of Oriskany. Indeed, the author has very wisely used military history merely as ancillary to the love-story and to the attempt to show the part played by the Tories among the Colonials and the motives governing their actions. After reading the book our condemnation of their decision to side with England suffers a degree of modification, in view of the financial interests at stake and of the seeming probability of England's speedy victory; but, on the other hand, fresh horror is evoked by this new account of their employment of savages against their one-time neighbors and friends.

There is little new in the love-story—indeed, it is oft reminiscent of other twice-told tales—but the author has imbued it with an indisputable charm of romance and delicacy of touch which render it worthy of comparison with Stevenson's "David Balfour." Especially happy is the delineation of the character of Dorothy Varich—no wonder the hero fell in love with her; any mitigation of feeling on his part would have been inexcusable. Brought up in an atmosphere like that surrounding "the Lady of Quality's" childhood, Dorothy, nevertheless, retains unclouded her pristine purity, while developing much of the headstrong

independence which characterized Mrs. Burnett's heroine. There can be, of course, no doubt which author has realized more keenly the exigencies of psychological development; nor can there be question which character will gain the approval of American and English readers. The picture of General Schuyler is excellent; not so good, it is true, as that of Lincoln in "The Crisis"; but as a whole the story is vastly superior to Mr. Churchill's elaborate failure, since the author of "The Maid at Arms" achieves the less ambitious goal toward which he is striving.

W. W. W.

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. *By George Horace Lorimer. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

IF one reads but a letter at a time, taking the book indeed as it is meant to be taken, much enjoyment will result—that is if one likes broad American humor and business didactics—but if one expects to while away the hours on a railway journey from New York to Washington, say, the entertainment must certainly pall this side of Philadelphia. Baltimore will then witness sundry maledictions and yawns, and the unfortunate volume with the pretty gold pigs on its cover will, like as not, be flung by a petulant hand into the chilly Potomac stream. Now nothing could be more stupid or unjust than such reactionary deprecation, the book being full of fun and so-called good sense, a perfect treasure house, we think, for the vast barbarian tribes of Harumites and Holdenites, and all, truly, who love "English as she is spoke" better than English pure. We can, perhaps, give the work no greater commercial compliment than to say it will appeal vigorously to all haters of art, that it aims to strike at the root of things even at the expense of all flower and fruit, which are, we surmise, the real reason for the roots of things. Perhaps we take the "Letters" too seriously, but we guess that the writer takes some parts of them seriously too—those parts, for example, where the young man is exhorted unhumorously

to be good; where the moral and essential precedence of the business life over every other kind of life is dwelt upon rather persistently. The book is likely to have a large sale.

J. S. D.

THE PHARAOH AND THE PRIEST. *An Historical Novel of Ancient Egypt. From the original Polish of Alexander Glovatski. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.*

AN impressive tour de force, but a tour de force nevertheless. We feel that Glovatski has power and a comprehensive intellect, but how he must have studied to gather such a storefull of ancient Egyptian detail; how the translator, who has a penchant for elephantine tasks, must have struggled to render the whole seven hundred good-sized pages into English; and how boastful that reader will be who not only goes through the book without skipping, but understands the unfamiliar names and historico-geographical allusions which the Polish novelist, partly for the purpose of setting and partly to convey information, uses with bewildering frequency.

Without doubt, there is room and to spare for the big novel of knowledge; only we deny it the first rank in fiction. It has a right to sit in the common parliament of literature, but not to a permanent place in the upper imaginative house. With books it is very much as with men: the quiet, simple-mannered true one has such a chance!

Yet we must not be misunderstood. There is nothing false about Glovatski's book. There is in it sincerity, genuine interest, something of enthusiasm. The characters are drawn large, the action is constant, the scene is brought out vividly and with little waste; we know not in the whole realm of historic fiction a more praiseworthy and conscientious effort. The writer has, moreover, equipped himself splendidly for the show. Not a detail in the worship of Osiris, not a minute point of costume or of manners among all the varied races of Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians has escaped him. He knows every crevice, every dust-fleck on the

Sphinx, he is familiar with the habits of every creature that haunts the slime-heaps of the Nile, he is, in brief, master of his subject and will interest thousands of readers.

J. S. D.

OVER THE BLACK COFFEE. *Compiled by Arthur Gray. Illustrated by George W. Hood. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

THIS little volume is unique, not only in binding, but in the matter contained in its 108 pages. It is all about coffee. After the introduction, there is a history, written by John Ernest McCann: then the familiar sonnet by Francis Saltus, dedicated to coffee. We are told how it grows, how it should be served, and one who does not already know may become very wise regarding not only *Café noir*, but *Café au lait* and other varieties. There are also sketches of old London and old New York coffee houses, anecdotes, and more verses. "Over the Black Coffee" is admirably designed for a Christmas gift.

H. H.

THE LONG STRAIGHT ROAD. *By George Horton. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.*

IF this new story by Mr. George Horton be truly representative of Chicago life, then Chicago is most assuredly in a parlous state. For sheer vulgarity, for absolute commonness, for lack of the first principles of refinement among those characters who are represented as refined, or who, at least, are supposed to move in the "first circles of society," this book's claim to the championship will remain undisputed. The title and the prefacing quotation from Stevenson promise well. "Times are changed with him who marries; there are no money by-path meadows where you may innocently linger, but the after road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave." The text is an excellent one, and the romancer's opportunity is obvious. But in the present instance the author seems to have no story to tell, in

the first place, and the people who move through the pages of the book are so impossible, so hopelessly ignorant or disregarding of the common decencies of life, that any purpose there may have been in the writer's mind is thwarted utterly by the material he has chosen.

The sole relief from the unpleasantness of the principals of the story is furnished by a family of Germans, whose home atmosphere is very sweet. But these cannot save the book. Its faults are radical, and it is a matter of regret that the author who has done so much better work should have descended to a performance of this order.

S. D. S., JR.

THE CHRISTIAN POINT OF VIEW. *Three addresses by George William Knox, Arthur Cushman McGiffert, and Francis Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 60 cents, net.*

THE three addresses in this little volume were delivered by professors at the Union Theological Seminary, within one academic year. They are scholarly without being pedantic; Christian in tone and spirit, educational and interesting. While there is a marked divergence in matter of detail, each address agrees in the Christian plan of living and being.

BORROWED PLUMES. *By Owen Seaman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25.*

MR. Seaman has written a clever book. Considering how difficult has been his task he deserves no little praise for producing a book of twenty-two parodies, all good. Every page shows that the author has studied his subjects well before attempting to imitate—hence his success. The parodies are all amusing, the styles and peculiarities of the authors being in no instance too highly colored. From Hall Caine and Marie Corelli to Henry James and Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a far reach, yet Mr. Seaman handles all of them with equal grace and skill.

The opening burlesque is especially clever and droll. In it the author makes Elizabeth of the Letters visit that other Elizabeth of the German Garden. The parody is done in a series of letters, and those who have read the books will appreciate the imitations. In fact, one must be conversant with all the authors parodied to fully enjoy them, but Mr. Seaman has selected only such authors and books as are well known. The only mission of "Borrowed Plumes" is to amuse, and in this the author is successful.

A. B.

AVERY. *By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.00.*

READERS of "Harper's" may remember "Avery" when it appeared in that publication under the title of "His Wife." It is a novelette, covering only 122 pages, and might justly have the sub-title, "A Study in Morbidity." There is absolutely nothing new in the book, the plot is as old as story telling, and the reader discovers near the end of the story that the whole thing is a dream. "Avery" is quite as exasperating as "Marjorie Daw," without its cleverness.

OPPORTUNITIES IN THE COLONIES AND CUBA. *By William H. Taft, Brigadier General Wood, Hon. Charles H. Allen, Hon. Perfecto Lacoste, and the Hon. M. E. Beall. Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. \$1.00.*

THESE authors' names, representing as they do the Governor of the Philippines, former Governor of Cuba, ex-Governor of Porto Rico, former Secretary of Agriculture of Cuba, etc., in themselves vouch for reliability. The information is valuable, because it gives thorough and graphic descriptions of climate, conditions and prospects, and, more important still—it tells both theoretically and practically "how to get there." Even the names and addresses of places where application can be made for offices or where advice can be obtained have not

been omitted. There has been a growing demand for a book of this kind, giving in readable and condensed form the information everyone ought to have and many want, without knowing where to find it.

The book opens up the possibilities that range from the capitalist to the laborer, and shows the vast field that lays before us in our Colonial Possessions.

M. M.

THE MILLIONAIRESS. *By Julian Ralph.*
Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.
\$1.50.

SUCH a book as "The Millionairess" deserves a better fate than it is likely to meet. Not often does a jaded novel-reading public find anything so brilliantly subtle; but it is vain to expect this same jaded public to catch the ironic humor of Mr. Ralph's work. Posing naively as an ordinary—a very ordinary—novel of manners, it is in fact a gigantic parody of the craft it pretends to represent. With the gravest possible face Mr. Ralph heaps together a jumble of absurd caricatures of the commonplace types of fiction and sits back to watch the effect. His Apollo of a hero out-Corellis Corelli, and his heroine puts Richard Harding Davis's shirtwaist girls to the blush. His society women would be more at home in the Tenderloin than on Fifth Avenue. His Western girl is breezier than any Hamlin Garland has dared create. The wildest dreams of Hall Caine never compassed such an addle-brained social reformer as Bryan Cross, nor such a canting prude as his sister. With a well-bred degenerate burglar and a dull clergyman for good measure, Mr. Ralph pushes and pulls his puppet-figures from one scene to another with scarcely a pretence of connection or significance. And never once does the earnest manner relax.

It is unfortunate that the irony is too elaborate and too subtle to be easily grasped. Most readers, if they survive the deadly dulness of the first half of the book, will see only a nerveless, boneless, sinewless story, without plot, or characterization, or description. They

may speculate as to the connection between Mr. Ralph's cultured, well-to-do Bohemia (as though it really existed) and the heroine's plans for the amelioration of social conditions, or laugh at the melodramatic pathos of Bryan Cross's end. But for the elect it is all a rare treat. Don't attempt "The Millionairess" unless you are sure of your sense of humor; but if you are, read it—and don't be afraid to laugh.

E. C.

IN KINGS' BYWAYS. *By Stanley J. Weyman.*
Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
\$1.50.

IN this volume Mr. Weyman has brought together ten unrelated stories of various length and dealing with various periods of French history from 1580 to 1794, but bound together by general similarity of subject and treatment. The name attached to the collection doubtless finds justification in the fact that the tales are supposed to deal with such private adventures of kings and persons of high station with which history has not concerned itself. The unwary will likely read through several of the opening stories before realization comes of the fragmentary character of the book. But the natural disappointment attendant upon this discovery will be found to be groundless, as all the stories are intrinsically interesting and they are told in a quick, sprightly manner that leaves no time for sensations other than those which the author has sought to awaken. Mr. Weyman is a born storyteller, and, furthermore, he has so saturated himself with knowledge of his chosen theme, French history, that the reader may surrender himself to his guidance without fear of being led astray. The art of style, it is true, is unknown to him, but in recompense nature has endowed him with the ability of simple, striking narration, which is by no means an evil substitute for the more glittering gift. Those seeking amusement and relaxation may take up this book with complete assurance against disappointment.

W. W. W.

ONE'S WOMENKIND. *By Louis Zangwill.*
A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

THIS is a vexatious sort of book; one wishes to like it so much better than one really can. It begins well, with the adoption of the daughters of his brother's mésalliance by a rising young lawyer, as the cost of a rupture with his mother. The two little girls are delightful, and his life with and care of them, until his marriage with a hardly-used actress, makes excellent reading. But growth and the development of social ambitions change the aspect of affairs, and through the episodes and incidents of the latter portion of the narrative the way is long, and at times wearisome. The book is well written in good, plain English, the characters are studied with care, and the life they live is depicted with knowledge and fidelity. The shortcoming seems to lie in a certain hardness, a lack of ability to make the people sympathetic. One is described as philanthropic and altruistic; another as impulsive and warm hearted; a third as ingenuous and sincere. But none of them live up to their reputations, and it is this lack of consistency, this failure of a laudable intention, that irritates the reader. It would be unfair to withhold the praise that the author's painstaking care and his very decided ability deserve, but it is to be regretted that it cannot be accorded without qualification.

S. D. S., JR.

THE NEW EMPIRE. *By Brooks Adams.*
The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50, net.

WRITES Mr. Adams, "All my observations lead me to the conclusion that geographical conditions have exercised a great, possibly a preponderating, influence over man's destiny." For this conclusion, as well as for the many others which the author gives in his book "The New Empire," reasons are given. Whether these reasons appeal or not will depend largely on the prejudices of the reader. But in any case they are sure to interest, and to provoke thought.

We are presented with a connected account of the rise and development of commerce. History has been ransacked, and the story reproduced most attractively. The intelligent reading of the book has been made the more possible by a number of maps which illustrate admirably. The causes of the prosperity and downfall respectively of commercial states are clearly set forth. The connection between cause and effect is kept steadily in view. We see how trade waves have ebbed and flowed like the waves of the ocean.

Mr. Adams is at his best in dealing with the past. In writing of the present his presentation of facts occasionally suggests special pleading and the attempt to strengthen his case by taking care to see things as he wishes them to be. He is an optimist, who, while not asserting that whatever is is right, maintains that whatever is is as it had better be. Of trusts he sees the advantages, where many of his readers will be able to see only the other side of the question. But it is comforting to think that, whatever blunders man may make, Nature will in her own way regulate commerce—that commercial destiny, for instance, depends primarily upon the location of certain minerals.

L. DE V. M.

MRS. TREE. *By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated.* Dana, Estes & Company, Boston. 75 cents.

TO every New-Englander who has drifted away from his native soil into larger issues and requirements, this book comes as a renewed vision of the characteristic scenes, types, colloquialisms, and view-points of his early life which were then accepted by him as the mere natural outcome of each man's existence; but, in this later vision, amplified by time and change, the New England environment assumes its rightful proportions, blent of that humor and pathos which is the soul of these simple-hearted folk whose lives are all unconsciously vibrant with the widest range of dramatic possibilities.

A. L.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE. *By George H. Ellwanger, M.A. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.*

THIS elaborate compilation of gastronomic lore leads us through pleasant pathways, fringed with sweet herbs of historical résumé and flowers of anecdote, from the days of the Roman feasts up to the present period of French culinary æstheticism. It is profusely and attractively illustrated and, since the destinies of men and women are still, as ever, influenced by their epicurean tastes and habits, why should it be disdained as a gift-book, even to one's fiancée?—with Austin Dobson's triolet as a fitting dedication:

"Here's a present for Rose,
How pleased she is looking!
Is it verse? Is it prose?
Here's a present for Rose!
'Plats,' 'Entrées,' and 'Rots,'—
Why, it's 'Gouffé on Cooking.'
Here's a present for Rose,
How *pleased* she is looking!"

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC. *For Boys and Girls. By Kate E. Carpenter. Illustrated. Lee and Shepard, Boston. 80 cents, net.*

THROUGH this simplified edition the history of Joan of Arc is rendered most attractive and comprehensible to the minds of children, and from an educational point of view must appeal to teachers and parents. The illustrations are good reproductions of the most famous paintings of incidents in the life of the "Maid of Orleans."

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. *Illustrated with over Eighty Text Cuts and Twenty-four Full-page Half-tones. By Joseph J. Mora. Dana, Estes & Company, Boston.*

RECLOSED in this new and ample garb of fantastic illustrations that give tangible shape to the familiar creations of Hans Andersen's fancy, these wonder-stories come with renewed interest to the child-heart whose love of the marvellous never fails.

A PROPHET OF THE REAL. *By Esther Miller. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IT would be an easy task to point out superficial faults in this book, notably faults of a syntactical nature, but to do so would betray a little mind: there is so much to admire in the story, so much that is real, palpitating, alive, that gratitude toward the author swallows up desire for carping criticism. "A Prophet of the Real" is not a great novel—the plot is too simple, too neglectful of the manifold threads of existence, of the play and counterplay of many natures upon each other—but in its intensity and fidelity to life it is deserving of unreserved praise. The situation is novel, improbable, yet not incredible; the characters are more or less sketchy; but in some subtle manner the author has infused into her work the fire of reality in an unusual degree, so that the reader hurries over the terse, nervous sentences with an insistent desire to follow the development of the plot to its conclusion.

The hero of the story is a successful English novelist who, by the strange fatality of chance, has been led to evolve from his imagination the identical tragedy which has darkened the childhood of his secretary, to whom he is dictating the story. Shocked into confession, the girl's reserve is broken down, with the result that he offers her marriage, in the desire, primarily, to retain at hand an interesting human document. From the new relationship thus created results the story which the author has told so interestingly.

W. W. W.

THE WOOING OF WISTARIA. *By Onoto Watanna. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS is a story of Japan. It does not announce itself a novel. But by grace of its pretty title it promises to be a love tale, done with the delicate suggestiveness that has made its author's short stories in the magazines so attractive. At first it seems to redeem its promise. Then the fragile Cloisonné ro-

mance suddenly whisks itself about and tries to become a record of warlike politics against the Shogun, complicated by Commodore Perry's arrival in Japan, just a half century ago this year. It is as if a sweet, silky little Japanese poodle should all at once assume the bold swagger of a Boston terrier. You feel that the approaching semi-centennial of Japan's awakening, and not any real interest or ability on the part of the author, instigated such an astonishing attempt. Also you feel that Onoto Watanna's powers are too rare and too valuable to be subjected to a strain like this. She can write of Japanese home life from the inside, and at the same time in terms easily comprehended by minds Occidental. That is a unique gift. But she cannot successfully treat politics or organized warfare—what woman can? The Shogun, the Mikado, Commodore Perry—these are mere tenuous shadows on the page. But Wistaria at her casement in the dew of morning—she lives and breathes. You feel none of the attempted high tragedy of the hari-kari and battle scenes, but you do feel the exquisite pathos of Wistaria's moonlight withdrawal into the temple. The author's English is in general clear, though often weak, and at times aglow with unexpected Oriental touches.

J. K. H.

BY THE STAGE DOOR. *By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman. The Grafton Press. \$1.50.*

UNDER the title "By the Stage Door," a dozen sketches of theatrical life are collected in a volume. While not "literary" in the true sense of the word—though by no means badly written—these little stories of the world behind the scenes possess two of the most essential qualities of literature, which are unaffected frankness and a basis of truth. Such qualities, and the experienced knowledge from which they spring, are rare in the fiction about dramatic professional life—so rare that W. D. Howells, for example, shows himself completely lacking in them, in his "Story of a Play."

One of the "Stage Door" chapters is the thinly-veiled story of the late Augus-

tin Daly and his winsome leading comedienne. Another touches tenderly upon the pathetic heart-tragedy of that one-time metropolitan favorite of the bygone Lyceum Theatre, Georgia Cayvan. By way of antithesis, there are farce-comedy episodes, such as "Grimston's School of Acting." Sentiment and pathos, however, are the chords oftenest struck, while "An Early Jump" conveys a bright and helpful little lesson in self-discipline. Perhaps the most notable document in the group is the "Autobiography of an Actress," which is not cast in the form of fiction, but is cold and convincing fact throughout. In this, the child of the stage begins with an account of how her mother "did the hard work of a stock actress in the bad old days when they put on four Shakespearian productions a week, with an occasional melodrama thrown in." The child herself grew up to be a stock leading lady of to-day, and she shows how in a single season of twenty weeks she played a full score of leading or star rôles, memorizing an average of 7,000 words for each part, or a total of 140,000 words, all within five consecutive months! No wonder she began to crave stimulants, and that her mind threatened to give way. So she broke off for a rest, married a Virginia planter, and quit the stage forever. "I've made my big success," she concludes; "married the best man in the world, and that is the greatest of all 'hits.'"

H. T.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. *By Florence Morse Kingsley. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS story is told to illustrate a lesson—that of the responsibility entailed by great riches, and of the hardening effect upon character of devotion to the Mammon of Unrighteousness. The lesson is old, but always pertinent. In this case, however, a preachiness of intent is so obvious that it defeats the whole purpose of the novel, and makes it fail utterly as a portrayal of human life. All the characters introduced are "types"—the hard-fisted New England farmer, the calculating country under-

taker, the humanitarian hermit, the "fair and cold" society girl, the selfish village beauty. Even the altruistic hero himself is palpably unreal; not one person in the book has power enough to convince the reader of his single, separate existence. They are all specimens brought forward to illustrate the faults or virtues of different classes of people. They might as well be named by capitalized epithets, in the forceful manner of George Ade, or labelled according to genus and species, like the stuffed things in a Natural History Museum. They are not, moreover, manipulated with any degree of skill, as a great dealer in types, like Dickens or Hugo, would have manipulated them. The psychology of the story is neither true nor interesting, and at the end of it all you are not convinced that the hero has accomplished anything in his conflict with the "powers of worldliness." The hero's name, by the way, is Immanuel. There are other traces of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the book—attempts at religious humanitarianism, a censorious attitude toward alleged Shams (with a very big S), and a study of married life whose unhappiness is due entirely to the selfishness of one of the partners in it. The chief good such books do is to set people to thinking about what the Shams really are, and about some methods of fighting them which may be eliminated from the equipment of those who set out valiantly and honestly on the war-path. The illustrations to "The Needle's Eye" are appropriately wooden and unexpressive.

J. K. H.

THROUGH HIDDEN SHENSI. *By Francis H. Nichols. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.*

THIS somewhat ponderous volume is the record of a representative of "The Christian Herald," who penetrated into the unknown part of north-western China to ascertain the exact conditions of the recent great famine there. A fund was raised in this country for the famine sufferers, and Mr. Nichols, the agent for it, in the course of his travels through the land, made a close

study of its customs, peoples, and institutions, and here records them voluminously and with great conscientiousness, but with a literary style that is too painstaking to be in the least picturesque or sparkling.

The book will appeal more to a grave and leisurely class of readers who are interested in the subject, and to them it will be a work to be pored over rather than revelled in. The writer admits his anti-Chinese prejudice when he started on his travels, but most of these were done away with, and he learned to admire much in a civilization that was old in the days of Homer. Armed with the personal card of Prince Ching, which was the open sesame throughout China, the traveller found himself, wherever he went, perfectly protected from harm. So, for many weeks, the writer explored this hidden realm, finding the people toiling and thinking and misjudging the outer world exactly as they did thousands of years ago. Roughly, his course was from Peking southwest to Sian, the refuge of the present court during its recent enforced exile; thence southeasterly to Hankow, Nanking, and Shanghai, an arduous trip occupying over two months.

With its maps, elaborate chapter summaries, illustrations from photographs, and index; with its careful descriptions of villages, towns, roads, and rivers, social conditions, temples, religions, modes of thought, and details of travel, perhaps the best word to use in estimating the book is "excellent."

W. F. D.

MILTON'S ENGLAND. *By Lucia Mead. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.60, net.*

WHAT a lordly title is here, what an offertory to nobility and calm, and what a keen disappointment we feel when we turn the insufficient pages. We would not accuse the writer of wilful irreverence or indelicacy in the treatment of her theme, but she is scarcely enough exalted for her task, and the mass of detail and quotation of every hue that she has collected—often with undoubted pains for accuracy—do not combine to

give one clear color to the whole. We are conscious of editing; of scratchings and of notes, of snippings and of scissors. The arrangement is at times almost slovenly, the phrasing cannot be called especially felicitous, very little of the matter is really new, and the chats about history are rather unimpressive. How incongruous such a work may be with the idea of Milton we leave the lovers of Lycidas to infer!

It would be better, perhaps, to dismiss altogether the question of the epic poet and think of the book merely as a personal memoir concerning celebrated places. Of course some of these places draw their celebrity alone from the presence of the bard, as, for example, the house in Bread Street, but a majority have with him only the flimsiest connection. It is as the writer says: the boy Milton or the man Milton may have seen such walls, entered such portals, bowed his head before such cathedral diapason, but beyond this comparatively frail unity there is little reason why the book should not be renamed Sir John Eliot's England, or Hampden's or Cromwell's England.

As a guide, however, to certain interesting localities of old London, Miss Mead's book ought to find readers.

C. N.

HOW TO INTERPRET PICTURES. *By Franklin B. Sauvel, A.M., Ph.D. Round Table Booklet Publishers, Greenville, Pa.*

THIS book is not wholly bad, yet it was hardly worth doing, we fancy, from any point of view save that of self-culture, which alone would be unlikely to lead a man to publish. Sincerity and enthusiasm are the chief qualities in its favor, and sometimes these serve to illumine the writer's mind. His brief analysis, for example, of "The Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez, while following closely the lines thrown out by celebrated critics of painting, has, nevertheless, enough lift to it to carry Mr. Sauvel a little out of his halting style; and his chapter on animal painting also stands out in rather agreeable relief. But the work, which, from its lack of thorough-

ness, can scarcely be intended for a textbook, falls dismally short of all we expect, and have the right to demand, in belles-lettres.

J. S. D.

THE ART OF SUCCESS. *By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederic Warne & Co., New York. \$1.00.*

THERE is no such thing as a success tabloid, says Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson in this book; and neither religion, early rising, nor total abstinence alone will bring success. There are those who are successful and those who are not; all men cannot be successful; nor can all with equal endeavor obtain equal success.

It is doubtful which is most discouraging: a treatise on success by a man like Carnegie whom you know you never can equal in his line; or a treatise on "The Art of Success" by a man you never heard of before, and who, for aught you know, may be no more successful than you are.

The best part of "The Art of Success" is the quotations. Wendell Phillips's "Commonsense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it," alone is worth the dollar asked for the book, if one digests it—the advice, not the book.

Mr. Knowlson is also the author of "The Art of Thinking." Perhaps a preliminary course in that is necessary for the proper appreciation of the second book.

K. B.

GABRIEL TOLLIVER. *By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

HERE is a really good book. A novel, if you like, yet charming more by reason of its anecdotal than its narrative character. A study of the South in that bitter period after the Civil War when the negroes just liberated in the Reconstruction Eden hearkened to the voice of the crafty carpetbagger, who bade them enjoy the fruit of power and property and strut spitefully in the gaze of the white man, before whom they had formerly crouched and quailed. Consid-

ered artistically, this is a good dramatic setting, nothing worse for being comparatively little used. Yet the author of "Uncle Remus" has such a frail liking for plan or intriguing cleverness, he declares so openly against art—he probably means artifice—that his treatment of these essential attributes of fiction is, to say the least, unaffectionate. He seems always so glad to play hookey from the plot-work and sport a while, episodically, with his characters that the reader is inclined to be with him in this, and give a sigh of relief, too. As a novel "Gabriel Tolliver" is rather slow; as an idyll it is decidedly fresh and delightful.

The writer's humor, his wide-hearted sympathy for everything that breathes, his sense of homely worth and domestic sweetness, and his honest craftsmanship combine to make a work deserving serious attention. It is not every day or every season we meet characters so nobly real and so really noble as Nan, Dr. Dorrington, or the old negro servant, Uncle Plato.

J. S. D.

DR. BRYSON. *By Frank H. Spearman.*
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
\$1.50.

IN this book the author comes in like Balzac and goes out like—John Strange Winter. But, unfortunately, this is a literary phenomenon so common to the experience of readers of current English and American fiction as to suggest hopeless ineptitude on the part of Anglo-Saxons in dealing with contemporary life. Mr. Spearman's conception of the hero's character is excellent, as also his portrayal of hospital practices and abuses: Dr. Bryson is a physician not in name alone, but also in temperament and attitude, and his operations are conducted in such manner, seemingly, as to justify the recovery of his patients. Hospitals may not be pleasant places in which to pass one's leisure, but undeniably they offer delectable material for the novelist. This fact the author has keenly realized, and likewise the necessity for accurate and detailed knowledge of their workings. Indeed, on this score, unmitigated praise

is due him—at least, so it seems to the lay mind; as to the verdict of specialists desirous of defending their profession against the faintest animadversion, no prediction, of course, can be made.

So much for the opening chapters of the story. Had they remained a fragment, critics of future generations would doubtless give voice to regret that this promising study of life at the beginning of the twentieth century had failed of completion. Likewise, we are conscious of regret, but unfortunately of an opposed nature: for the sake of his reputation Mr. Spearman should have abandoned his pen after completing the sixth chapter. At all events, having pushed off from shore with a brave burst of speed, he incontinently draws in his oars, in the mistaken belief that the initial momentum of his boat will suffice for the rest of the journey. Inevitably he drifts into the shallows of a second-rate love-story. "There came to her a superbly dainty haughtiness, as of one who better knows herself"—"she retraced her steps to the bench, a queen in her black gown"—almost does it seem as though these were the very sentences read years ago by a credulous youth on the display page of the "Family Story Paper" in the window of a cigar shop. It would be an easy task to point out a score of grammatical solecisms and offences against literary good taste in Mr. Spearman's book, but wherefore insist upon the self-evident? One sentence, however, vociferously demands recognition: "So say you, said they at last, so let it be; so it was."

W. W. W.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. MOULTON. *By Nathaniel Stephenson. John Lane, New York. \$1.20, net.*

LONDON and New York have so long provided the local color for the magnificent order of heroines that a Chicago atmosphere is a grateful change, especially when some typically western types are seen through it. Mr. Stephenson has made a conscientious study of these, and he delivers the result of his observations in a plain, straightforward style without ideality. In short, he tells

too much, describes his characters too minutely, leaving nothing to the imagination of the reader, who would occasionally prefer to have the folk reveal themselves in speech or action. Besides the beautiful woman herself, with her golden hair, her height, her great shoulders, and her matchless complexion, there are her heavy-necked business man of a husband, the wise youth who preys upon him for his own purposes, and various minor characters drawn with more care than artistic feeling. But it is exactly this artistic feeling which the author is disposed to ridicule, contrasting it unfavorably with the unaffected wholesomeness of a youth and maiden from smaller western towns.

The plot is very slight, but the dialogue runs easily, and the author has avoided complications which might have made his story more dramatic, but would have debarred it from young readers. Despite its shambling construction and lack of suggestiveness the tale is entertaining.

J. M.

A DISCIPLE OF PLATO. *By Alligood Beach. Illustrated by John Ward Dunsmore. Roberts Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

OUT of Boston has come a book the like of which is seldom launched. This is said to be Mr. Beach's first novel; if he has any love in his heart for his fellow man it will be his last. "A Disciple of Plato" has absolutely no excuse for being. In construction the work is as crude and disjointed as that found in a family story paper; the characters are none of them true to nature, and the plot—if the slight thread may be called a plot—is in no way new or original. After having read the 353 pages of Mr. Beach's book one wonders where the Platonic idea comes in.

The story is laid in France; consequently the author must have his characters speak French. With this in mind, Mr. Beach has scattered stock phrases through his pages; sometimes they fit, oftener they do not, but this makes not the slightest difference to the author. From unexpected corners the puppets of

Mr. Beach's creation jump at one like a jack-in-a-box; they are all grotesque, and never true to life. There is not a human, honest note in the book. "A Disciple of Plato" would be immoral, were it not so stupid.

H. A.

THE CONQUEST OF ROME. *By Mme. Matilde Serao. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

MUCH of Mme. Matilde Serao's previous work has had to do with the lower classes, with the misery that poverty imposes, and that mental and physical degradation brings about. But for this brilliant yet profound study of the social and political life of modern Rome she has gone to the other extreme of the social scale, and has chosen for her *dramatis personae* those whose associations and surroundings are of the highest. Of plot there is little. The book comprises rather the study of one character in new and difficult environment.

The picture is of a man whose rebellious youth has forced recognition of its talent; who, from provincial obscurity, has risen by native eloquence, in the Italian legislature, to a point whence no political advancement is impossible; who, when the new, the utterly strange element of love comes across and mingles with his ambitions, chooses the lesser and unfamiliar object for his devotion. A cold, half-yielding, flattered, and unloved young wife absorbs him, and his final downfall, political and pecuniary, is to be attributed to his half-requited passion, to which his sacrifice of self is absolute. This brief indication of the theme merely sketches the motive of a powerful tale, whose strength lies rather in analysis than in incident, although there are dramatic scenes. The study of the hot but unawakened Southern temperament, its rise to fame, its unavailing battle against ice, and its final despairing subsidence, is a remarkable one; and for contrast nothing could be more effective than the unresponsive, passionless object of its inspiration. For background to the action of the story there is the com-

plete panorama of Roman life, in drawing-rooms, legislative chambers, and in the privacy of domesticity. Exact in every detail, over-exact, perhaps, are the descriptions. But the pictures are extremely vivid, and the extension of the analytical method from mental to material things is not surprising. As a whole the story is an admirable one, strong, lifelike, and true, and unfailingly interesting.

S. D. S., JR.

A CAPTURED SANTA CLAUS. *By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents.*

MR. Page has caught the spirit of his theme and set it to paper in a way that shows that the old god of Christmas is more than a myth to him. Every incident of the little tale is delightful and natural; full of a whole-hearted sympathy and tenderness that must carry its readers with it.

The scene of the story is laid in Virginia during the latter half of the Civil War, and brings with it the inevitable plantation, the blue and the gray uniforms, the spies, and the camp-fires, which Mr. Page has already made familiar through his other writings. But somehow they are different from those we know so well. In spite of touches of pathos, there is an atmosphere of cheerfulness about everything, from the blazing camp-fire to the freezing sentinel on the porch, that is harmonious with the spirit of Christmas and all that it means and brings. In thought, treatment, choice of words, and illustrations, "A Captured Santa Claus" is an ideal holiday book.

H. H., JR.

MOTHER EARTH. *By Frances Harrod. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IT is as a study of characters and because of its literary quality that this book calls for commendation, for the story itself is not especially novel. The American heiress and the high-minded but impecunious Englishman have attained

to the not very eminent rank of stock characters in British fiction. But the two with whom this story is concerned are not the typical victims of circumstance. They have individualities of their own, and despite the rather conventional manner in which their love-story is brought to its culmination, their actions are justified by their characters, and they stand out vivid and alive in their natural strength and weakness. The girl is by no means the usual presentation of her class. She has no Yankee twang, does not call her father "popper," and has the manners of polite society. The man is strong, a fine, honest, gentleman, proud to a degree that almost wrecks his happiness, but bravely humble at the end. The few other persons in the story are drawn with equal firmness, though in lesser detail. The title is well chosen, for the influence of nature is felt throughout the book. It is "Mother Earth" that is not only a base and background, but a strong and compelling force acting upon the lives of these people dwelling in an isolated region on the coast of Wales. The mingling of the human and material in their changing moods is conveyed with remarkable insight and penetration. The literary style is excellent, and the book should serve to introduce a little-known writer to the discriminating, while it will also interest the average reader.

S. D. S., JR.

THE ROMMANY STONE. *By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

APPARENTLY it was during his life as a schoolmaster, and before he became member of parliament, that Mr. Yoxall gathered the miscellaneous material which he has tried to weave into a connected story, and which he gives to the world in "The Rommany Stone."

A Derbyshire yeoman, a country lass—the yeoman's cousin—an American in search of his family tree, Bow Street runners, and gypsies are the main figures of this romance of the beginning of the nineteenth century. In writing this story

Mr. Yoxall doubtless had good ideas and good intentions; but, unfortunately, he has demonstrated that he does not possess, to any satisfactory degree, the gift of story-telling.

The American who is travelling in search of his ancestral domain, and finds that he is of Rommany blood, is well conceived; but not well executed. The movement of the story is not that of life, but of mechanism. We read of the galloping of horses, but our imagination is never stirred to the point of fancying that we can hear the clatter of their hoofs. Two men grapple with each other; but the reader feels no more emotion than if he were witnessing a toy prize fight. The action of the story takes place in three days. Were the reader not so informed, he might be forgiven for thinking that it was three months, for time drags along with the slow and heavy tread of the laboring man working by the day.

Mr. Yoxall was too heavily handicapped by his material. Had he known much less, he might have told his story much better. He has set up a rival school to the Kailyard, however, and for that a meed of praise should not be denied him. The language of "The Rommany Stone" may be comprehensible to some, but we very much doubt it.

L. DE V. M.

THE SPIRITUAL OUTLOOK. *A Survey of the Religious Life of our Time as Related to Progress.* By William Chamberlain Selleck. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

MR. Selleck's book deals with a subject which by virtue of its sub-title should be broad and unprejudiced. It is a big field, this religious life of to-day, and it is a long road from traditional prejudices to viewing that field of religious life in an unbiased spirit. Mr. Selleck has handled his subject well: he has striven for faithfulness in his statements both historically and in questions of creed, though in this he has not always succeeded. But when he fails it is

because he has dealt with a subject which was not of the subject at all. He has gone into the details of each individual church as a church: its beliefs, its benefits, its errors. Mr. Selleck forgets that any faith compatible with human life is bound to live, in fact of its faith in its faith. The errors of a faith are of no consequence, or should not be, to a man who is handling a subject from so high a standpoint. He loses himself in details and trivialities, emphasizes his own view in the matter of spiritual truth, and almost wrangles with other creeds of which he is absolutely ignorant, yet his opinion as to the "largesse," strength, power, and influence of a church in our modern civilization may be of some value. One deplores the lack of all mention of the influence of the Religions and only the mention of Christian Churches; but one must appreciate the fairness with which Mr. Selleck has stated the true value of each church in its bearing on Progress in spite of his apparent underlying prejudices.

M. M.

IN MERRY MOOD. *A Book of Cheerful Rhymes.* By Nixon Waterman. Forbes & Company, Boston. \$1.25.

IT isn't his quality of verse, which is coarsely grained at times, and it certainly isn't boundless originality by which Nixon Waterman holds the attention of his following; but it is his direct way of presenting every-day whimsicalities and facts in a humorous light that wins a transient smile.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With illustrations (in colors) by Margaret Armstrong. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.00.

WE have never seen a poorer edition of Mrs. Browning's famous sonnet sequence than this. Illustrations, paper, type, and binding are equally unattractive. Mr. Mosher's edition, published at 25 cents, is much to be preferred.

OUT OF THE WEST. *By Elizabeth Higgins. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

THE prairies of Nebraska have been fertile in something more than corn and wheat. In the last ten years, following a period in which their natural fertility has been curtailed, they have become the source and scene of many stories of rampant politics and rural misery. Populism and drought, logically inseparable, have been the themes of literature. Most of this "literature" has been crude enough, and little of it has been true to life and fact. But Elizabeth Higgins has given us in "Out of the West" a story of rare strength, vitality and truth. It, too, is crude and uneven in many ways, for it is the author's first serious work; but one does not notice these crudities and technical imperfections in the sweep and strength of the story.

"Out of the West" is the tale of an educated but inert son of a rich man of New York, sent by his father to manage a grain elevator in a Nebraska town. It involves the great drought and the rise of Populism, a Populist Joan of Arc, and scenes of political intrigue and society shame in Washington. The plot is an exceedingly simple one, and yet so cunningly is the story told that its every turn and shift is taken by the reader with interest and enthusiasm. This means art and power, and only a pedant will snarl at trifling lapses in style and composition. The author is evidently in sympathy with the cause of the farmers against the railroads, the old and eternal battle in Nebraska, but she does not permit her bias to injure her power of narration. Perhaps it inspires her to those wonderful, realistic word paintings of the life of that section in those terrible days. No one who has ever been in a farming country in times of crop failure can ever forget them. The author has lived those horrors, and she has told of them so well that the result is startling. The ways of life and thought of the people, the destitution and poverty of brain and soul as well as body—these are pictured as faithfully as the face of field and sky.

But all the views are by no means sombre. Some of them are brilliant with light and joy. The humor is quick and frequent. The droll and laughable features of life in a prairie town, which the author at the outset declares to be "the deadest town between Omaha and Ogden," are told with rare faithfulness and zest. The parlor of the "first family" of the town, the matron who unofficially but absolutely takes charge of every funeral, the village belle who expects that every caller shall be her "beau" and kiss her the first night they meet, the idle curiosity of the village loungers at the station, the bare "city hotel"—here they stand in all their humor and quaintness. The quizzical author has seen every detail of that life, and her satire, while delicate, is merciless.

Of the multitude of tales of western life and politics, "Out of the West" is well worth one's time. It is genuine, powerful, humorous, pathetic and absorbingly interesting.

F. B. T.

PAUL KELTER. *By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

HAD Charles Dickens not written, we should read Mr. Jerome's novel, "Paul Kelter," with much greater enjoyment. In that event, however, it is doubtful whether the book would have been written. By this I would not imply that the author has wilfully imitated his great predecessor; he has simply so saturated himself with the methods of the evident object of his admiration that imitation has become unavoidable. Yet despite the book's similarity to "David Copperfield," how vital the difference between the two! As a novel, "Paul Kelter," I think, cannot be called successful. It contains humor, pathos, character-drawing—all useful in the production of a work of fiction—but as a whole it is unsatisfactory. Nor is the reason of its partial failure doubtful: the melodies and serenades and arias are present in generous abundance, but they are not properly orchestrated. In other words, the characters and scenes have not been welded together by the mortar of an interesting

plot, which is essential to a really great novel, despite the dicta of certain latter-day critics. Moreover, there is a sad lack of passion in the make-up of the leading characters, which may possibly call forth the approval of the great Philistine contingent of the reading public, but which unfortunately precludes the awakening of other than a fatally lukewarm interest in their fate. Mr. Jerome, it is evident, belongs to the formidable order of authors who hold that the surest method of rendering their books innocuous and "elevating" is by the dishumanizing of the hero into a moral prig beyond the reach of vulgar temptation. So deeply rooted in the conscience of Anglo-Saxons is this view of literature that to protest against it would be idle.

Aside from the prologue of "Paul Kever," which seems somewhat forced—or is it only old-fashioned?—the beginning of the story is delightful, giving promise of delectable courses yet to follow, the fulfilment of which we in vain await. Paul's childhood is long, extending over one hundred and fifty pages, but its chronicle, in the main, is spontaneous and pervaded by the subtle charm of youth's misty morning. Indeed, it is this part of the book—decidedly the best—which recalls most vividly "David Copperfield," although it lacks the structural consistency of the masterpiece of Dickens. Many of the characters who appear, even fleetingly, upon the scene are endued with much of the bizarre quaintness which renders unforgettable the creations of Dickens's genius. "Aunt Fan," "Mr. Gadley," "Dr. Hal," "Mr. Hasluck," "Mrs. Peedles," "Jarman," "Miss Sellars," "O'Kelly," and the "Signora"—how easily and naturally they fit into the great gallery of Dickens's portraits, if we do not scrutinize them too closely. In justice to the author, however, it must be conceded that the limitations of present-day novels do not admit of the successful following of the discursive methods of a former generation, and that by their adoption one succeeds only in crowding the stage without enhancing the interest of the play. Certainly such has been the result in the present instance.

• Mr. Jerome's first long novel offers

fresh proof of the author's undoubted cleverness; but, unfortunately, it also manifests a lack of organic perception on his part which cannot fail to prove fatal to his ambition as a novelist of serious claims. On laying it aside one wonders how a book of such conspicuous merits can so far fall short of excellence.

W. W. W.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE. *By Elizabeth Kent.* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

D R. Charles Fortescue, of Madison Avenue, found the heat unbearable one August night, went up to the roof to sleep and plunged into a deep and dark mystery. There were many lights in the house opposite, and so much that was astonishing took place behind the half-drawn shades that the story of it has been told by Elizabeth Kent. The occurrences of that night and the remarkable aftermath make a good detective story, though not truly of the Sherlock Holmes order, for the gentleman concerned in the investigation was of a denseness quite uncommon even in the police of New York. Dr. Fortescue saw four night owls disporting themselves mysteriously in the fashionable apartment opposite his roof, and when, the next morning, a murdered body was found in an unused apartment it became credible that one of the four was the murderer. The number of possible criminals rolls up merrily, and the electric chair seems to wait first for the young society girl, then for the pretty little bride of three months, then for a French butler, and so on. The good physician grows more interested in the young lady who is for a time suspected than in the case itself, but there is not enough love-making to hinder the course of the story. Not to like a good detective tale is to show one's self hopelessly lacking in that most enjoyable of human qualities—curiosity; there are not many who have the misfortune to be deficient in this gift of the gods, and these are the only folk who will not enjoy the exploration of "The House Opposite."

M. D. M.

THE DOWNRENTER'S SON. *By Ruth Hall.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
\$1.50.

HOW seldom one wishes for a preface to a novel—yet in the case of "The Downrenter's Son" a preface would be of valuable assistance in understanding the background of Miss Hall's story. She has laid the story some sixty years ago in New York State, at the time when many of the country tenants refused to pay their rents, and in the small towns there was rioting by lawless youths disguised as Indians. From the situation, as portrayed in the story, one gets little information on the merits of the case, save that you naturally sympathize with the more intelligent of the characters, who are all uprenters. Miss Hall's characters are all real people, and her story is distinctly interesting. But somehow she has not made her rioting at all real; it seems like fooling, and one is brought up with a shock when the tragedy occurs. It may be Miss Hall's intention to do this—for the rioters themselves were brought up with a shock at the first killing—but this seems to me wrong in a book; as it is conceded to be in a play. The reader must be in the confidence of the writer, at any rate. Still, despite this grave defect of the lack of unity between background and characters, "The Downrenter's Son" is far better in every way than the ordinary story of country life, or the ordinary story of lawlessness.

J. W. H.

THE LADY PARAMOUNT. *By Henry Harland.* John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

FOR the modern reader, fed on the modern glut of adventure, problem and realism, "The Lady Paramount" must needs fall on barren ground. It is too delicate a thing for his prostituted appreciation. It is like that faint perfume of violets that came and went near the dainty person of the Countess Susanna, and set the heart of Anthony to beating furiously; after the first sweet whiff the coarse nostrils of man are no longer sensitive to it. There is a kind of perfume hanging about Henry Harland's book,

which coarser senses do not catch at all, and even the finest sometimes miss. But if a man fails to get something of it after reading a few pages, he might as well lay down the book at once; there is nothing for him there. The tale will not hold him—a mere pretty echo of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," in which life presents no problems, nobody has a purpose and love runs as smoothly—yes, as the "curling, dimpling, artificial torrent" that plashed through Craford Park, where Anthony first saw his Lady standing beneath a tree. It has neither strength nor depth nor power, in the modern popular literary acceptance of the terms; it has merely charm—that elusive, evanescent quality whose presence denotes much labor over the small things of writing, but whose general effect seems like the work of genius. Possibly Henry James was thinking of this (and particularly Carlyle's definition of the word) when he declared that Mr. Harland had "mastered a method." It certainly takes no very keen observer to see that he gives unusual thought to his expression. His style is carefully exquisite; at times, as you read, you can almost feel the strain.

But Mr. Harland cannot gain his effect—that indescribable perfume or atmosphere of his—by a trick of style alone. It is done by his treatment of people and Nature as well; and here, though he gains in general effect, he loses in distinctness. All his landscapes, for instance, we see through a kind of golden haze; and were it not for the names, it would be hard to distinguish the sunny isle of Sampaola from the seaside Craford in old England. He takes Nature in her lazy, sensuous moods; a riot of flower-colors and a medley of bird-notes play hide and seek through his pages. You scent the perfume of roses, but miss the smell of the good brown earth.

It is the same way with his people, who, in the last analysis, are little more than pretty puppets, in whose mouths go pretty words. Their conversation—that key to individuality—is everywhere alike; from the gay and enthusiastic Susanna to the alleged-to-be phlegmatic Anthony ("apathetic" is what Adrian, with actual

seriousness, called him) they all talk with the liquid sentences and the carefully chosen words of Henry Harland's delicate vocabulary. Adrian is the single exception—and on his nimble tongue Harland lets loose all the hyperbole that is in him. I think he had great joy in creating Adrian. Words must have been getting away with him, and if repression were necessary with the others, here was a safe outlet. For many readers' taste he may have used the outlet a bit too frequently; Adrian with his laborsome light jests and his carefully annotated whimsicalities may prove a terrible bore. But even they will appreciate him at times; for who could help crying with Susanna, at the end of his Ave Maria: "What a divinely beautiful idea"? The picture he paints of Our Blessed Lady sitting in the garden among her lilies is so simple, and yet so inexpressibly deep and tender! It, and the description of Anthony and Susanna at "the hidden sweetness of the Mass," are worth the rest of the book together. If it were filled with passages like these, its place in literature might be assured.

There is one great weakness that must be mentioned. In "thinking out his form" has Henry Harland trodden down a rut? What is there that we have said of "The Lady Paramount" (or can say) that will not fit as well to "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"—its prototype in plot, people, surroundings and atmosphere? Can Mr. Harland write forever of English-bred Italian noblewomen, and of love that by no chance fails to run smoothly?

S. S.

A GIRL OF VIRGINIA. By *Lucy Meacham Thruston*. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A GIRL of Virginia" is one of those clean, wholesome, unintrospective stories that have been rather driven from the field of late. The plot is of the slightest, the action almost non-existent, the character-drawing just barely sufficient to carry the tale. On the other hand, Miss Thruston is no pretender to a knowledge of southern types and southern character. Every touch is true and

sympathetic, and she handles her local color with a sure hand that is always discreet and well under control.

The story is of life in the University of Virginia, or, rather, so much of it as falls within the ken of the five people who comprise the speaking characters of the book. There is no "problem" involved unless it is that of the persistence of type among southern girls and the difficulty of adjusting to this the mental attitude of the North, or rather in this particular instance, the Northwest.

The story runs easily along with neither hero nor villain: the heroine is a sweet and healthy girl, though by no means typically Virginian, the foil—an old darky mammy of the ante-bellum type—true to the very letter. It is well written in good straightforward English—barring the singular introduction of the verb "glimpsed" on almost every alternate page. It is on the whole a healthy, sane, clean, and eminently readable book.

R. A. C.

ABROAD WITH THE JIMMIES. By *Lilian Bell* (Mrs. Arthur Hoyt Bogue). L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THIS is a clever journal of a European trip. As a rule, the cleverness is well-managed; but, as in all such schemes, when the very life of the book depends on bright, pithy little sayings or droll situations, the idea is frequently overworked, resulting in forced fun or unoriginality.

We opine indeed that, notwithstanding the writer's ready wit, she is at her best in more serious moods. Her descriptions of Count and Countess Tolstoi, the large dreamer and the would-be woman of fashion in their home near Moscow, of the journey through the subterranean lake at Salzburg, of the emotional climax wrought in her by the Passion Play of Oberammergau, are all individual and excellent. Take this passage:

"I wish I thought these people were really Tyrolese peasants, wood-carvers and potters, and that all this agony was only a play. I hate the women who are weeping all around me. I hate the men who let the tears run down their cheeks,

and whose shoulders heave with their sobs. . . . But no, it is all true. It is taking place now. I am one of the women at the foot of the cross." Here the writer's intensity has made her creative: her imagination, after a severe contest with fact, wins at last; she really becomes one of the women at the foot of the cross, and we believe it.

Most of the pages are, however, in the light and chatty vein. Miss Bell has acquired perfectly the French art of *causer*, and darts from subject to subject as prettily and naturally as a bird from limb to limb. The book is therefore full of variety, and we can recommend it with warmth to all American occupants of the foreign railway-cushion or steamer-chair.

C. N.

THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S. *By Reginald Wright Kauffman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

MR. Kauffman is wondrously expert in the art of drawing a scoundrel. His Newtons, Fealys, Touts, Elridges, have the real crow-head, shifting eyes, shuffling step, whining, uncomfortable manner of the jail-fancy; they are very strongly outlined and fleshed; they bark at us, cringe to us, brush by us with a predatory naturalness so surprising, so convincing, that we involuntarily clutch our pocketbooks and keep our "peelers out" for some one to aid us, in case of unexpected jewelry demands and sandbagging. There is no petty idealism in the delineation of these gentry, no romance-coquetry, no artificial phrasing in their everyday speech and behavior: they are the "real thing," the shorn tribe of Jailshire; they know their pretty business from "grafting" to "gopher-work" (opening safes); in brief, they are skilled hands, not dilettanti. We think Mr. Kauffman must be a very good man, for, by the Lord Harry, he knows how to draw a bad one!

The writer has a social purpose in view, this problem of the branded ex-convict, who, in spite of hearty repentance and the severest expiation for his misdeed, in spite of indwelling virtues of a high order and the most complete submission to the

laws of proper conduct, is ostracized and scorned by the world: and this problem the author images in John Haig, whose struggles and adversities would, like as not, move us to a profound fellow-feeling and grief were these emotions not combated by the frequent unreality, the irritating mistiness of the man himself. It is, we know, always a nice question just how far a novelist may proceed with his universal idea that he wishes a certain character to express, without endangering the lifelike color of that character; and in this case we fear that the author's purpose has a trifle transgressed and given John Haig a rather blurred effect, felicitously comparable to that of Daniel Deronda, the over-symbolized hero of George Eliot's most symbolic novel. The other leading persons in this drama—the prating bishop, the gentleman-boss, the dingy reporter, all—except the impossible heroine—are depicted more clearly than the hero; but the flood-water mark of Mr. Kauffman's talent lies in his sketching of the professional cheats and convicts.

"The Things that Are Caesar's" is good, robust work, somewhat "in the raw," but stronger than any chance score of books that may be on the shelf beside it. The style, however, is often so immature and graceless, the love-making so callow and collegiate, the end is so unsatisfactory, that we are easily minded to do scant justice to the unquestionable weight of some of the dramatic clashes, to the terribly vivid description of defeated men and their haunts, and the air of manly sympathy throughout. This writer has made errors, but there is nothing cheap or counterfeit in his work. Whatever he gives us is genuine and redolent of coming power and success.

J. S. D.

THE GATE OF THE KISS. *A Romance in the Days of Hezekiah, King of Judah. By John W. Harding. Illustrated by George Varian. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

ACCORDING to Buffon, *le style c'est l'homme*. Yet the style of Mr. Harding's latest story, despite its general excellence, is quite without dis-

inction of personality. Save for a certain undue tendency to make use of foreign expressions and unusual words of Greek derivation instead of their Anglo-Saxon equivalents, there is no fault to be found with the cloak in which the tale is given to the world—but where is the man beneath the cloak? In this instance Buffon's definition seems at fault; the book might have been written by any one of the large number of latter-day novelists who possess all the qualifications of the writer save that of personality, without which the rest sink into insignificance. In other words, "The Gate of the Kiss" belongs to that appallingly large class of books which, read or unread, make absolutely no difference. Yet despite this fact, the story is a fairly good one, excellently adapted to the whiling away of idle hours, if the reader but be content to suspend for the nonce the standards of historical fiction derived from Scott, Kingsley, Sienkiewicz, and Schoeffel.

The story opens in Jerusalem during the reign of Hezekiah, at the moment preceding the unfortunate struggle with the Assyrians under Sennacherib, in whose city of Nineveh the solution of the tragedy is finally reached. The chief characters of the book are three: Naph-tali, a young poet and minstrel of noble birth and pupil of Isaiah; Miraone, a beautiful siren in the pay of the Assyrian party; and the latter's servant, Vashti, who later suffers metamorphosis into the singer's attendant. Betrayed by the kisses of Miraone into revealing the plans of the water-works of Jerusalem, the poet, who is of giant size and strength, lives but for the accomplishment of vengeance on the woman whom he in vain seeks to pluck from his heart and whom eventually he stabs as she sits enthroned beside Sennacherib.

Such, in brief, is the theme of the book—a theme too slight for the building of a novel unless interwoven with other subordinate and ancillary themes. In consequence, the story does not rise above the dignity of a tale. Even as such, however, it leaves much to be desired. Where is the vividness of character conception, the belief on the author's part in the creations of his imagination which inspires

the reader with a like belief? Where the carefully wrought out picture of the period of the narrative which rescues the novels of Ebers from fatuity, and renders them valuable contributions to historical literature? In short, where is the knowledge and redundant familiarity with the subject in hand which alone can render historical fiction worthy of our attention? None of these things are here. In their stead we find facility of expression, picturesqueness of language, and inventiveness sufficient in degree to hold our attention. In order, however, fully to realize the unimportance of stories of this order it is only necessary to recall the existence of Charles Reade's masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

J. F.

IOLAUS: An Anthology of Friendship.
By Edward Carpenter. Charles E. Goodspeed. \$1.75, net.

ALTHOUGH a scholarly work, this book does not demand culture on the reader's part as an essential to its understanding.

One thing, however, is indispensable—namely, an open, unprejudiced mind. Without this the book is but a storehouse of impurities garnered from the literature of the ages. But to the man of mental liberality and historic instinct it is that which it was intended to be: a commentary on present-day civilization in the light of the past, with suggested means of betterment through the elevation of the institution of friendship to a position similar to that held formerly.

The anthology consists of extracts, in verse and prose, from classical, mediæval, and modern writers, together with a few from Eastern sources, on the subject of friendship between man and man, joined together by such comment on the editor's part as serves to lend the whole organic unity. Nearly half the book is devoted to consideration of the view of the Greeks and Romans, more especially of the former, whose friendships were characterized by an avowed element of romance, for which Christian polity provides no recognized place. Mr. Carpenter, who is an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman and a

poet of the same school, faces this delicate question with admirable frankness and taste, and he refuses countenance to the view that such relations were incapable of resting on an intellectual and spiritual basis alone. Modern society looks with disfavor upon the admixture of romance into friendship between men, and the inevitable result is a weakening of the tie. Suggested by the compiler of the book under consideration is the question whether, through the reinjection in part of the ancient element into friendships between members of the same sex, we shall not find a check to the commercialism and selfishness of the age. To which we may add: may we not also find therein a wholesome check to the undue domination of feminine standards to which the Anglo-Saxon world has long submitted? As a potential power, friendship is the equal of so-called love, although it has long since fallen from its high position in general estimation, as proved by the fact that but few intimate friendships survive unweakened the marriage of either party. Whether this can be, or should be otherwise, is a difficult question, love and friendship being rivals of nature; certainly, however, it cannot be denied that there is a stable element in friendship lacking, on the whole, in love. For the prologomena to the subject we need go no further than the present volume.

Despite the avowed and unavoidable incompleteness of the anthology, it is surprising that the compiler should have omitted mention of the pact which bound together Ludwig the Bavarian and Friedrich of Austria, and which made possible the peaceful sharing of a throne. Also, in connection with the legend of Damon and Pythias, Schiller's beautiful ballad, "Die Burschaft," deserves citation.

W. W. W.

THE DEAD CITY. *A Tragedy.* By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Laird & Lee, Chicago. \$1.00.

THE horror of classic tragedy was probably made endurable to those for whom it was written by the element of religious awe (a thing unexampled in modern times) which pervaded

the whole spirit of the play and its performance. In "The Dead City" (*La Città Morta*) of d'Annunzio the horror is unrelieved from the beginning to the end of the terrifying tragedy. The very setting is unnatural: four modern people—a blind woman and her husband, a brother and a sister—are living in the ruins of the civilization that ceased with the fall of Troy. The brother trembles with his unholy love as he unearths the gold-shrouded body of the King of Men; the blind woman perceives the misery of those about her as she fingers the ashes of Cassandra.

The present translation has various awkward expressions frequently recurring—but as a whole it is good in that it conveys the breathless sense of waiting for something to happen, so marked in the original. Whether one wants to read, or to see performed, in English this kind of tragedy is a matter of individual taste. But to those who are not familiar with d'Annunzio's dramas, with his curious methods of combining the classic and the modern, and who are not afraid of being shocked, we can fully recommend this book.

J. W. H.

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY. *A Novel Tale Concerning Itself in Part with the Great Struggle in the Two Carolinas; but Chiefly with the Adventures Therein of Two Gentlemen Who Loved One and the Same Lady.* By Francis Lynde. Illustrations by T. de Thulstrup. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

WE have in this volume another story, of the "Henry Esmond" type, added to the already large collection which deals with our colonial and Revolutionary history. As the excellent sub-title indicates, however, its chief purpose is not history, but adventure; and of this it would be hard to find five hundred and eighty pages where it comes faster or in greater variety. Truly this Captain John Ireton of the Carolinas, "sometime of his Majesty's Scots Blues, and later of her Apostolic Majesty's Twenty-ninth Regiment of Hus-

sars," is a wonderful fellow! In the course of the few brief months that we know him, he is twice sore wounded by skilful swordsmen, himself being defenceless; he is set with his back to a tree to be shot, and rescued while looking down the rifle barrels; he is bound to another tree to be burned, and saved while the flames are licking his legs; he is the target for well-aimed tomahawk and pistol alike, captured half a dozen times and once led out to be hanged.

Such hairbreadth escapes, and men of "blood and iron" like their hero, are, of course, just what we are looking for in a book of this kind. We do not want a story of adventure to slump into a study of character, nor would we be troubled, while we read, with nice questions of motive or action. We want doughty men to do mighty deeds, with fair ladies for them to fight for, and the spice of mystery through it all. But we want, besides, that the men be real, and act from motives that real men can understand. However intricate and involved a plot, we must have it based on something which will stand the ordinary tests an ordinary reader will put to it. In "The Master of Appleby" we find the first requirement fulfilled. The people are real: the grim figure of Ephraim Yates, with his terrible Scriptural wrath and his still more terrible rifle-aim; the noble, boyish lover, Richard Jennifer; the miserly "trimmer," Gilbert Stair; the little, sable-clad pettifogger, Owen Pengarvin; even that black-as-he-could-be-painted villain Sir Francis Falconnet, are convincing characters. But the plot, unfortunately, is based on an action that is as inexplicable as it was, under the circumstances, unnecessary—the marriage, which took place in the first part of the story, between Captain Ireton and a Tory lady whose father had wronged him, Margery Stair. Forced into a position where the brutal Colonel Tarleton called her his mistress, Captain Ireton claimed Margery as his wife. To relieve her from a temporary embarrassment (for the ugly imputation had not reason enough behind it to live longer than a breath) Captain Ireton told a lie which, unless he could make it good, only put the lady in a still uglier

light. A man of years, honor, and discretion, he did this foolish thing though he believed her as good as betrothed to his dearest friend. Scarcely less remarkable is the resulting action of Margery, who, in spite of courage and independence unusual for a woman, allowed herself to be united to the man she loved under circumstances which estranged them at once.

Criticisms like these might, in some cases, be mere carping; but in a book of adventure, pure and simple, we cannot pass by a defect in plot with just a word. In such a tale, plot is more than a mere vehicle; it is the skeleton on which hang the living flesh and blood of the story, and with a part set wrong, the whole body is maimed. In "The Master of Appleby" the tale hinges on the incident we have discussed.

Once you have got over this weak spot, however, the story is wholly effective. Granted that the main situation is not forced, you have very little to question in a delightful and certainly exciting tale. There is, moreover, something real and vital in the manner of telling that puts life into the narrative, and this in spite of the quaint, slow diction made necessary by the autobiographical style. Mr. Lynde phrases, not consciously, but with perfect naturalness, and always with perfect aptness. He phrases, too, with unexpected brevity, yet never out of tune with the somewhat grandiloquent language of the period.

S. L. S.

WILD ROSES OF CALIFORNIA. *Verse.* By Grace Hibbard. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.00, net.

JUNK. *A Book to Stagger Sorrow. Verse.* By Leon Lempert, Jr. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston.

LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. New Amsterdam Book Co., New York.

A CHILD OF THE FLOOD; or, *A Mother's Prayer. A Story for Boys and Girls.* By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

MY DOGS IN THE NORTHLAND. By Eger-ton R. Young. *A Book for Every Animal Lover.* Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25, net.

FEBRUARY

THE READER

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of

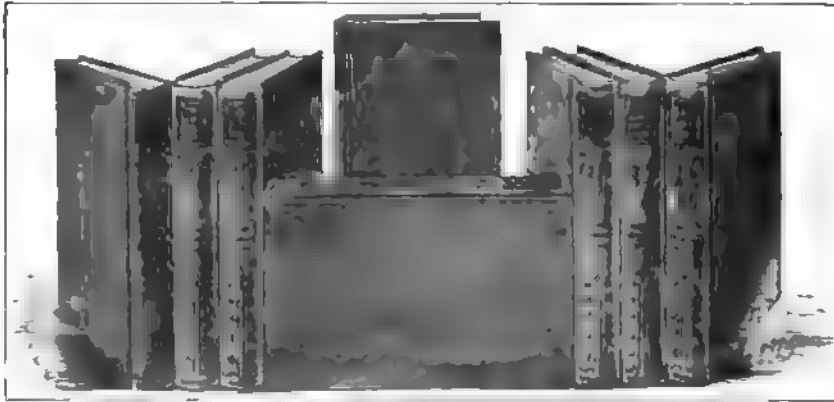
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GEORG BRANDES

The Reader

VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1903

No. 4

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors Books and the Drama

WE have been told that each succeeding number of THE READER has been an improvement over its predecessors, and to ourselves the reason for this is obvious. Our first number contained scarcely a line that was not contributed by special invitation, and the subjects of the majority of the articles were directly suggested to their authors. The result, however interesting, was necessarily somewhat formal and one-sided. The second number was sent to press within a few days of the publication of the November issue, but not before several eligible manuscripts had been received from our readers. With the publication of the third number came additional unsolicited contributions which we found acceptable, adding, we believe, interest and variety to our contents.

The present number of THE READER consists almost entirely—not including our regular departments—of what is to us new and interesting material, received in the majority of cases from writers whose names came to us for the first time with their manuscripts.

IT seems to us that the most interesting literary announcement for 1903 is that made by "Harper's Monthly" of a series of literary essays by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Mr. Swinburne's prose is not well known, though he has published several volumes of sympathetic studies and essays, revealing a remarkable style.

Another interesting announcement for the New Year is of a new volume by Mr. Henry James, to consist of ten short stories and one long one, to be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ANOTHER work of fiction, to be published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co. in early spring is from the strong, facile pen of Stewart Edward White, who handles primeval nature and its forces so trenchantly. This time the scenes of "White Silence" are laid in the frozen lands of the Hudson Bay Company.

The Macmillan Company will shortly issue new novels by James Lane Allen and Nancy Huston Banks.

PAUL Adam, whose portrait is given opposite, was born in 1862, and published his first work of fiction, "Chair Molle," in 1885, at which time he was identified with the symbolistic school of literature; he is a tireless and talented writer, and has, since then, written, in all, some thirty works, ranging from naturalist to mystic, historic and socialist themes, by turns,—many of them interwoven from the events of the time of the first Napoleon. His latest novel, "L'Enfant d'Austerlitz," issued this season, deals romantically with the famous Corsican who once nearly ruled all Europe; it is a subtle analyzing of the mental and psychological evolution of a youth who passes through the many successive phases of thought-development contingent upon the transition process of a gradual revulsion, from Napoleonic faith to revolutionary beliefs welded by doubt. So shifting is the point of view of the youth that, necessarily, it conveys an impression of a wavering, substanceless character which detracts somewhat from the human interest we feel should concentrate about the central figure; but the work shows the conscientious, terse style of a masterly writer who is thoroughly equipped and endowed, by nature and experience, for the literary manipulation of the elusive phenomena of human passions and emotions, and summarizes them in fine diction, his concise phrasing suggesting somewhat of Flaubert's style.

In 1891 Paul Adam was one of the contributors to "En Dehors," a journal of revolt, and has been classified by some critics as one of those novelists of anarchy whose writings possess that most dangerous element of appealing intensely to the public, by reason of their eloquence and sincerity in idealizing ruffianism into martyrdom. From his natural philanthropic trend, and through his sentimental convictions

alone, is he a literary anarchist, theoretically and in the abstract, but he is the strongest of all the band of younger French prose writers who have been identified with this movement.

A natural-born reporter, just and philosophical by temperament, historian above all, and yet fanciful in the extreme, these four individual currents of idea often betray him into distracting syntheses; but his great love of art, for art's sake, never swerves from its ideals, and has endeared him to his French contemporaries.

ONE of Anderson's earliest efforts in his practice of the art of engraving forms the quaint frontispiece of a New York reprint (1792) of Dilworth's popular text-book called "The Schoolmaster's Assistant" (Wilmington, Bonsal and Niles).

In the way of an ingenious appeal to the youthful mind, these pedagogic predecessors of one hundred and fifty years ago show a spirit of enterprise which is unequalled even by our modern kindergarten system, as may be seen by the following extract:

"Six Rogues, viz. D, E, F, G, H, and I, having entered into a Confederacy, do agree to divide whatever Sums of Money they shall at any time take upon the Highways, according to their Valour, that is in proportion to the Number of Scars they should then have upon their Faces. Now the first two, viz. D, and E, being very bold and daring Fellows, had received D 20, and E 19 Scars: The next two, viz. F and G having a Lefs share of Courage, and not caring to stand all Brunts, had each of them but 9 scars; but the other two, viz. H and I, being mere cowards, always turned their Backs at the Least Opposition, and so by chance they had one a piece; and they having at several times stolen the Sum of 700L. 13s. do desire to know how they must divide it?"



M. PAUL ADAM

ON the opposite page is reproduced the earliest of Aubrey Beardsley's drawings, which, until now, has never been reprinted. It first appeared in "Past and Present," the magazine of the Brighton Grammar School. Although this mere thumb-nail sketch, as it may be called, possesses no æsthetic value whatever, *per se*, it forms a matter of interest and curiosity, as indicative of the trend of his artistic nature at the age of fourteen years. Mere outlines, crude, as works of art, and showing all the traces of haste and inexperience, these burlesque cricket sketches have a humor peculiarly their own—a humor which may be fully appreciated by one familiar with England's national game. In this work Mr. Beardsley gave, pictorially, the familiar expressions used in the game, which is dear to the heart of the English school-boy. Many admirers of the artist's work will be surprised to know, from this drawing, that his early work was signed A. V. Beardsley.

PROFESSOR Georg Morris Cohn Brandes, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, was born in Copenhagen in 1842, and was graduated from the university of that place. He is a man of letters, par excellence, with extraordinary grasp of mind, and has contributed in an eminent degree to the nineteenth century world of literature as essayist, historian and critic. Most of his works have been translated and published in America by D. Appleton & Co., Chas. Scribner's Sons, Crowell & Co., and the Macmillan Company, and the third volume of his "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature" (Reaction in France) is about to be issued by this latter house.

Mr. Brandes has made a lifelong study of Shakespeare's plays, and, through his exhaustive critical biography, in two volumes, which has been

translated by William Archer and published by the Macmillan Company, is recognized as one of the few great Shakespearean authorities. He does not admit the intangibility of the personality of Shakespeare, discovers no cypher, and reads no esoteric message into the poet's work, and is, therefore, considered heretical by the opposite school of believers, and his critical study a bit of special pleading. He treats each play as the record of a stage in Shakespeare's spiritual history, with breadth and sanity of view. He presents the poet's ultimate ethics—and, supposedly, his own as well—in the following remarkable passage:

"The only true morality consists in following out our own ends by our own means, and on our own responsibility. The only real and binding laws are those which we lay down for ourselves, and it is the breach of these laws alone that degrades us."

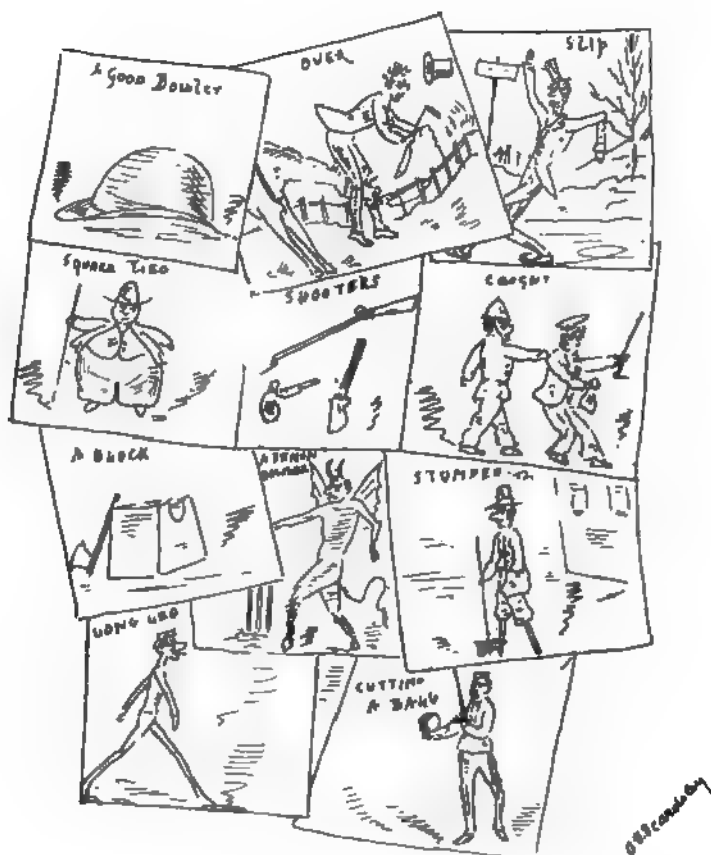
SOME of Lilian Whiting's pen silhouettes of the characters in her new book, "Boston Days," are, unintentionally, most humorous: she summarizes Theodore Parker as "almost the Savanarola of his day."

Of Anne Hutchinson she says, "She was the Mary A. Livermore of her day. Governor Winthrop characterized her as 'a godly woman and of special parts, who had lost her understanding by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing.'" (It is to be feared we need not look far for the modern prototype of this worthy woman!)

Miss Bacon is designated as "the modern Cassandra of literature."

"Mr. Howells," she states, "is a great man, for he not only writes, but lives"—which, when one comes to think of it, is rather extraordinary. Most people die of such excesses. And so she proceeds, *ad infinitum*, and to the mystification of the reader.

THE JUBILEE 3 CRICKET Analysis



THE FIRST PUBLISHED DRAWING OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

THE Kirgate Press of Lewis Buddy, 3d, established in 1891, has for its aim the producing of the bookman's book only, and nothing of a faddish nature. Among the most notable of his publications is a series of histories of the old, and some of the more individual, presses. The two first volumes of these productions of Famous Presses are "Horace Walpole and the Strawberry Hill Press," 1757-1789, by Munson Aldrich Havens, and "The Cambridge Press," 1639-1692, by Robert F. Roden.

In each of these the writer presents the individual solely, as a printer and book-lover, and in the former gives us Walpole in one of the happiest of his many capacities, that of a lover and maker of odd volumes, rather than the Walpole of the Letters, son of the prime minister of England. A carefully compiled list of the publications of this press is given, including the "Loose Pieces," whose quaint titles are of themselves worth possessing, and must prove of interest to all book collectors. The illustrations include a portrait not previously published, from an original pencil drawing by T. Gosden, of Thomas Kirgate, Horace Walpole's printer at Strawberry Hill for over thirty years. There is said to be but one engraved portrait of him in existence, that by Colland.

In 1639 the first printing press in the English Colonies was set up at Cambridge, Mass., by Stephen Daye, and for more than a generation was the sole representative here of the art of printing. He was succeeded by Samuel Green, who, in conjunction with Marmaduke Johnson, printed Eliot's Indian Bible, in 1661-1663, the first Bible published in America, and the greatest achievement in the history of American typography. There is a biographical list of the issues in Lewis Buddy's volume of "The Cambridge Press."

The third book of the series will treat of Benjamin Franklin as a printer and the production of his historical press, written by a noted Franklin authority. "Collectanea" of the Kirgate Press, which presents Carlyle's heretofore uncollected writings,—three of which have escaped the notice of all Carlyle's English bibliographers—contains a review of a German translation of "Selected Poems" of Robert Burns; a curious contribution on "Indian Meal" which reveals the "Sage of Chelsea" in the classic rôle of cook; and a letter to the editor of the "London Times" which shows what manner of hero worshipper Carlyle was, himself, on occasion.

Mr. Buddy, who makes outside contracts for fine limited editions with book clubs, is now reprinting in facsimile 125 sets of the old "Dial" for the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio. There are sixteen numbers of these, one of which appears each month, just as it was originally issued. It has been said that this is the most important publication ever undertaken by a book club.

IN the prospectus of the Scott-Thaw Company there are announced, among other promising features, two books from Henry Copley Greene's scholarly pen,—one original, the other translated matter. There are three plays, "Pontius Pilate," "St. Ronan of Brittany" and "Théophile," and in the first of these he has given the full story of the trial of Christ, in verse-form. As a translator Mr. Greene has ranked in comparison with the greatest, both here and abroad, and we hope he has not fallen below his former standard in his translation of the "Pensées de Joubert." This firm has just issued a pretty little booklet, "The Pilgrim's Scrip," selected from "The Ordeal of Richard Fevral."



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ONE of those instances which prove the ascendancy of the "unexpected" is the phenomenal success which has attended "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the sales of which were 50,000 copies in the month of December. The Century Company will shortly issue "Lovey Mary" by the same author. The success of the former book has not been due to any excessive advertising on the part of the publishers, but to the heart interest which the book possessed for its early readers resulting in that endless chain of endorsement, which is the best advertisement a book—or anything else—can have.

IN November Mrs. Burnham's Christian Science novel, "The Right Princess," appeared as the herald of a new line of fiction, based on Christian Science principles; that this first-born of the series, which is, more or less, a proselytizing tract, is likely to prove but one of a large and continuous family would seem to go without saying, since we are already promised another, from an anonymous pen, "The Life Within," to be published by the Lothrop Publishing Co., which will possess a fictional *raison d'être* apart from any specialized mission the novel may be intended to fulfil.

SINCE it is not by experience that Gouverneur Morris, whose portrait we publish on page 326, has obtained perception of the smoke of battle and the spirit of the fray, we may infer that sub-consciousness, inherited from forefathers whose lives were passed in strong endeavor amid stirring scenes, affords him some of that necessary insight which is resultant of such vivid description as is to be found in his latest novel, "Aladdin O'Brien," reviewed in our December issue.

In Theodore Roosevelt's history of the elder Morris, "As American States-

man," it is stated that Taine made his writings a basis for much of his own work on the Revolution, and ranks him a shrewder observer and recorder of his contemporaries and of events than any other statesman of his times. That "The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris," edited by Anne Cary Morris, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is now out of print, and that all the memoirs of this most brilliant of all the founders of the Constitution, have been received with equal enthusiasm, proves the vital interest still linked with his memory.

This youngest scion of a landed aristocracy, though conservative by environment, has inherited the vivacity and humor bequeathed to him through the strain of French blood on the maternal ancestral side.

The earliest of his literary efforts, which has been through three editions, was a collegiate effusion called "A Bunch of Grapes," the sales of which afforded him and his artist collaborator a shooting trip South.

This is a humorous versification of college themes and incidents grotesquely illustrated and contained within fourteen pages, the style of which may be gleaned from the following extract:

A SONG

To Cloris, Chloc, Amaryllis and
Hamamyllis

A gnarled Pine upon the Shore
Looks forth to the Forevermore
So Miss Co-ed, long lank serene,
Looks back to the Long-since-has-been.
If all God's Creatures could be fed
The first I'd feed would be Co-ed.

MR. Ernest Dressel North, so long connected with the rare book department of Charles Scribner's Sons, has just opened for himself a small store for the sale of choice, rare and curious books at 18 East 20th Street, New York.



THOMAS Nelson Page, whose residence in Washington is seen in the above reproduction, is, in every respect, a typical Southerner, with all the fine quality of nature that this implies. Throughout the last fifteen years, since abandoning his legal profession, he has been identified in fictional realm as one of the best interpreters of Southern life and conditions "after the war," that inter-period of result which could only be vitally grasped by a participant of these times. He has interspersed this line of work with the dainty juvenile productions for which he is so justly appreciated.

In Mr. Page's presence one feels that he is a true inheritant of his father, of whom he speaks, in the dedication of one of these latter works, as being "of all men the one who has exemplified truly the virtue of open-handedness."

The exterior of his dwelling is not a characterless congregation of strange forms and devices, but impresses one with a strong sense of right conditions of life within; and, as the interior reveals itself, a glance proves none of the pretentious and misguided luxury, but rather a feeling of relation, subordination and harmony. Mr. Page has gathered about him old pictures, rare art editions and, notably, an interesting collection of old weapons.

His library, which is the largest room in the house, is not distinctive as that of a professional man only, where books are buried in costly state, but an unconventional book-room, in which his personality predominates.

Mr. Page is at present engaged on a new work of fiction entitled "Gordon Keith," which will be ready for publication in March of 1903.

MR. Frederic Isham, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, and whose first book, "The Strollers," issued last season, verified the optimistic predictions of his friends and publishers (The Bowen-Merrill Company) that he would prove an undeniable accession to the literary world, has written a second work of fiction with the not over original but pleasantly suggestive title, "Under the Rose."

In "The Strollers" Mr. Isham evidenced many features that are welcome by reason of their rarity,—such as individuality and an unhackneyed theme, his style being leisurely, bright and graphic.

Mr. Isham's home is in Detroit, where he was a graduate of the high school. Then, for a year, he devoted himself to travel, settling down at the end of that migratory period to a year of student life in Munich, the old Bavarian town, which was then a centre of attraction for American artists. He was a member of the sprightly American Artists' Club—since defunct—an organization which will long remain an agreeable memory in the minds of many painters and illustrators in this country.

Bohemian London—first, that locality made up of the winding by-ways straggling about Regent's Park, and later the picturesque region of Chelsea,—became his next place of abode. For two years he attended the Royal Academy of Music, in Hanover Square, of which Sir George Macfarren was then president—not profiting greatly by his tuition there, however, being more especially concerned, as he says, in sundry inconsequential literary feats, or defeats. From the fraternal atmosphere that reigned in Carlyle Studios, set back from the King's Road, into the busy hive of newspaperdom, in the States, was an incongruous, if necessary, span, which he traversed success-

fully, and amid these new activities interest in the drama led him to become part-author in a play presented for a season by the late Mlle. Rhea, and several other pieces. Since resigning from journalism recently, Mr. Isham has devoted himself unreservedly to his work as novelist.

FRANCIS Churchill Williams, whose first novel, "J. Devlin, Boss," appeared a year ago last autumn, and created a most favorable impression on the reading public, has, for the last two years, been working on another work of fiction which will soon be issued by the Lothrop Publishing Company.

Mr. Williams is a Philadelphian, educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and now holds an editorial position with the J. B. Lippincott Company. During the last ten years he has contributed short stories and articles to "Scribner's," "Harper's Weekly," "Lippincott's" and the other magazines, his earliest literary apprenticeship having been served in journalistic work.

Down a little alley, offshoot from the straight and narrow ways of Philadelphia, there has recently been established a small but exclusive club of book-makers, called the "Franklin Inn Club," around whose literary table S. Weir Mitchell, Owen Wister, Horace H. Furness, John Luther Long and twoscore or so of other literati hold intellectual converse and ponder over book production as an art. Mr. Williams was one of the organizers of this club: which, by the way, has shown both taste and originality in the choice of format for its book of club regulations.

BERNARD G. Richards' "Conversations with Keidansky," which first appeared in the "Boston Transcript," are now being reprinted.



MR. FREDERIC ISHAM

IT is customary to laud the distinctive emotional characteristics and mannerisms of a great actor or actress as subtle stage-craft acquired through years of mechanical work and study; whereas, more often than we realize, these very features are but the strong personalities of the individual, retained despite mechanism and shining through the husk of acquired art,—stamp them preëminent in their profession.

There's a picturesque chapter in "The Land of the Latins," devoted to the theatres of Italy, which goes far to bear out this statement in the case of Eleanora Dusé. At Turin it is, in the old Teatro Carignano, that we see the childish, shadowy little figure, recalled between the acts, creeping out from the subterranean recesses of Venetian terrace. Unfamed, and untrained, as yet, we still recognize in the author's portrayal the same touches of nature which have so much endeared her to her public and which we have identified as belonging to her stage individuality.

"If the applause continued persistent—the slight and frail-looking figure would come into view. A few sad steps would be taken with a melancholy smile before the footlights, and the sorrowful figure would disappear through the other door. There were none of the grimaces by which the 'artist' in general seeks to compensate the audience for its approbation. The unity of the rôle was never once broken. The note of tragedy was consistently maintained. . . . As to the acting of the heroine, the distinctive quality in it which impressed us at that time, and which has reimpresed us on every occasion since, was its poignant naturalism. She seemed to be not so much putting on agony as actually suffering. . . . The avoidance of 'gestures,' in the technical sense, was one of the incidents which contributed very much to this general effect.

Eleanora Dusé does with her hands what a natural woman does. She smooths out the folds of her dress. She arranges her hair. She does a thousand things which are feminine, which are human, which are natural."

It is said that when "Francesca da Rimini" was produced at Rome during the winter of 1901-1902, the expense of the sumptuous *mise-en-scène* was paid by herself, and the accessories of the period were carefully studied from authentic originals with more than ordinary regard for historic accuracy; and despite the regrettable subordination of her own judgment to that of the author of the play, the esteem in which she is held in Italy was not lessened thereby.

There is a fine differential point, born rather of life-environments than birth, perhaps, between Dusé and Bernhardt which seems not to have been commented upon: that in any character demanding an assumption of pure aristocracy,—the woman to the manner born,—Dusé lacks just that shade which forms the wall between true caste and that which apes it. As the courtesan, or the professional favorite of the stage, or hour, none will better portray the rôle than Dusé. But Bernhardt, with her first step on the stage, and every pose and turn that follows, bespeaks the patrician that the rôle calls for—or the woman of caprice, equally. In versatility of stage-art, therefore, Bernhardt undeniably outranks Dusé.

The portrait of Dusé, which is here reproduced, was taken from the life-size pastelle by Mr. Thomas Tryon, the prominent architect, artist and book-plate designer of New York, whose Norse memorial monument is accounted one of the most picturesque architectural achievements in that line. His book-plate designs have just been added to the largest collection of this kind in Germany.





MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Georg Brandes

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

THE second year of the new century celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Denmark will honor the Bard of Avon by erecting his statue on the terrace opposite Kronborg Castle. But as lasting a monument as can be cast in bronze are the Shakespearean studies Professor Georg Brandes quite recently gave to the world. This work is the tribute of a scholar who thus acknowledges his literary indebtedness. The influence of Shakespeare on succeeding generations; his mastery of expression, his tremendous energy, these are qualities emphasized by the Danish critic in a manner that proves him a commentator as fit as any that went before. Assuredly he has furnished the best psychological study of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

The most striking characteristics of Georg Brandes are his versatility and thoroughness. This Danish *littérateur* is equally at home among the ancient documents of the Talmud, the folk-lore of Scandinavia, the modern schools of poetry and painting and the political science of the nations. Possessed of remarkable linguistic power, he is able not only to read and write but to lecture in any of the modern languages. Whether it be French, German, or English, there is scarcely the trace of an accent when Professor Brandes addresses his audience in the vernacular of the country.

In common with other men of genius,

in the case of Georg Brandes success did not arrive the moment it was deserved. Official conservatism would have nothing to do with those who in the sixties dared to treat of science in its relation to religion. His "Dualism in Our Most Recent Philosophy" struck counter to the established formula. True, at the age of twenty, he won the gold medal of the Copenhagen University for his masterful essay on "Fatalism Among the Ancients"; but while it was currently believed that he would succeed to the chair of Aesthetics the staid faculty was not just then looking for literary innovations. Another, not as capable, proved more acceptable. It is interesting to remember that the series of trial lectures that were to decide his eligibility to the chair of Aesthetics are part of Georg Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."

Those who have followed the political history of Denmark during the past ten years or more see in the victory of the Liberal party in 1901 the complete vindication of Georg Brandes and his doctrines. Whether during his voluntary exile abroad, or while he fought the ultra-conservatives at home, in all he did and said he never deserted the standard he unfurled at the age of twenty-one. When in 1882 he returned to Denmark at the earnest solicitations of his friends a queer sensation must have come to those who had opposed Georg Brandes in the earlier days. His

home-coming was like that of some conqueror of old. The charge of heresy held good no longer. An annual income for ten years was guaranteed him with the sole stipulation that he deliver a series of public lectures on literature.

Twenty memorable years have since passed. The faculty of the Copenhagen University recognized its mistake and suitable restitution has been made Professor Brandes. To-day the assembly room of the great institution is thronged to the doors when the eminent critic arises to deliver one of those inimitable lectures that have made him famous.

Georg Brandes was born in Copenhagen in 1842. After graduating from the university he spent a number of years travelling abroad. During this period he met many of those great literary personalities whom he has sketched with such fidelity and candor.

From 1872 to 1877 Georg Brandes produced some of those wonderfully clever vignettes that aided in establishing his literary fame. From the standpoint of productiveness, alone, his achievements entitle him to recognition. Take the series that began with the "Emigrant Literature"; that included "The Romantic School in Germany," and "The Reaction in France," and reached its climax in "The Romantic School in France." There is about it all a never-failing perspicuity; an assurance that bespeaks the literary craftsman and investigator.

In "Byron and His Group" Georg Brandes displays his knowledge of psychological peculiarities. His picture of Shelley is a creation as fine as any wrought by English pen and brain. The Danish language is here made to glow with the color of a southern tongue.

During his stay in Germany Georg Brandes contributed much to the leading periodicals of the country. The

German men of letters were amazed to find that this writer of the North could use their own language as if it were indeed his mother tongue. Not only was there fluency, but there was, also, grace of expression. In Germany he wrote his sketches of Disraeli, Esaias Tegner, Lassalle, and Ludwig Holberg. Not merely biographical, the critic allots to each the distinction that is his; reserving to himself the right to deal unsparingly according to his judgment.

Opinions may differ as to the merits of Henrik Ibsen. Some deny him the right to assume the rôle of universal moralist. Few dispute that he has great dramatic power. Whatever arguments will stand the test of time it is certain that Georg Brandes' "Henrik Ibsen" is the best criticism to be had anent the Norwegian playwright. Nothing that the Danish critic has produced has more perfect skill than this series of essays. There stands Nora of "The Doll's House," and "Ghosts" show their grinning skulls, and "Peer Gynt" marches up and down the world, and all the Ibsen characters pass in review while Georg Brandes holds up the canvas.

And then the companion piece, "Björnsterne Björnson." Here it is the optimist who sees the future bright with the promise of better things. Where strong men and women live and labor for another day, the past or present is of but little consequence, says Björnsterne Björnson. And Brandes makes even more poignant that which the Norwegian novelist says so well.

Antitheistic to a degree, these essays should be read one after the other to fully understand the importance of Ibsen and Björnson to their countrymen.

In 1887 Georg Brandes accepted an invitation from the Society of Russian Authors to go to St. Petersburg and deliver before that body a course of lectures in French. To the Muscovite

the series proved a revelation. His lucid exposition of the literature of France showed him a past master in the art of delineation. His delivery was as faultless as if Paris instead of Copenhagen were his birthplace.

"Impressions of Russia," published after his visit to the Czar's domain, showed that he had informed himself well while among the Russians. The aspiration of the student, the peasant life, the ways of the great and little, occupied Georg Brandes during his sojourn.

But where Russia appeals to him as the land of futurity, the book he wrote later on Poland strikes a far different chord. The Polish sketches show everything in retrospect. "Impressions of Poland" is like some reverberating requiem; the last sad honors where only the past is great with historic happenings.

Next it is the land of Shakespeare that draws him on. That his quest proved successful is attested by the fact that every critical journal in England and the United States pronounced his Shakespearean studies the most valuable addition to Shakespeareana of recent times. Professor Brandes brings to the fore the phases decidedly human, where many other commentators make

of Shakespeare merely the poet and seer.

During the past summer the Danish newspaper "Politiken," of Copenhagen, contained each Monday an article under a caption which, in its translated shape, may be termed "Forms and Thoughts." Here Georg Brandes is once more at his very best. He takes up Gabriele d'Annunzio, for instance; dissects his characters, and shows the author to be his own hero. For this hero d'Annunzio has only tender regard, as for himself. Then Léon Daudet's "The Black Star." Here nothing whatever of the author; disgust and hatred, only, for the chief character of the novel. The range of subjects is as wide as is the versatility of Georg Brandes.

The popularity of Professor Brandes in Denmark can be accurately gauged through the eagerness with which the reading public awaited the publication of these Monday sketches. When gathered in book form they will prove not the least interesting and important of the works the great Danish critic has produced. Since all his other books have found their way into English it is to be hoped that "Forms and Thoughts" will find a translator capable of the task.

Doubt

BY HENRY PEABODY

THE Book of Life lay open on his knee;
 With head bent low he scanned each mystic page.
 "Tell me," he asked of Youth, who stood beside,
 "Does learning come with infancy or age?"

Ballade of the Bookman's Paradise

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

A LITTLE stand without the door
Whereon scant treasure is arrayed,
Yet just enough to tempt explore
The inner depths of dust and shade;
Enter; how glade on bookish glade
Parts right and left to peering eyes,
Proclaiming both to man and maid—
This is the bookman's paradise!

There is a shelf of ancient lore,
Black-lettered pages overlaid
With umber mottles, score on score;
There is an alcove filled with frayed
Tall folios standing stiff and staid,
Like knights of mediæval guise;
Open, and *why* 'tis straight displayed—
This is the bookman's paradise.

Delve deep, and with what golden ore—
What riches will your hands be weighed!
Each corner owns its precious store,—
Poets from Homer down to Praed,
Philosophers, and those that trade
In tales that scoffers label "lies";—
The few whose fame shall never fade;—
This is the bookman's paradise.

ENVOY

Collectors, of each grain and grade,
When ye shall come to "price" a prize,
Although ye may be sore dismayed,
This is the bookman's paradise!

“The Desolation of Hoffmann”

BY CHARLES VALE

TWO young men sat in armchairs in a little room in a small house at Putney. Had any one observed the dismal appearance of the house from the outside, and reasoned from externals to internals, he would no doubt have expected that the rooms inside would exhibit the same uninviting qualities; and with regard to the majority of them, he would have judged correctly. But the one room to which I am referring was an exception. It looked bright, and even cheerful. It was not luxuriously furnished, but there was no jarring of colors, no blatant obtrusion of impossible pictures; nothing, in fact, which could reveal incipient or developed vulgarity. The arrangements had evidently been made as tastefully as a meagre purse permitted. One of the young men was also very tastefully arranged, but it was Nature's good taste, not his own, which had made of him a thing pleasant to regard. For his clothes, in the choice of which he may fairly be supposed to have exercised his heritage of free-will, could be considered nothing less than dubious by the impartial observer. What they had once been, what mysteries of grace, finish and style had been inherent in them, himself, his tailor and his God alone knew. Those who cannot be included in the trinity—though most men are supposed to be garbed in the habiliments of the latter two—would have remarked

only that they were loose, that certain of them were baggy, that all of them could justly lay claim to the epithet “well-worn.” But enough of impersonal description. Let us disregard the mere clothes, and pay attention to the man, and the actions of the man.

In his mouth was a pipe, but in the pipe was no tobacco—and such omission, whether due to woful paucity of funds, or to sheer absent-mindedness, was regrettable. In his hand was a match, which he had just struck, and which he applied to the bowl of the pipe, drawing in his breath with the air of keen anticipation which a smoker often unconsciously assumes. Discovering his error, he blew out the light. “What a beastly sensation!” he said, thoughtfully. “Wouldn't have thought I could have been such an ass.” He took out his pouch, filled the pipe, and prepared to light it. But alas! there was a dearth of matches. “Oh! it's sickening,” he said, petulantly. Then he smiled. “You and I are very like each other,” he said, apostrophizing the pipe. “We are both ready to glow; but there is something lacking. For you, a common match; for me, an opening.” He got up. “An opening,” he repeated. “Yes—or a match also.” His mouth twitched involuntarily.

“I have a match,” said the second man placidly, holding out a box.

“Thanks,” said the first. He lit his

pipe, and resumed: "Jove! It seems strange to think of all the energy I have put into my work during the past year, and all the cleverness—hang it! I am not dense—and then to count up the results. Here, nothing: there, nothing: everywhere, nothing—but rejection, rejection, rejection. I am sick of 'Returned with thanks,' and 'Declined with thanks,' and 'The editor regrets that want of space, etc.' Other people have things accepted. Why cannot I? I have tried to learn and to pick up hints. I have read, compared and noticed this, that and the other. I have been a critic of my own work and every one's else. I have turned out good stuff, bad stuff and indifferent stuff—anything to suit the market. And nobody will have anything to do with any of it. If they want good stuff," he went on, after a pause, "why don't they take the things I have sent them? They are good enough. If they want slush, as so many journals seem to, why don't they take mine? I have turned out stuff slushy enough to meet the requirements of the most fastidious 'Chat Papers' and 'Home Novelette' things. But they won't take it; they won't even pretend to dream of taking it. Why? What mark is on all my work that they shun it as they would the plague? It is perfectly incomprehensible to me."

He walked uneasily up and down the room while his friend looked at him and smiled. "It's hard lines, old man, I know," he said pleasantly. "But you are not the only one. 'Strait is the way and narrow the gate,' you know. The observation is trite, I grant you; but it is pertinent. Think of the thousands who are trying to force their way into your profession, which is notoriously overcrowded. They meet with disappointment after disappointment, but they keep on pegging away, if they are worth anything, and are really determined to succeed,"

"I have pegged away for a year. Isn't that enough?"

"Try five years, my child. Then, if you get no results, you can begin to think of something else."

"Don't drivel; I cannot stand it just now. Why don't you sympathize with me, eh? I want sympathy. Hang it all, Merritt, I feel like a girl sometimes, ready to cry out for some one to come along and put a hand on my shoulder, and—and all that blatant sort of rot. I think you scarcely realize, old man, what this year has been to me. I came to town to make the one great effort of my life. Heaven knows how I pinched, and screwed, and saved, in a thousand mean and petty ways to be able to get here. I had no doubt as to the final result. I expected rebuffs and disappointments. I did not imagine that I should float straightway into the literary firmament as a brilliant, silvery planet, and remain there emitting dazzling radiance. Yet I did think I should have something to show at the end of my year's striving; that I should have formed a tiny connection which would just manage to keep me going while I made fresh efforts to advance a little further and a little further, slowly but surely. I never dreamed of complete failure; blank, absolute, naked failure like this. Oh, Merritt, man, it is more than mere disappointment to me. It is death—death to all my hopes, and the hopes of all those who are thinking of me, waiting, hoping, trusting in the star I used to babble about. My Star! Good God!"

"Don't be stupid, Rae. You are becoming ridiculously morbid. Failure! There is no such thing as absolute failure. If your funds are giving out, why not try to find a berth of some sort which will bring you in a little, and then keep up your literary work at night?"

"I have thought of that. But if I fail when the whole of my time is at my

disposal, can I hope to do better when working only in odd hours? And besides, I cannot bear the idea of going back to clerical work, to sit on a high stool, and again go through the dreary round of office routine. The atmosphere stifles me. If I return to it, it will contract about me, and kill every vestige of effort and ambition. I should never be capable of making another attempt to break away. The thought is horrible!"

"And you are almost hysterical. Look here, Rae, do you want a bit of honest criticism? Do you want to know why you have so far been unsuccessful? I think I can tell you. The secret is not difficult to discover. You have simply tried to be too brilliant, and inexperienced brilliancy often creates a false impression. You have never tried to turn out honest, plain, sellable copy; not strained or unnatural, yet not mediocre work, but good, sound copy, written in unaffected style. I know you think you have tried all methods, but you are probably mistaken. When you saw that your ambitious work was refused, you sent out what you yourself have called slush. Well, I will wager a fair amount that it was very slushy indeed—that you went to the extreme point of utterly despising your public. But you have the right stuff in you, I am sure, so don't give in and whine. Peg away—somehow."

Rae stood for a moment in thought, then turned, walked to one end of the chamber, and opened a large drawer. "Come here a moment," he called out; and then, when the other had joined him, "There they are," he said, quietly. "Good, bad and indifferent. They have all been submitted and have all been returned. You think I have not tried, and tried thoroughly. Do you mind reading a few? Then I shall feel satisfied. But sit down, and light your pipe." Pulling out the drawer,

he emptied the contents on the table. "Help yourself," he said, smiling. Then he sat down quietly, and waited.

An hour passed while Merritt drew manuscripts at random from the pile, and perused them, at first rapidly, but afterwards slowly, and with careful attention. The unmistakable air of the unprofessional critic which he had at first assumed gradually vanished as he became palpably interested. "Had enough?" inquired Rae, looking at his watch. "Not yet," said Merritt; and he went on with his task until another hour had almost passed, when he gently replaced the manuscript which he had just finished, and leaned back in his chair.

"Well?" queried the unfortunate scribbler.

"I'm sorry, Rae," said Merritt. "I was mistaken. I cannot at all understand it."

Rae turned to him with a flushed face. "What do you mean?"

"I had the impudence," replied the other, slowly, "to talk to you about despising your public. I imagined your versatile cleverness had misled you, but there is no trace of cleverness in these things. It is genius; sheer, undeniable genius that they are stamped with. Man, I had no conception of anything like this."

"You are kind," said Rae, stolidly. "But why have my things been rejected?"

"That is one of the mysteries," said Merritt. His eyes shone; his hand trembled. He was evidently deeply moved.

The two sat for a while, talking; then Merritt prepared to leave. "I must see if I cannot do something," he said. "You ought to meet a few people who have influence in the literary world—editors, and so on. Your stories cannot have been read: yet that seems almost impossible. I thought everything was considered. Editors

and publishers cannot afford to miss a new man. Besides, I understand they take a sort of pride in the discovery or exploiting of a really 'class' man."

"I am not acquainted with any editors or publishers," said Rae. "They strangely neglect to pursue me in the orthodox way with pressing offers of contracts which will bring in fabulous wealth."

"I think I can manage to introduce you to a few people worth knowing, and, by the way, I should like to take two or three of your manuscripts with me. May I?" He began to search through the pile. "I must have 'The Desolation of Hoffmann,' any way. If any editor who has read it can refuse it, he must be unique."

"How can you bring it about?" Rae asked, willing to be encouraged.

"My aunt," said Merritt, laconically.

When he left, he carried with him four manuscripts, all short stories, including "The Desolation of Hoffmann," with which he was particularly impressed.

He spent the next week in an earnest attempt to further his friend's interests. He knew one man who was on familiar terms with several of the magazine magnates, and by exercising his ingenuity, contrived to meet these influential people at various little reunions, after which he invited them unblushingly to his aunt's. As he had anticipated, she proved the most useful of his allies. She was the wife of George Wendell, the well-known dramatic critic, and the centre of a small coterie which assembled each Sunday at her house. They were old friends of herself and her husband, many of them having received help and encouragement in early days from one or the other. Most of them were old Oxford men, like Wendell himself. Occasional strangers dropped in, lending a touch of

fresh interest to these gatherings, but it was only at rare intervals that a new man joined them permanently, and became one of their informal brotherhood. Merritt interested Mrs. Wendell in Rae by bringing him to call on her. Afterward he experienced no difficulty in obtaining from her a promise to use her influence unobtrusively in his behalf. "Oh, yes, I will certainly do what I can for your friend," she said. "I like him very much, Ernest. In fact, he really impresses me. I don't quite know why," she added, meditatively. "He seems to have a very magnetic nature, and to gain one's sympathies imperiously. He certainly gave me an idea that he is by no means a man of an ordinary type. Bring him here Sunday."

"Yes, he has a very magnetic nature," she repeated to herself when her nephew had gone. "He is unusually attractive. Yet it isn't his face alone. That is very pleasing, but it isn't all. I wonder what is the secret of his charm?"

Sunday came. Merritt and Rae took their way to Mrs. Wendell's house. The former really anticipated more than the latter from this visit. Rae looked upon it as an opportunity for making the acquaintance of several pleasant people, but could not persuade himself that he was likely to receive any material help from them. "These men will not accept my articles any more readily because they happen to have met me once," he said. Merritt laughed, remembering the details of a small plot which he had concocted with his aunt. "Influence isn't everything, of course," he said, cheerfully. "But it is something—perhaps more than you think. Anyhow, if your work is good, you stand a better chance of getting on if the people who can use it are your friends."

Rae found the evening a pleasant one. There was music, instrumental

and vocal, forming an entertaining feature to which he himself contributed acceptably with a song. There was conversation, real conversation, easy, fluent, natural, brilliant at times, but in no way stilted or affected. Rae had expected allusions to people and subjects which would serve only to reveal his ignorance. To his surprise and pleasure, there were few turns in the conversation which he was unable to follow, and he upheld his own modest share quite successfully; so, though he was unaware of the fact, he created a distinctly unusual impression. Men looked at him with interest, listened to him attentively, spoke of him when he was apart from them. It was somewhat strange. When he sang, they applauded him with marked earnestness. Merritt, who was watching with the anxiety of a warm-hearted friend, was overjoyed.

"This will be a jolly good send-off for him," he thought. Then his little plot revealed itself. He whispered to his aunt, who nodded. "Mr. Rae," she said, "we are in the humor to be appreciative. Will you read something to us—please?"

Rae was confused, but not overwhelmed. "Why do you choose me?" he asked dolefully. "I cannot charm you with elocutionary marvels. And, besides, what can I read?"

"Oh, something of your own," said Mrs. Wendell, promptly.

Here was a chance for escape, and he smiled as he hastened to avail himself of the chance. "I should be delighted," he said, nervously, "but fortunately, I, of course, have nothing with me."

There was a general laugh. Then Merritt spoke: "Read this," he said, pleasantly. "Luckily, I had it in my pocket. It is your story, 'The Desolation of Hoffmann.'"

Rae groaned inwardly as he took the proffered manuscript. There was no

hope of dignified evasion. Things which are inevitable cannot be escaped, however disagreeable they may be, so he resigned himself to the task, and commenced reading. As he proceeded, gaining confidence with each sentence, rendering his sketch in a clear, musical voice, the result was strange: people in the room listened, not with mere politeness, but with the attention of absolute fascination. They looked at him, then at one another, in amazement. Men leaned forward in various attitudes, that they might not miss a word. They were as though under a spell. Mrs. Wendell and the other ladies in the room were affected similarly. It seemed almost inexplicable.

The story finished; there was silence for a moment. Then the editor of the "Carlton Magazine" rose impulsively. "I must have that," he said, excitedly. "Name your own terms, Mr. Rae, but I must have it." There was an outburst of dissent from the other three editors in the room. Then there followed a simultaneous laugh. The position certainly had its ludicrous side. At this point, Mrs. Wendell adroitly interposed, suggesting an adjournment to the garden "for the purpose of catching colds," and the evening was finished under the stars, exchanging nonsense-verses and mock-heroics. But the editor of the "Carlton" secured "The Desolation of Hoffmann" before leaving, and the other editors extorted promises for the immediate delivery of copy.

Early on the following morning he despatched the promised stories, then again went to work with those inexpressible emotions which success alone confers. "It will be a strange sensation to correct my first proofs," he thought. "I wonder when they will come?" Could he have transferred himself by instantaneous propulsion to the offices of the "Carlton" that noon he would no doubt have been edified. The

editor carefully placed under a paper-weight a manuscript which he had just read, and touched his bell. A boy appeared. "Proof of 'The Desolation of Hoffmann,'" said the editor. In two minutes it was brought to him. "Thank Heaven I secured this," he said meditatively. "What a find! Gad, what a find!" He adjusted his pince-nez and prepared to glance through the proof. As he read, his lips gradually curved together and a curious expression settled on his face. Eventually he leaned back, plucking nervously at his moustache. "This is very strange," he murmured. He rang his bell. "Mr. Tarler." His assistant appeared. "Just read this, will you?" said the editor. A quarter of an hour elapsed.

"Well?"

"Rot," said Tarler, decisively.

"So I thought," said the editor.

"But it's odd; very odd. All right."

A week later Rae received four separate manuscripts, with brief notes to the effect that "The editor regrets that on consideration the contribution scarcely appears suited to the particular requirements of his Magazine." He was amazed, indignant, yet almost frightened. In the evening he went round to Merritt to discuss the peculiar development of affairs, but found him strangely silent as he proceeded. He exhibited no surprise. At last he began, lamely:

"I say, old man—you know——"

"Well?"

"I don't understand it, but there is something strange about your manuscripts. You remember I took four of them away with me the other week?"

"Well?"

"I read them through again two days ago, and somehow they appeared quite different. When I was at your place they simply took me by storm. When I re-read them . . ."

"Well?"

"Oh, hang it, there was something lacking. The stories were not the same at all. I am sorry to say it, old man, but they seemed futile, without force, and, if the truth must be told, badly constructed, and carelessly written. I could see no point in them."

Rae rose excitedly. "It's deuced queer," he said. "It isn't you alone. It is all the others, and they ought to know." The shadow of tears lay on his eyes.

"Yes, there is something very queer about it," Merritt assented. "There is no doubt we were all struck by them at first. We were overwhelmed. No other word is sufficient. And now—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I rather think," he went on after a pause, "that I have a dim clue to the mystery. I put it down somehow to personal magnetism."

"Magnetism?"

"Yes. When you are with us, you seem to impress us very powerfully with your own personality in some strange manner. You inject yourself into us. We are impregnated with your thoughts, your feelings, your emotions. We hear or read what you have written, but we also hear or read something else, the something which you meant to put into your tales, and which they actually contain for you. We get the impression of the perfect dream, the complete conception. When you are away, and your influence is removed, we see only the imperfect execution. That is my theory. I don't know what it is worth."

"It seems probable," said Rae.

"Yes, it seems very probable. I think I understand now. Well," turning abruptly, "good-by, old man."

"Won't you take these with you?" called Merritt, nervously, fetching the manuscripts.

"I shall not need them," said Rae, and passed unsteadily out into the crowded streets.

Thomas Nelson Page: An Interview

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

NO writer of the present day, with the exception of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, has been so closely and uninterruptedly identified with the South as the author of "Marse Chan" and "Red Rock." Moreover, in virtue of the broader basis of his work, Mr. Page has reflected the manifold phases of the people's life in a manner not possible to a specialist in the field of fiction. Hence he has gained the right to speak with presumptive authority on the question of Southern literature.

"How do the people of the South feel about the works of modern fiction in which their life and manners are depicted?" was asked, in the endeavor to give direction to a colloquy whose subject-matter, incongruously enough, had been life in general, æsthetics and New York, and whose goal had been that of all pleasant conversations—mutual and egoistic delectation.

"Southerners are, I think, proud of the work of their writers," was the reply; "and what is more to the point, they are growing able to buy the books and read them. Even now, however, the reading class in the South is comparatively small. But it is constantly increasing with the growth of education and the consequent spread of library facilities. So long as effort is necessary to secure books, there can be no widespread reading habit. But when the habit has once been formed, it is not likely to be interrupted. The

South will be a great field in the future."

"Doubtless, Mr. Page, the growth of literature in the South, as in other parts of the country, is due to the increase of wealth and the consequent gain in leisure."

"Well, I am not so sure that leisure is always conducive to the development of literary talent. Had it not been for the need of money, Goldsmith would hardly have written 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' and the same may be said in regard to Dr. Johnson and 'Rasselas,' not to mention many other more modern instances. Necessity is a great spur to production. Most of the English novelists were poor, as were also our own writers. Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, were not men of leisure; neither are Chandler Harris, James Lane Allen, and most of the others who have written in the South. In fact, the literature which sprang up in the South fifteen or twenty years ago came not from leisure but toil. It is the busy man who accomplishes things."

"That is true; but, nevertheless, without a certain leisure class in the community and a taste for æsthetic pursuits, nothing is more unlikely than the appearance of a body of writers, or even of one important writer."

"In that sense," replied Mr. Page, "leisure may be said to be a condition precedent to the appearance of a representative literature. And, in a degree, this condition has now been fulfilled in

the South. It has presented a great field. A civilization somewhat distinctive had been overthrown, and the field was virgin. For this literary renaissance credit is to be given to the great popular magazines, which have offered Southern writers the opportunity for a hearing; for without such opportunity, of course, no one is likely to persist in producing."

"What do you think of magazine literature?"

"I ought to think very highly of it. But I think the magazines suffer under the drawback of being edited mainly with an eye to the New York public. The editors do not sufficiently take into account the great body of diverse readers throughout the country. As a matter of fact, in some respects New York is extremely provincial, by no means characteristic of America. Everything centres around Fifth Avenue, and the goal of the ambition of the *nouveaux riches* is to crowd into that narrow line, and thereby, so to speak, to get into the swim. Hence, New York cannot pretend to reflect the taste of the country at large. But to return to the question of Southern literature. It seems to me that many of the older writers of my section, aside from the fact that their chief work has probably been done, have lost, in a measure, that intensity of familiarity which can continue only through residence among the scenes of which one writes. Moreover, I do not quite see what writers are coming forward to take their places, do you?"

"To name them," I replied, "would be difficult; but, on the other hand, the existence of a constantly increasing class of writers is a most encouraging sign, even though no individual rises into eminence. It indicates a widespread literary activity which can hardly fail, sooner or later, to produce a noteworthy harvest."

"I am not so sure," replied Mr.

Page. "But a favorable symptom, if one may so speak, is the advent of Southern writers in other fields than that of fiction; as witnessed by the admirable work of Woodrow Wilson in history, others in bird-lore, Walter Page in socialistic studies, to name only a few of those who might be cited."

"Are the people of your section of Virginia generally aware, Mr. Page, that you are a writer? When in Gloucester I was astonished to find that the very men about whom Kipling had written had not even heard of 'Captains Courageous.'"

"Of course, that is always so among the plain people. But the people among whom I have been brought up are pretty well aware of the fact that I write. But in the main, of course, this knowledge is merely the outcome of the interest they feel in me personally. An incident occurred some time ago in regard to an open letter which I had written and in which I spoke of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which had been brought into interest again. Some one attacked me for my views. 'I'd like to get hold of that book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," you've been writin' on the Civil War,' said an old farmer, in speaking of the subject to me. Of course, what interested him were my views on the question of the negroes."

"What opinion did you express on Mrs. Stowe's book?"

"The criticism I made of it was that it did not present the whole picture and that Uncle Tom, as drawn, was not a negro but a gentleman of refined taste. Another incident I might cite occurred in connection with a lecture I gave in my former neighborhood after my visit to Egypt. I selected the subject as I knew it would be of unusual interest to my hearers from their knowledge of the Old Testament. 'Well, Mr. Page,' afterwards said one of those who had listened most attentively, 'we are very proud that a boy raised in

this neighborhood should have ventured so far away from home.' 'Yes, and what's more,' added another farmer, 'had any one from another part of the country told us all the wonderful things you have, we might not believe him; but of course when it's told us by a Hanover boy we know every word must be true.' I may say," added Mr. Page, "that Egypt was as strange to me as to my friend Laurie."

"What, in your opinion, Mr. Page, is the course that American literature will take in the next period of its development?"

"Ah! 'Don't you never prophesy unless you know,'" he quoted in answer. "But as far as I can see, there is sure to be a reaction against the so-called Historical novel. It is idle to say that the people are tired of it, for just as soon as they are they will cease to buy such books, and writers will turn their attention to other subjects. Undoubtedly, however, this class of books accomplished one good result, that, namely, of directing people's attention to the past of America and thereby awakening patriotism, as expressed in the formation of various societies, such as Daughters of the Revolution. But the literary movement along these lines seems to me to have almost run its course. There is hardly an historical character of any prominence whatever who has not been presented and re-presented in literature, in portraiture and travesty—mainly the last. The so-called Historical novels bear about the same relation to a real Historical novel that I fancy the modern Court plays on our stage bear to the real thing. As a matter of fact, it is a very hazardous undertaking to introduce real characters in fiction. And when it comes to depicting the life and manners of other countries in such manner the difficulty becomes insurmountable. Suppose you or I should attempt to write a novel of the English court of Richard I.'s time

or of that of Elizabeth, the inevitable result would be to pilfer wholesale from Sir Walter Scott. Yet England is a country with whose history and sentiment we are more or less familiar. In the case of France, for example, the problem is even more hopeless. What do we know about the subtle differences which to the Frenchman distinguish the natives of Brittany from those of the Midi? Of course, we can enumerate certain salient points in which they differ, such as strike every traveller through the country, but beyond that we can hardly go. Just think how hopelessly a foreigner would confuse the characteristics of Northerners and Southerners, New Englanders and Westerners, in this country were he to attempt to present us in fiction. So when we give a picture of France in the Middle Ages, about the best we can do is to give a rehash of Dumas. What Americans will in time come to, it seems to me, is an attempt in literature to present a serious study of life as it really is about us, and not as some one with very little knowledge imagines it may have been in past ages and foreign countries. The great evil of the Historical novel is that any one with a certain amount of invention can sketch on paper the scenario of a satisfactory plot, about which to mass incident and adventure, irrespective of possibility and vraisemblance, and such a book stands a better chance to win fame and wealth for the author than the most serious and faithful study of contemporary life and manners. Such a state of affairs cannot help being prejudicial to the development of literature. It is the fashion now to write novels, and it appears to be thought that any one can do it. As a result, we can hardly pick up a paper without finding the advertisement of a new genius and 'the greatest novel of the day.'"

"As to the reaction against the romantic novel, Mr. Page, I agree with

you; but I confess I do not see how we are to produce a literature which will reflect contemporary life so long as we cherish the present standards that preclude the telling of the truth about the great basic facts of life. For instance, how could one make a study of the fashionable New York set without including much matter for which the public would not stand?"

"The best way to treat such a subject as that," was the reply, "is by ridicule, not by taking such people seriously. Moreover, even in English literature the great questions and tragedies of life have been treated in a perfectly frank manner; as, for instance, in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'Adam Bede' and 'The Scarlet Letter.' But that was done by genius,

and genius can accomplish anything. The whole matter resolves itself into one of method: in what manner are those questions to be discussed? My own idea of literature is that it should entertain, of course, but that it should likewise elevate. Therefore, nothing is proper to literature that does not meet these two requirements. And as a corollary to this, no one has any business to deal with delicate questions in fiction who is not sufficiently master of English to convey his meaning in an inoffensive manner. One of the virtues of our literature is that it has always been clean. It is a tribute to our people. Certainly we do not want a French, or worse, a Frenchy literature in this country, although we may desire to give a picture true to life."

My Lady's Library

BY JAMES ARNOLD

[T is the pleasantest of nooks,
This dainty boudoir filled with books,

Which Mildred sometimes calls her "den,"
And where I'm happiest of men;

For there's a corner kept for me,
Where Mildred sometimes serves me tea.

There are no tomes of musty lore,
But modern novels by the score.

You'll find no Gibbon, Hume or Trench,
But many sprightly books in French.

And bright in gilt and vellum fine
There is a modest book of mine.

But I am jealous, when I see
She reads her Ruskin more than me.

The Question of Maupassant

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

OF no celebrated writer do people differ so widely in opinion as of Guy de Maupassant. He is the subject of most varying, and even contradictory statements, the general agreement in England and America being that, in spite of the treasures he brings, he is by no means *persona grata*, and shall on no condition be allowed to enter the literary drawing-room. Flaubert, Daudet and Tolstoi may be admitted because they knew when not to laugh; Rabelais and Swift may go in because they laughed superiorly at everything; but Maupassant—no, he shall not even be permitted Fielding's place at the threshold: put him out, thrust him below stairs, where the flunkys, in the company of Wycherley and Tobias Smollett, hobnob in purple cup with Petronius and d'Annunzio!

The etiquette regarding this Frenchman is clearly defined. We may rush enthusiastically to the window to see him pass on the public walk, but we must not be observed to do so; above all, we must not mention this our trivial escapade, on pain of having our motives wilfully misconstrued by the many estimable and highly cultivated persons who give Maupassant at once their deepest admiration and contempt. We must allude to him only with apologies; and when we think of him, must remember how infinitely better, morally, we are than he. A well-known professor of literature has said some-

where to the effect that he reads Maupassant for his peerless style, but that of course he—like every other properly minded man—detests the substance from which this artist-malefactor has modelled these unequalled forms of beauty. Maupassant is the black-perfection, the serpent and the archangel in one; and the natural conclusion is that the world would be the gainer if he had not lived and written, but, that having lived and written, let us get all we can out of him. Yet we who laugh at all this conventionality and Puritanism, who permit ourselves to look unflinchingly at this very audacious writer, have something to declare in his support. We believe that the good he did very far outweighs the bad. We wonder beside the perfection of Maupassant, owning that his literary virtues were unusual.

No man of letters ever had a more impressive opportunity for success than he. Flaubert gave him the priceless benefit of his counsel; and Maupassant was worthy of the great novelist's confidence. He followed Flaubert's teachings, but followed them with such intelligence and earnestness that he became not half-Flaubert, but twofold-Maupassant. It requires a little soul-attention to see him correctly. The detail of his art is undeniably of so exquisite finish as easily to mislead one to believe him more vitally a craftsman than a maker, to imagine him as frozen in spirit and coldly delicate of hand,

to place him æsthetically with the Romans rather than with the Greeks. But the shortcoming lies wholly with us; who, from lack of opportunity, find difficulty to distinguish the detail that has excellence—as, for example, in many works of Stevenson and Daudet—from the detail that has perfection; which is of course nought but a truer excellence, yet which seems as far beyond the usual conception of that quality, as a beautiful being unaware of its own beauty seems beyond one that loses little chance of exhibiting its rarities to the world. The difference of blue pigment and blue sky, of the lark song and the flute song, of the arc-light and the moonlight, all is preëminently here, in this question of craftsmanship carried to an ideal, of the detail so delicately wrought as to stand for birth and development, for creation, though in the form of human artifice.

And this manner of Maupassant's, this seeming facility of perfection of detail, this prime quality that moves us to him magnetically in those moments when the spirit hungers for the expression that is restful, could come to maturity only through undaunted perseverance, energy and aspiration. His style is full of the wisdom of superb discipline; it brims with the nectar of completion; it not only satisfies, it contents us.

His designs were perhaps more varied in mood than those of any other writer of fiction; and this fact gives a pause to our snap-criticism. "Pierre et Jean" and "Fort comme la Mort," for example, can hardly be approached in the same vein as "La Maison Teller" or "Les Dimanches d'un Bourgeois de Paris." We must do full justice to those of the former, as well as the latter class, or we are in no little danger of declaring, along with the professors, that Maupassant's style is beautiful and his thought detestable,

a condition of affairs that—colloquially speaking—"won't pass." Hell does not amble away quite so familiarly with heaven; there must be at least a purgatory of doubt between. Beauty implies ever a peculiar association with profundity, and profundity is too intangible an essence for us to label it as Right or Wrong. We, as critics, ought never to say that such and such a writer—whose work bears the beauty mark—is base or untruthful, or even indelicate, without a vast deal of hard grinding and self-communion. We ought not to use the term "decadent," as so many do nowadays, without inquiring rigidly if we are not just a little severe and noisily commonplace. It is a heavy circumstance that the man whose faith and hope and strength of will kept him good for seven years of unceasing strife towards an ideal of expression pitilessly beyond the ordinary literary ideal, should be termed decadent by the mediocre mob of superficial moralists. Grace may exist without power, but not the complete grace—not such grace as Maupassant's. We should be at least as sensible as the squirrels, and not decide that a shining shell is empty till we have labored a little for the nut. Can we read "Une Vie" or "L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme," or even "Bel Ami," without a stampede of turbulent emotion, loosed from a new and wholly profitable realization of the humanness of pulsing, wandering humanity? or "Sur l'Eau" or "Le Papa de Simon," without an increasing nobleness of mind, without the purification of sympathy, without the lasting exaltation which nearly all men have in the presence of everything that is beautiful and real? I cannot so read them, I confess it. My heart is seldom wounded by the bold stroke of this impressive defender of the truth. After a week in the serious company of Guy de Maupassant, I can

better reconcile my life with life in general.

They are not written for children, these masterpieces; but neither are "Adam Bede" nor "The Scarlet Letter" nor "Antony and Cleopatra." It is useless to contend that the latter works indicate a moral idea, while the former do not. Art is inseparable from beauty, and wherever beauty is, goodness and wisdom are inevitably near. Beauty has fallen into disrepute in some quarters because the eye of the observer is waxen old, and in others because a pitiful poor sloven has taken her place; and often when we speak of beauty now we suggest an image but superficially attractive. Yet the real goddess remains, even if somewhat disdainful, in her superior abode beyond the poor flight of morality; and although she has acknowledged mightier wooers than Maupassant, she was not without her favors to that most sincere, that most absolutely unmoved by symbol or romance, of all French realists.

But the professors—a hard set to convince—are sure to reply: "Ah, very careful friend, your words may be very apposite concerning selected works of your ingenuous author, such as 'Pierre et Jean' and 'En Famille'; we will not argue of them any further. But tell us what will you do with 'Une Partie de Campagne,' that story where the nightingale comes in so voluptuously, or 'La Maison Tellier' with its rout of lascivious suggestiveness, or 'Les Tombales' with its outrageous—though interesting—dénouement? What will you say to defend these and a host of similar indecencies?"

And I, with a mental reservation to the effect that my interlocutors are marvellously well-read, answer openly, "Nothing." The work of our novelist becomes frequently sordid, sometimes disgusting, even filthy yes, to the seventh degree. And at times there is little to be said in generous excuse of

him. I should indeed have no better belief in the critic who should endeavor to garland with high aims the concupiscent muse that inspired "La Femme de Paul," let us say, than for him who announced that its author was capable of awakening no emotion more exalted than that conveyed by the very bestial story alluded to. Yet Maupassant's errors in this regard seem rather negative—which is to say, they were the result not so much of a strong native tendency, a distinct preference for the exposition of unlovely things, as of a reaction from high æsthetic pursuits, a general loosening of the spirit-cord, which had been drawn up a little too rigidly in moments of ultra-fine emotional expression. He runs the whole gamut of bodily sensation, but it is commonly counterbalanced by a psychological intensity unsurpassed in any fiction. If the former grows rank sometimes and loathsome, the latter no less bears a clear and most unusual flower. Though the first is empty, the second is full of nutriment. He has nowhere the baseness of malignity, he is not malicious, evil. He is undoubtedly sensual, but he has none of the avariciousness of sensuality. And perhaps there is, after all, a word to be said in palliation. Of all those exalted studies into which a man may throw his whole character and force, none is more provocative of physical and emotional depletion, none more rapidly enervates and saps, and predisposes to a general exhaustion and breakdown, than art in its highest aspect, especially art in conjunction with psychology. A full press of steam is necessary in order to ascend that golden river. There are reefs and treacherous turns, there are false charts and lying beacons, there are mutinies and sudden disabilities, the whole crew must be continually on the alert, in the dark, through the storm, in the face of an unseen enemy. What wonder

then that, when wharf is reached and the lines made fast, the men tumble ashore in mob haste for every allure-ment of orgy and excess! What wonder then if the Captain, over-fatigued himself, poor seaman, cannot control them! No human being can be nearer the illicit plunge than he who has pin-ioned with archangels. This is the law of balance and of life. It is the law of heaven and hell, and it is the artist's heart-beat and law together.

To declare then that Maupassant was sensual, that he was full of the vileness of vilest Paris at times, does not necessarily invalidate him for good literary society in the eyes of the truly just. In his fleshly hours he was more fleshly than Byron or Balzac, but he was also more admirable in his respect for art, which is, in its approach to immortality, the antithesis of earth and fleshliness. He was ever mindful of the artist's gods of permanence. In his moments of most ribald joviality, as in "La Maison Tellier," he is still more jealous of doing his entire literary duty than of telling his tale, which is nevertheless exceptionally well told. He may give us an unrighteous pleasure, but that pleasure is always coupled with elation at the fineness of his handi-work. He never offends us both ways, as his betters, Rabelais and Balzac, often do. No, the peculiar fault of Maupassant is not sensuality or sordidness. It is something more perilous than these, something that keeps him in bond with the present, the detail, instead of with the future, the whole thing; the fault that, having due regard for his insight, execution and morality, places his name in human estimation forever below that of the giant of Tours, and possibly below that of Victor Hugo. As far as true greatness is concerned, Maupassant had the vital defect of hopelessness. Optimistic man will worship almost everything else. He will fall at the

feet of violence and absurd sophistry and injustice; he will fetch offerings to an idol of wretched straw while the real gods look on in meditative pity, but he will not constantly adore, he will indeed scarce tolerate hopelessness. This demand of the human heart is not extreme; it is only for an elementary belief—belief in God, in mankind, in itself, in something! It is the one sure suspicion universal, the suspicion of hopelessness. That stagnant oil can never be one with the dashing crystal of our highest desires. Tolstoi speaks of Maupassant's "indifference." But the failing was worse than indifference. It was the deep-rooted malady of negativeness, the impossibility of appreciating anything that came in the pleasing garb of hope. It was not thus the great masters have beheld life. We find, for instance, enduring cheer amid the patient moanings of Prometheus chained to the cruel Caucasus; but in the French novelist the mockings of despair drown even the derisive laughter of the most unlovely denizens of a Latin Quarter boulevard. Maupassant is thereby denied the literary summit. His work may wear the badge of goodly rank, but is forbidden the fleur de lys of pure nobility.

Much has been said about the influence of Zola in his regard; and there can be little doubt that, for a while, Maupassant, along with many of his colleagues, was inspired by the largeness of the elder writer's design. Zola's determination, his persistent method, his enthusiasm and his successful belief in himself must have fired this young author, fellow-disciple of Flaubert, disdainful of things romantic. He may indeed have thought he had found the master of masters, the new Flaubert, who would leave behind him all vestige of mere narrative. In the first flush of Naturalism, an idea surely intimate with his own talent, it is not unlikely that he scarce perceived the

clumsiness and grandiosity, the rhetoric and bourgeois pomposity which mingled themselves so glaringly with the best phrase of the man who had begun, as Zola supposed, the Tragedy of the Unwritten Masses. Yet with this one point of meeting—the unswept market-place of Humanity—the ways of the two novelists were not only different, they were almost diametrically opposed. Zola pressed forward on the broad, ugly highroad of existence, telling what he saw, but interviewing no one profoundly. Maupassant elected, on the contrary, many a graceful by-path and sounded his chance acquaintance to the very depths, or rather to such depths as he dared go, for he had not Zola's sufficiency of creed. Zola was broader and shallower, he was more typical, but Maupassant had the virtue of good art. Zola selected a great heart-tract, but cultivated it so loosely that many fertile areas brought forth only the most rudimentary life. Maupassant, on the other hand, with his little psychologic garden, compelled even the stony spots to yield a well-rounded fruit. Zola, from a very broad point of view, made a universal failure; Maupassant, a

localized success. The former will live by his example; the latter by his work.

Maupassant had a growing admiration for the work of the Russian authors: he thinks warmly of Dostoevsky and Tolstoi, but his special literary faith centres in Turgenev, whose friendship he highly values. Flaubert taught him to write well; these men taught him to write fearlessly. They gave him grasp, they fed him with raw food straight from the soil, they made possible "Une Vie" and "L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme"; they bade him drop from mind even the attenuated romance that hangs about the realism of Balzac. It is true Maupassant took much from the celebrated masters in his art; but, like all men of genius, he gave more than he took. And we hold that, in spite of all the mass-meetings of maladroit moralists from Boston to Beersheba, he is eminently fitted to grace that inner circle of letters, where gather the imposing few who have just missed open greatness; and whose productions, while lacking the freest universality, bear none the less the princely seal of permanence.

Sir Thomas Bodley

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM

HIS prescience in the dawn of England's day,
 Foresaw the time when thought the world would rule,
 When mind enthroned in books would sceptre sway,—
 When books themselves would be the world's great school.

The Irony of Success

BY DOUGLAS STORR

IT was Thackeray who thanked Heaven because George the Third had failed of his intention to found an Order of Minerva for literary men. It has been left for Edward the Seventh to establish an Order of Merit; to charter an Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical and Philological Studies; to make of the editor of "Punch" a knight bachelor. It is true, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Stephen Phillips, remain simple citizens of the great Republic of Letters, undecorated with cordon, collar or ribbon. They wait with all confidence to be crowned by posterity, and in that crown rests a distinction kings cannot give. To those of us who live by our pens, yet shrink from the utter prostitution of our mistress, it is depressing to contemplate the posthumous nature of the success attained by the great ones who have gone before. Scarce one of those we love would have worn the Order of Merit in his lifetime; many starved in the knowledge of their contemporaries. Most of those who succeeded, succeeded because of a toadyism which we regret—a toadyism to an individual, a party, a policy or a prejudice of the age. The honest and the independent have rarely been favorites of fortune in their own generation. They have worked and starved in garrets, lain in the gutters of Grub Street, been buried in nameless holes of the earth; but their gath-

ered truth is the richest legacy left to humanity.

It is not until after such men have passed beyond the confines of the Knowable that the world has realized how little of honor they had in their own generation. Marlowe was a tavern loafer, and Shakespeare a vagabond. Goldsmith could not pay his debts, yet the women to whom he owed money sat on his stairs and wept when they heard of his death. Robert Burns was a roysterer and an outcast. In the opinion of their contemporaries, Shelley was an atheist, Chatterton an incendiary, Harry Fielding a mischief maker, De Quincey a morphiomaniac, Charles Lamb a tippler, Leigh Hunt a fugitive from bailiffs. Edgar Allan Poe, Ben Jonson, Greene, Massinger, Nash, were drunkards. Defoe sacrificed his ears to his opinions, and Sir Walter Raleigh left his head upon the block as pledge of his patriotism. In our own day, James Thomson—he of "The City of Dreadful Night"—stood at the bar of the Holborn Restaurant—abject, shabby, a waif—changing his last borrowed coin for whiskey the while his bare feet peered through the worn sides of the carpet slippers that formed their only protection from the slush of the wintry streets. Stephen Crane earned notoriety and a name in the police court. Not one of these in his lifetime would have worn the decoration of a literary order, yet would our literature be sadly

depreciated were the least of them taken from its roll of immortals.

It is still more startling to consider the list of those whose coats would have blazed with orders in the days of their earthly sojourn. Most of those would be unknown to you, as they are to me—political pamphleteers, creatures of the party in power, apologists of immoral monarchs, champions of corrupt administrations. I would not soil my hands or offend your senses by stirring the dust in which they are so happily interred. But there are others whose influence upon their age, or whose contribution to letters, has survived their sycophancy and their time-service. According to the legend, Dr. Samuel Johnson was to have been made the Knight Grand Cross of George III.'s Order of Minerva. The ponderous manufacturer of dictionaries undoubtedly had earned the respect of his generation, had escaped all suspicion of flunkeyism. Yet was he never friend of mine. Snob he was, and Cockney. I never can think of him without remembering the portrait Sir Joshua Reynolds painted of him near-sightedly reading. The pock-marked Giant of Literature desired to be represented as in full possession of his eyesight, *débonnaire*, and youthful. To Reynolds he angrily protested: "You may paint yourself as deaf as you choose, but you shall not paint me as blinking Sam. It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." Somehow blinking Sam appeals as a very satisfactory grand master of the Order of Minerva with its badge of the Owl. Among his knights and companions of all ages would have been Charles II.'s degenerate favorites, the Earl of Rochester, and Congreve, and Wycherley; the mentally corrupt and bodily deformed Pope; the parasitic Gay; the pharisaical Babington Ma-caulay; the bombastic Bulwer Lytton—the log-rollers of thirteen hundred

years of recorded writing. All these would have worn the jewels of the order, probably more worthily than many who would have displayed still nobler decorations. And yet I would seek my friends among the lowlier citizens,—among the folk in fustian and hodden gray.

One hot day in June, 1901, two famous men of letters stumbled uneasily together down the dark valley of the shadow. Robert Buchanan and Walter Besant had had little more than their craft in common until Death, the grim jester, appointed them companions on that last, mysterious journey. No two men in all the world of literature were less compatible as comrades—Buchanan, the literary iconoclast, and Besant, the President of the Society of Authors! Respectable Besant, the knighted champion of English literature, would have chosen to accompany him any grub of Fleet Street in preference to Buchanan, the singer of the bridges, the last great Bohemian. Industrious Besant, the man whose laboriously constructed romance gained for East End London its People's Palace, had little sympathy with bankrupt Buchanan, the poet who did little more practical than to evoke the sobs of a Magdalen, the heartfelt gratitude of a broken player man.

Buchanan, who landed in London with a lonely half crown in his breeches pocket, was of a different clay from the Cambridge wrangler, the one time college professor. And yet those of us who have sought citizenship in the great republic had rather crossed the Styx with Buchanan than with him of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Such part as I had in the life of Robert Buchanan came in his latest days—in the days when the flippant public had deserted him for newer and flimsier gods. Of the fair, curly-haired boy who dreamed his poems on Waterloo Bridge at midnight, I knew only so

much as he told me. Of the lad who nursed David Gray in the Stamford Street garret I knew only the grizzled remains. "We lived in the same room, shared the same bed; and, when we didn't dine with Duke Humphrey, starved cheerfully together." David and Jonathan in a Stamford Street garret!

It is good to have known such a man, to have been able to talk without blushing of questions which only our present-day pruriency has banished from adult conversation. Never an impure thought, never a subtle innuendo, sullied the conversation of Buchanan. He said blunt out what he meant, using plain Saxon words without attempt to sugar his meaning with Norman French or society-attuned euphemisms. He spoke as the Carpenter's Son spoke, as seriously, as purposefully; and was hated by the world as bitterly. With time, the world's hatred burned into his soul so that he tilted at its idols, merely because they were idols, without reference to their worth, or thought of the evolutionary change they typified. In later life his charity became super-sensitive. For long he would not eat mutton because of the dumb pain he had read in the faces of a herd of sheep waiting before the door of a slaughterhouse. A keen sportsman, he gave up his shooting in Scotland because of the pity he felt for the birds he killed. Their glazing eyes spoke to his poet heart of the purple heather, the rolling moors, of God's glorious sun he had shut out from their gaze for ever. He threw down his gun without a sigh, without a regret, save for those he had slain in the days of his barbarism.

Most delightful to a man of the unemotional nineteenth century were the enthusiasms of Buchanan. They were all so innocent, so childlike, so strange, coming from the portly, big-brained man. He loved a fairy story; and Christmas was as sure a joy to him

as to the tiniest child in the nursery—not the modern, emasculated Christmas; but the real, old-fashioned holiday, with its holly berries and its serious pudding. He hated the new-fangled greetings, and searched the shops for cards with a Father Christmas, a sprig of holly and a sparkle of magnesium sulphated frost upon them. The boy who had wonderingly watched Charles Dickens—"the very incarnate Genie of Christmastide"—from the door of Rule's oyster saloon had become the man the world called the literary iconoclast, a very anarchist among latter-day writers! Poor Buchanan, if only the world could have known the great heart that ever beat warmly under his wide waistcoat! If they could have heard, as I have heard, the "God bless him!" of poor, hopeless drift pieces of the stage's flotsam and jetsam, they would have realized something of the real Robert Buchanan. They would have known why posterity confers higher honors than knighthood upon such as he. Of Buchanan's place in the world of letters a later generation will speak higher words of praise than our own. There is a sonorous dignity about his prose, a grandeur about the music of his poetry that, in these days of tinkling cymbals, cannot be appreciated; but their music is the music of all time, and Robert Buchanan's fame will go singing down the ages when many whom his contemporaries accounted his superiors lie silent in their dust and ashes. You and I can ill spare that lion-hearted, open-handed man. Has Death no mercy, has the Grave no satiety?

But a few weeks ago Kensal Green cemetery swallowed up a poet and a critic, a man of rare learning, a writer of wonderful intuition. He was Lionel Johnson, the author of two little books of verse and a critical work on the art of Thomas Hardy. Some four or five years ago I took chambers in Gray's

Inn, rooms at the top of a dingy, oaken stairway. As I found them, the rooms were dirty and in lamentable condition, without bath, without gas, without lighting convenience of any kind. But in one of them were two glorious book-cases built into the wall—great, roomy, hospitable closets, and for their sake I became tenant of No. 7 Gray's Inn Square. Little gossip penetrated to me through the thick planks of my outer door, but that which did pierce inward chiefly concerned my predecessor. It was such talk as might have passed current of Chatterton or Charles Lamb—of meagre meals, of incessant study, of the "tragic shade" that blighted his life. Such was the gossip of the laundress he had bequeathed to me. She knew nothing of the poet, but much of the man, her master. The lodger below stairs had complained bitterly of his restless tramping over uncarpeted floors, the Inn steward had dunned him for his rent, the man across the landing had thanked God when he departed. Yet was my predecessor the Lionel Johnson whom, too late, the critics of London are acclaiming a man of extraordinary learning, of fine critical judgment, of dainty poetic fancy. All undecorated, he lies in the clay of Kensal Green; and, thus tardily, the world is hanging its ribbon of recognition upon his tomb. So was it with the author of "The House with the Green Shutters" who, but the other day, was wandering hungry through London the while the press rang with praise of his work, and who died before he had tasted aught of the sweets of his belated success.

So, too, with Frank Norris, one of the few moderns who will live beyond the brief day of his publisher's advertisements. I remember him in Johannesburg, some seven years ago, quiet, unobtrusive, hidden in the mass of jostling humanity upon the Rand. His success had not come to him then,

its irony did not enter into his soul until he believed himself free to begin his life's work. It is ever thus with the writer, struggling, striving, straining to reach the point at which the great ambition may be achieved; and then, when the opportunity has arrived, when success is within the grasp, to have it refused the outstretched hand by a grinning death's head or by the less merciful realization that a life devoted to the preservation of life has dimmed the image, has killed the capacity to construct. There lie the darkest tragedies of literature.

No man of letters ever yet attained to the utmost of his ability in this life, unless indeed it were the poet Gray, whose "Elegy" stands out from the deal level of his achievement like a pine tree from the prairie. Robert Louis Stevenson had raised his foot to step into his literary heritage, but he set it down in eternity. "Weir of Hermiston" stands apart from his other work a glorious fragment, like the hand or foot of some defaced Greek statue. Zola died while his busy brain was still teeming with literary projects. Guy de Maupassant was hurled out of the world of the sensible before he had understood his power. Poor Chatterton, with his pathetic pocket-book and its four pounds, fifteen shillings and ninepence of return for four months of incessant literary labor, starved to death, a child not yet eighteen. Collins, an exquisite lyrist, full of fine promptings, had struggled through his excesses; had bitten deep into the bitterness of poverty; had seen his "Odes" fall dead from the press; was at last about to seize his opportunity, when madness smote him at the age of twenty-nine, and left him author of some fifteen hundred lines of the most exquisite poetry in the language. Keats was but twenty-five, Shelley twenty-nine, Byron thirty-six, and Burns thirty-seven when death claimed them.

Verily, the grave is hungry for the children of the gods!

It is strange to turn from these rapidly consumed lives to contemplate the gentle existence of the fathers of literature. For fifty-six years the venerable Bede lived, and read, and wrote in the quiet monastery of Wearmouth. When the day of his death came, he was translating the last chapter of the gospel according to John. His priestly amanuensis questioned if he could bear the fatigue of composition. Bede answered, "Write quickly on." As the sun set, the last sentence was completed. The aged monk murmured, "It is done!" folded his hands; and died while still he knelt among the rushes upon the floor. Such was the end of the writing man eleven and a half centuries ago—placid as his life, a simple closing of the book. There could be no irony in such an one's success, because his success consisted in the amount

of his service for others. To the monk, to the man trained from his youth up to regard worldly success as a wile of the devil, it mattered not whether recognition came from his contemporaries or from posterity. Success, such as the world covets, meant nothing to him, failure no more. Yet was self-effacement easier for him than for those who have come after. He was housed, and clothed, and maintained in food by his order; was encouraged in study, provided with books, with secretaries, with writing materials. Above all, most precious of all, he was granted a monastic silence. What prose one might write in a monastery, what thoughts conjure up in the cloisters, what poems compose in the gardens! I should rather have the peace, the leisure, the opportunity of Bede, than all the rewards and decorations in the gift of the kings of the world. That way only lies the avoidance of the irony of success.

The Antiquary

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

LICHEN, Moss, Stones. All that is left of the Home of a Prince. The Moon silvers the Heap. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?

Must, Moth, Mould. All that is left of an Emperor's Tomb. The Owl hoots and the Raven croaks. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?

Slime, Rushes, Swamp. All that is left of a Kingdom proud. The Will-o'-the-wisp comes and goes. The Fool jingles his Bells and laughs. But the old Man in his dusty Coat delves into the Past. To what End?

Cities, Villas, Homes. Throughout the World is a new Order of Things. The Fool and his Bells are silent as Prince, Emperor and King. But the old Man in his dusty Coat still lives in the Lessons taught the Present by the Past.

The Literary Guillotine

IV

The Corelli-ing of Caine

ON grounds of rectitude, I disapproved strongly of the manner in which Mark Twain had enticed Marie Corelli into the jurisdiction of the court; although it was impossible to suppress a feeling of gratification that this arch-offender was at last about to be brought to account for her reckless career of universal reformation and maltreatment of foreign languages. As presiding judge of the Literary Emergency Court, without consulting either Herford or myself, Mark Twain had sent this cable message regarding the man who looks like Shakespeare to the lady who lives where Shakespeare lived: "Come over and attend the trial of Hall Caine for *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters." In the course of the same day this reply was received: "Am starting immediately. Await my coming. Have important testimony. Congratulations."

A week later Miss Corelli set foot for the first time on American soil, and was received by an officer of the court with a warrant for her arrest. Protests were of no use, as we took good care that neither she nor the author of "The Infernal City" should communicate with their ambassador, and thus, perhaps, cause another miscarriage of justice, as in the case of Gladstone's protégée. In providing against a distant danger, however, we failed to take into account one at our very door—that, namely,

to be apprehended from the great shop-keeping and servant-girl class of our own people, whom we were unselfishly seeking to save from the contamination of these writers. But more of this anon.

The trial of the two great reformers was set down for the second day following the arrival of the biographer of Satan, but on Loomis's suggestion we decided to examine them privately in chambers before official proceedings.

"You see," said Loomis, in urging this course, "frequently under private examination the very worst criminals break down and confess, and thereby obviate the necessity of a long and expensive trial. It's worth while trying, anyhow."

We thought so, too, so Mark Twain sent for the superintendent of the prison and ordered him to bring the two English writers before us.

"Ah, and it will be a happy day for me, sorr, and the other prisoners," sighed the official, who was of Irish birth, "whin thim two has been condemned and put out of their misery. There's no such thing as sleep now, sorr, with the noise they make a-callin' each other all sorts of names, like copy-cat and p'agiarist, whatever that might be, and each one recitin' of long passages out of their books, showin' how the world is to be reformed. Oh, it's awful, your honors!"

"Why didn't you give them a sleeping potion?" asked Herford.

"I did, sorr, but it only made 'em worse—they talked in their sleep."

"Well, bring them in now, anyhow," said Mark Twain; "but see that they are well guarded so that they can't get quarrelling in here."

Two minutes later the Lord of the Castle was ushered in between two stalwart policemen, and a moment later his great rival entered by the opposite door, under guard of the matron and a woman detective. At sight of each other they started violently, and an angry flush overspread their faces. Hall Caine's sweeping locks began to rise like the bristles on a dog's back.

"So!" he exclaimed, drawing himself up in offended dignity, "this is the way you insult me, is it? Not content with the outrage committed against literature in my person, you now force me into the presence of this purveyor of cheap and noxious fiction; this woman who has dogged my footsteps at every turn, seeking to pilfer from my books the sacred flame with which to light her own worthless productions. No sooner do I produce that masterpiece, 'The Christian,' than she comes forth with a weak imitation, 'The Master Christian'; again I duplicate my achievement and give to a thankful world 'The Eternal City,' and she forthwith rushes into print with 'Temporal Power,' wherein she seeks to rob me not only of the essence, but also of the very name of Glory. It is too much! I——"

"Stop!" cried the great novelist, rising in the glory of her outraged womanhood, "will no one stop this man from blaspheming against my genius? Have none of you respect for the repository of the greatest gift of which men and women may be the recipients—the gift of creative power? *Multum in parvo!* The solidarity of human nature renders *e pluribus unum*.

But as poor old forgotten Baudelaire so beautifully sang:

'les etoiles qui filent,
Qui filent,—qui filent—et dispara-
ient—"

" 'Except Mavis Clare,' " I interrupted, quoting from "The Sorrows of Satan."

For the first time since coming into the room the authoress looked at me. A gracious smile illumined her countenance, and she inclined her head in acknowledgment.

"Ah! I see you have penetrated the thin disguise under which I sought to make the world understand the motives which actuate me in my arduous, unselfish work. I had not expected to find such intelligence in America."

"Madam," I said, assuming an official tone, "it may be that we are not original enough in this country to employ the singular, *disparaît*, with *les etoiles*, as seems to be the custom in your country, still we are pretty clever at penetrating disguises and unmasking frauds."

Even as I uttered this stern reprimand there stood before my mind's eye, with the clearness of print, the beautiful, modest words in which the author of "Temporal Power" had described herself, and, as it would seem, my own present situation, through the mouth of Geoffrey Tempest: "She was such a quaint graceful creature, so slight and dainty, so perfectly unaffected and simple in manner, that as I thought of the slanderous article *I was about to write* against her work I felt like a low brute who had been stoning a child. And yet,—after all it was her genius I hated—the force and passion of that mystic quality which wherever it appears, compels the world's attention,—this was the gift she had that I lacked and coveted."

With a start I pulled myself together

—a literary emergency court could not be successfully conducted in such a spirit.

“*Similia similibus curantur*,” quoted Mavis Clare at this moment, as though reading my thoughts again.

This constant and exclusive attention to his rival had begun to anger Hall Caine, and he now aggressively cleared his throat.

“Ahem! Ahem!”

“Yes, Mr. Caine, we are coming to you, just as soon as my colleague here has finished his little private flirtation.”

“*Continuez!*” said Mavis Clare, drawing herself up stiffly and annihilating the presiding judge with a look—“women of high ideals do not flirt!”

The obvious reply to this was that no one had said they did, but for such retort Mark Twain, of course, was too chivalrous. Instead, he turned to the other prisoner.

“Now, Mr. Caine,” he began insinuatingly, “it is the wish of the court to ask you a few questions thus privately, in a manner not possible in open court. We think it may lead to a simplification of matters. Of course you are under no compulsion to answer them unless you wish to do so; but it will prove to your advantage in the long run, I can assure you. Are you willing for me to question you?”

“Your honor,” replied the Lord of the Castle with great dignity, “I have nothing to fear. All that I have done has been done upon the housetops——”

“That’s true!” murmured Herford.

“Therefore, I say: Ask what you will. There can be no unfavorable witnesses against me.”

“Oh, don’t be too sure about that!” cried Mark Twain sharply. “We have very strong witnesses. For instance, sir, one of them is ready to testify that in your description of the brotherhood in ‘The Christian’ you say *compline* backwards, and put ‘recreation’ before

supper instead of afterwards. What have you to say to that?”

“Nothing, sir, excepting that I do not approve of exercise on a full stomach.”

“Oh, I see!” said Mark Twain, taken aback, “I see! But I hardly imagine you will be able to dispose of all the witnesses so easily. How will you reply to the jockey who will testify that in the scene descriptive of the Derby in one of your books you have the horses, instead of the jockeys, weighed in before the start?”

“Very easily, sir. I wished to discourage racing, and I thought that by weighing the horses, instead of the jockeys, I might turn the scale against it.”

Mark Twain looked helplessly at the utterer of this remarkable speech, at a loss for a reply.

“Humph!” he grunted at last, “if you don’t beat the beaters! Mr. Caine, do you speak Italian?”

“*Un porco*,” replied the great man graciously.

At this Mavis Clare burst into uproarious laughter.

“He didn’t ask you your name!” she cried—“he asked you if you spoke Italian!”

Hall Caine vouchsafed no reply, merely raising his eyebrows and sternly regarding her.

“Now, Mr. Caine,” continued Mark Twain after this interruption, “you have written quite a number of books, have you not?”

The Lord of the Castle bowed acquiescence.

“On serious subjects, I am informed?”

“On most serious, sir. The flippant and humorous has never appealed to me. I leave that to inferior minds.”

“Ah, I see!” murmured the author of “Tom Sawyer,” “you act wisely.”

“I act, sir, as my genius directs me.”

“And that directs you, I understand,

Mr. Caine, to treat of various countries and peoples. 'The Deemster' and 'The Manxman,' I believe, are laid in the Isle of Man?"

"They are."

"And 'The Bondman' in Iceland?"

"Exactly."

"And 'The Scapegoat' in Cairo?"

"As you say."

"And 'The Christian' in London?"

"Precisely."

"And 'The Infernal—Eternal City' in Rome?"

"Even so."

"And you know all of these peoples and civilizations so intimately that you feel justified in writing of them?"

"I see you have not read my books, Mr. Clemens," was the reply, "or you would not ask me. Besides, allow me to remind you that 'Macbeth' is laid in Scotland, 'Othello' in Italy, 'John' in England, and 'The Tempest' heaven knows where."

"I see," said Mark Twain, in the dreamy manner of one who regards an unknown specimen of fauna. "I guess most of your stories are laid in the same place as 'The Tempest.'"

For a moment the Lord of the Castle dubiously regarded Mark Twain, seeking to fathom his meaning. Then with a gracious smile he bowed acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Shakespeare had the advantage of priority over me, Mr. Clemens."

"That is true, Mr. Caine, but you should not begrudge him that one advantage. You should consider the great advantage you enjoy over him in that you can read his works, whereas he cannot read yours."

"Precisely, Mr. Clemens. But, then, no man is heir to the future."

"Your remark leaves nothing further to be said," said the author of "Huck Finn," bowing in turn. "However, it was not of Shakespeare's irreparable loss that I wished to speak, but of our too happy, happy lot. I should

much like to know your literary plans for the future."

"Well," replied the author slowly, "I am still somewhat in doubt as to what country I shall take up next. I had thought something of Bulgaria, but at present I rather incline toward the United States. I have pretty well decided to write a *comédie humaine* of America. It is a fine field."

Mark Twain caught his breath.

"Yes, it is a fine field," he said slowly, "a mighty fine field. But how long do you think it would take you to treat it adequately?"

"We-ell, I don't know exactly—perhaps two years."

"Humph! I see. Mr. Caine, I have nothing further to say to you. You may sit down."

"One moment, please!" cried Herford, "I'd like to ask a question."

"Yes?" inquired the Lord of the Castle.

"Yes, just one question, Mr. Caine. Now, I have here a copy of 'The Eternal City,' and on page 6 I find a sample of Roma's talk when she was a baby. I'll read part of it aloud: 'Oo a boy? . . . Oo me brodder? . . . Oo lub me? . . . Oo lub me eber and eber?' Now, Mr. Caine, I want to ask you this: Is that, in your opinion, an accurate reproduction of the manner in which children talk?"

"Yes, sir, absolutely—at least, of the manner in which Manx children talk."

"Oh, I see!" said Herford—"their words haven't any tails, have they? I have finished with the prisoner, your honor."

Thereupon the Lord of the Castle seated himself at a convenient table in the manner of the great English bard in the picture entitled "Shakespeare and his Friends," and settled himself to enjoy the discomfiture of his rival.

"And now, Miss Corelli," said Mark Twain to the author of "Vendetta,"

“with your permission I should like to put a few questions to you. Pray, remain seated. In the first place, you are a very good woman, are you not?”

“I hope so, your honor. I try not to misuse the great talent which has been given into my keeping. I do not keep it done up in a napkin.”

“I see! You send it out that it may gain ten other talents for you—eh? But you don’t seem to entertain a very good opinion of the rest of the world, Miss Corelli. Yet I should say the world has used you pretty well. How many copies, now, do you regard as a good sale of one of your books?”

“Well—three hundred thousand is not bad. But, ah! your honor, good sales are not everything!”

“No, not if one has disposed of the copyright. But to continue. I doubt if any contemporary author sells better, unless it be Mr. Caine yonder. How is it, Mr. Caine? How do you regard a sale of three hundred thousand?”

“A mere bagatelle, sir, a mere bagatelle. A good return for one English county.”

Mavis Clare sniffed audibly.

“Pooh! I don’t believe he ever sold that many books in all his life, unless, perhaps, because people thought they were buying ‘The Master Christian’ when it was only ‘The Christian.’”

In an instant the Lord of the Castle was on his feet.

“I’d have you know—” he began, excitedly, when Mark Twain’s gavel cut him short.

“Now, you two stop fighting!” he cried. “You’re as bad as Gertrude Atherton and Charles Felton Pidgin.”

“Sort of Pidgin-English and Manx mixed,” remarked Herford under his breath.

In the meantime, in response to a tap on the shoulder from one of the attendant officers, the great Manx author of so many tales had resumed his seat, with a she’s-beneath-my-notice sort of

expression, and had regained his Jove-like calm.

“Now, Miss Corelli,” continued the presiding judge, “before this unseemly interruption I was about to refer to a point on which you seem to have strong and novel opinions. I mean the critics. Ah, I see the subject appeals to you. Now, I hold in my hand ‘The Sorrows of Satan,’ a book in which, I believe, you have given to the world your opinion on everything in heaven and earth and the waters under the earth, but in especial on those noxious vermin, the critics. Am I right?”

“You are, sir, perfectly right. I consider those abandoned, venal men responsible for more of the wickedness in the world than all the rumshops, gambling-houses and churches put together. They prevent the public from reading the only books which could possibly counteract the evil tendencies of the time. Would you believe it, they do not shrink even from attacking my novels!”

“No—is it possible!” exclaimed Mark Twain, in sympathetic tones. “Well, perhaps that will give us the key to the paragraph which I am about to read from page 100 of ‘Beelzebub’s Grievs.’ This is what you say there through the mouth of one Morgeson, a publisher: ‘The uncertain point in the matter of your book’s success is the attitude of the critics. There are only six leading men who do the reviews, and between them’” (between six, you notice) “‘they cover all the English magazines and some of the American, too, as well as the London papers.’ Now, Miss Corelli, in view of the fact that a little later on you state that Geoffrey Tempest purchased the venal pen of the leader of the unworthy six, McWhing, for the small sum of five hundred pounds, my colleagues and I should much appreciate your courtesy if you would give us, privately, the man’s real name—I think among us

we might possibly raise five hundred pounds and get him to praise our books, too. 'Huck Finn' is not selling very well at present. What do you say to my suggestion?"

"Mr. Clemens," said Mavis Clare severely, "I am surprised that you should imagine me capable of aiding in the further debasement of literature. I am more strongly convinced than ever that you have not read my works. But yonder sits a writer who may possibly be willing for a *ne plus ultra* to give you the information desired," and she pointed to the Lord of the Castle.

Hall Caine's only reply was a curl of the lip and a smile of placid superiority.

"He doesn't look promising," said Mark Twain sadly. "I don't think he's likely to give up his secrets. I'm afraid, Herford, we shall have to plod on in the same old hopeless way without the aid of the critics. And all for the want of knowing whom to give five hundred pounds to! However, to continue. Miss Corelli, to judge by your writings, you must be extremely fond of foreign languages, are you not?"

"I am, sir, indeed. To me foreign languages never cease to be a mystery and a delight."

"I can readily believe it, madam, very readily. Moreover, your use of expressions from other languages is marked by so great taste and accuracy that I feel doubly justified in thus publicly calling the attention of the world to the matter—if all writers used foreign phrases in the same manner, what a delectable state our literature would be in! Why, not only do you make use of French and Latin and Italian, in the manner of the Duchess and Miss Braeme, but you enrich those languages in a way never dreamt of by the natives themselves; not content with merely inventing new words, you also invent new rules of grammar. It is truly remarkable! Thus in your masterpiece, 'Ziska,' we find not *diablerie*,

but the much more beautiful and unusual word *diableresse*. For this addition to their vocabulary you have laid the French under an immeasurable debt of gratitude. The only trouble is that the nation is so darned thankless in such matters. But not so Latin scholars, they are quick to recognize a pioneer in their special field. Who but a second Bentley would have had the brilliant audacity thus to force a Latin verb to so novel a use, as in the noble lofty sentence from your pen which I shall now read! 'I do not address myself,' you say in righteous anger, 'to those who have made their cold *adieux* to God, to them I say pitifully, *Requiescat in pace!*' Miss Corelli, only those devoid of all sense of reverence will stop to ask, What is the subject of *requiescat*? To them I can only repeat your thrilling words: *requiescat in pace*.

"But enough of obituaries when other and more cheerful linguistic improvements await our notice. What a stroke of genius did you display in 'Barabbas' by the creation of Judith Iscariot, thus turning Iscariot into a family name centuries before any one else thought of this device for avoiding confusion; or when you endowed Pilate's wife with the abstract name of Justitia; or when you presented to Heliogabalus, or Heliobas, or whatever the gentleman's name was, chairs of Arabian workmanship, when even the Arabs themselves had never seen the necessity of sitting anywhere but on the ground; or when you rang the bells in Jerusalem at a time when, as you say yourself in another connection, the bells were *non est*. Words fail me properly to characterize these achievements. I don't wonder that Geoffrey Tempest took to consorting with 'blue-blooded blacklegs,' or that he and his wife and the devil had an '*al fresco* luncheon in the open air.' I should have had a dryadical fit among the trees. Whew!"

Mark Twain paused quite out of breath. For once in her life Mavis Clare was almost speechless.

"*Tempi passati!*" she murmured weakly.

"Gentlemen," said the presiding judge, addressing Herford and myself, "I have finished with the prisoner. If you have anything to ask her, now is the accepted time."

"Miss Clare," I said, seizing the opportunity before Herford could speak, "just one moment! I shall only advert in passing to such minor matters as split infinitives, although, as you may know, they were recently one of the main causes of the downfall of one of our greatest of *matinée* heroes; nor shall I speak more at length of the works of Sar Peladan, despite the fatal parallelism of ideas which he seems to possess with you—I simply want to reassure myself on a question of American slang. If his honor will hand me 'The Sorrows of Satan' I will read the sentence in which the expression occurs. Thank you. Ah, here it is! on page 189: "Why, what's the matter?" I exclaimed in a rallying tone, for I was on very friendly and familiar terms with the little American. "You, of all people in the world having a private weep! Has our dear railway papa 'bust up'?" "Now, Miss Clare, have I your assurance that it should not be 'bust down'?"

"You may take my word for it," replied the authoress, "that it is correct the way I have written it. I am not like the author of certain Manx books who shall be nameless—I never make mistakes."

What would have been the result of this unfortunate remark it is difficult to say, had Mark Twain not quickly risen and declared the examination at an end, thus precluding any attempt on the part of the modern Balzac to resent the aspersion.

"Remove the prisoners," said the presiding judge in his sternest manner. "But inform the superintendent that I say they are to be confined in separate parts of the building, so that they cannot further disturb the other inmates. The sitting is at an end."

"Oh, that's too bad!" exclaimed Herford, as the two novelists disappeared from sight—"I forgot to ask Miss Corelli what the 'Quarterly Review' meant by calling her a 'mother in Israel.' However, I shall have a chance to do so at the trial."

But that chance was never to come. Hardly had the words left Herford's mouth before a faint, distant murmur reached our ears, like that of the Roman mob in the theatre. Rapidly the sound increased in strength, until it seemed at the very door of the room. Then just as suddenly it died into silence, and we were left gazing at each other, wonderingly.

"Why, what's that?" murmured Mark Twain.

As though in answer to his question, at that moment the superintendent of the prison rushed in with his coat hanging in shreds, and threw himself at our feet in an agony of fear.

"Save me! Save me!" he cried. "A mob of salesladies and servant-girls has broken into the prison and rescued Hall Caine and Marie Corelli!"

"Are the other prisoners safe?" inquired Mark Twain, his voice quaking with anxiety.

"Yes, yes, they only took those two!"

"Ah!" sighed the presiding judge, in deep relief, "we still have our preacher-writers, then! Certainly we do not seem to have much luck with English authors. Indeed, I begin to doubt whether the servant-girls really wish to be saved from literary contamination."

Italy in Fiction

BY AMY A. BERNARDY

I ONCE disagreed with an editor. He was, it may be added, the well-known editor of a leading Italian review. The agreement had been that I should write an essay on Mr. Marion Crawford's Italian novels: the disagreement was, that the editor thought my judgment against the novels far too lenient for the deserts of the author. He wanted me to be absolutely merciless to this *index inustus* of people and things Italian, Mr. Marion Crawford. He held my Anglo-Saxon connections, atavism (and perhaps other *isms*) responsible for what seemed to him the tameness of my condemnation of all the "Saracinesca" brood, and wrote to me indignantly: "Please do not try to excuse Crawford. He is artificial, false, passé, even to the names of his characters—Corona Saracinesca and Duca d'Astrardente, for instance. The Italian language has never tolerated such screeching sounds. The politic and dogmatic ideas of Mr. Crawford do not appeal to us at all. We feel intensely that foreigners do not grasp what is real about us: they judge us without feeling us—that is, they entirely misjudge us, and we resent being so persistently and so hopelessly misunderstood. Please state still more forcibly our Italian feelings against Mr. Crawford's and other foreign writers' Italian novels."

How I could, without being utterly discourteous, state more forcibly than I had done our Italian feelings I failed

to see, and informed my editor of the fact, whereupon we disagreed. But I had secured, in the usually smooth-tempered editor's outburst of wrath, an excellent standard of the Italian feeling in regard to books generally supposed by outsiders to be a faithful portraiture of Italian life, past and present.

"Marsio's Crucifix" is certainly rather successful in depicting a certain class of people and a certain aspect of Roman life; other very good bits of detail are scattered throughout Mr. Crawford's work, and these will surely appeal to an impartial judge. The excellent pages about mediæval Rome in "Via Crucis" may partly redeem in the appreciation of many readers, as they do in mine, the frequent blunders of other books and the utter misconception of Italian life as a whole, before which the greater part of Italians find it difficult to keep sober. A large majority of Italians think, and perhaps correctly, that a few right things will not make up for a lot of wrong things. Moreover, since they do not attempt to write the great American or English novel of our time, they fail to see (probably having no sense of humor) why Mr. Crawford, Mr. Hall Caine, and Ouida (the three best-known Anglo-Saxon novelists, among Italian readers) insist on describing Italy as the place where every plot can comfortably be evolved, that would appear impossible anywhere else;

and why Italy appeals to Mrs. Humphry Ward, Marie Corelli, and Richard Bagot—the next best-known trio—as the hallowed land where people may be made to survive different horrors and endless discussion of religious and moral subjects; why Italy must be second only, in lending itself comfortably as a background of uncomfortable happenings, to the various nondescript Graustarks and other imaginary Danubian States that make Europe seem so dramatic and barbaric to the civilized American youth, and appear so utterly ludicrous to the continental reader who chances to have more than a distant acquaintance with the map of Europe as it really is, and who, perhaps, travelling on the Vienna express to Servia and Roumania, has met at his embassy in Bucarest no more stage-villains than he would in Washington or Paris, and has attended in some stately Hungarian manor just as exclusive and proper a hunting-party as he would in a British country-house. True enough, some external aspects of things, remains of moral and social conditions that have long gone by, may yet mislead the foreigner in his judgments, while we who have outlived and outgrown them long since, feel them to be dead, and forever dead; but most certainly there are, in the Italian novels of the above-named authors, far more things than have ever been dreamt of in real Italy, without speaking of the various other things which exist truly enough, but are viewed and represented from an entirely non-Italian point of view. It certainly is unquestionably true that Mr. Crawford's Italy is entirely unlike the real thing; that while some particulars and descriptions are good, the entire organization of his novels is hopelessly melodramatic, and falls hopelessly short of its ambitious aim; that no Italian princess would ever think of doing, and much less do, what the Princess does in "Taqui-

sara"; that never in Italy will people get married as they do in "A Roman Singer," at a moment's notice; that no Roman princes will be choked to death, or princesses poisoned, brothers murdered, or deeds duplicated and signatures forged quite so easily and naturally as such things seem to happen in the novels of Mr. Crawford, whose conception of Cardinale Antonelli must strike every one familiar with recent history, very much as an edition *ad usum delphini*; (seekers after truth may be referred to Mr. Stillman's sketch of this noteworthy individual). Mr. Crawford's way of understanding and setting forth modern Italian history in his novels depends largely on his political and religious beliefs, probably; but then it is only fair to the reader not well acquainted with Italy, to warn him that such beliefs are not shared by the majority of Italians, and Mr. Crawford's pages cannot be said to have a real foundation and a faithful counterpart in Italian life as it is.

What Mr. Crawford has done for aristocratic Italy, Ouida has taken it upon herself to do for the middle and lower classes of the beautiful but unfortunate land. Why this good lady will keep bewailing evils that never have existed save in her imagination, and why she will persist in making herself miserable upon her own conception of what Italy is and what she should be, is the one thing that Italians cannot be made to understand. But we all know that ingratitude is the characteristic virtue of man. And I know that Ouida's Italian readers, in compensation for her kind interest, would suggest to her either a proper knowledge of Italian, or absolute refraining from the use of what to unsuspecting minds may be passed off for Italian, but would more properly be styled such misplacing and misspelling of Italian words, as destroys in the intelligent reader every opinion of the writer's authority

and qualification for her work. Thus Trespiano, and not Trespignano, is the graveyard of the poor in Florence; the Tuscan diminutive for Signor Francesco is not *Ser Checci*, but *sor Chec-co*; official declarations are not *bande*, which means "gangs," but, if at all, *bandi*, the proper name being manifest. And it is through no fault of the critics that some colloquial phrases affected by the writer are absolutely non-existing in Italian. Quotations could be offered, *ad infinitum*, of words and facts utterly misunderstood. The pillar which is called the "Column of Mars," and where it is said that Buondelmonte fell, not only is not to be found near the Strozzi Palace, which is not its original place, but neither has it existed near the Ponte Vecchio since the days of Dante. The Strozzi Palace in Florence is not far from the Ponte St. Trinita, where a column is to be found, not of Mars, but of Justice, and next to this Buondelmonte could not have fallen in the thirteenth century, since the column itself was erected late in the sixteenth century by a Medicean Grand Duke. *Et de hoc sufficit*.

Mr. Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" was hailed in Italy with joyful expectation. The novel really promised to be good at the beginning, as children sometimes do who show off the worst temper afterwards. Clever touches here and there, successful snapshots of landscape, brought in a vivid atmosphere of reality, and were pleasant and gratifying to the reader. Also, the outlines of statesmen and ladies of society, after Crawford's melodramatic princes and Ouida's Arcadian peasants, suggested any amount of interesting possibilities. Italians were awaiting with interest the one book that should have shown a masterful comprehension of the afterglow from the past and the dawn of the future, by which their whole modern life is so strangely and fatefully illumined.

But the book "broke down" hopelessly after the first chapters. Again the heartfelt wish has to be manifested, that no reader of "The Eternal City" will conceive Rome as suggested by Mr. Caine. What seems strange to Italians is that Mr. Caine, having lived long in Rome, and having had every opportunity of knowing the Eternal City in her real mood, meeting all the Italians he wanted to meet, and being able to secure all the information he wished, has deliberately chosen to misunderstand Rome. They understand how Zola, attempting to portray Rome in a six-hundred page volume after a visit of a few weeks, made his work an utter failure, for which even now Giovanni Bovio upbraids his memory. But they do not understand why Mr. Caine, after having truthfully conceived Rome as the City Eternal, to which all will naturally turn that is good and great and universal in the world, lowers her to be the background of absurd performances on the part of various individuals of whom the least that may be said is, that they act like madmen throughout the book. Rome is dangerously attractive to writers, and her vengeance is without pity to whoever dares approach her greatness without sufficient reverence and knowledge. She does not surrender her soul to every passer-by; she that holds in her ancient stones the enigma of centuries does not smile on foreign wooers as does Florence, and many minds will grasp and understand the beauty of Florence, to whom the beauty and overwhelming fascination of Rome will forever be a closed book. The reason of this lies mainly in the fact that the beauty of Florence is wholly of an artistic order, and is entirely developed within the range of a few centuries, while the beauty of Rome depends on the spirit of ages and on the comprehension of the soul of men that throughout ages have made her the city of unfathomable greatness and

power. It will be noticed that up to our days the greater part of all that foreign writers have written about Italy has been of an artistic, poetic or descriptive nature, celebrating the beauties of Italy and the natural spirit of romance which seems to pervade Italian atmosphere. Tuscany has been more generally praised than any other part of Italy, except perhaps Venice, which, strangely enough, has always appeared more attractive to writers by the candlelight of shallow romance than by the dazzling glare of real, magnificent historical truth. It is the Italy of the so-called romantic period, the Italy of Lord Byron, of George Sand, of Stendhal, that has fixed herself in the mind of the Anglo-Saxon writers; and they have seen her since then, not as she really is, but as they loved to see her through their own personal associations and feelings, as they had made up their mind that she was or she ought to be; they have depicted to us quite often not the life of Italians in Italy, but the life of foreigners in Italy, inserting now and then a dash of local color by the transmogrification of creatures of their fancy occasionally into Italian noblemen or Italian stage-villains; and mingling curiously in their appreciation of Italy a fair knowledge of art, an admiration often blind and indiscriminating, for beauty, a benevolent disposition for the people, all conventional and yet sincerely felt, with an utter misconception of the real attitudes, motives and powers of Italian life. They seem not to have caught the spirit of the change that has come over the immortal land with her third historical phase, that of political independence; not to have understood that while railroads and hotels appeared (to their blended artistic horror and material satisfaction) all over the country, something new was coming into the soul of the Italian people, with the economic and politic problems that

forced themselves into public attention; that life is no song and no melodrama in Italy any more than it is in other lands; that Italian men are something more and better than singers, musicians, princes or villains with dark eyes and curly mustaches; that the Italian farmer and workman is not exclusively a naïve and picturesque being, unconscious and active like an animal, and that, if his land is beautiful and his skies sunny, that is not his fault, and does not seem to authorize wild Arcadian fancies on the part of benevolent idealists. What the foreign reader appreciates in the Italian fiction of his countrymen is quite often the unconscious charm of seeing his own opinions and feelings transplanted and acclimatized in the fascinating Italian atmosphere; which, of course, is exactly the thing that the Italians resent. And they would doubtlessly resent it on a larger scale if the work of more authors were familiar to them. But, although English is more widely understood in Italy than Italian is in England and America, the work of George Meredith, Hopkinson Smith, Anna Fuller, Marion Harland, Maurice Hewlett, Frances Turnbull, Father Barry and many others, remains entirely unknown, except for such faint echoes as may reach Italy through newspaper reviews, and, more often, translations of foreign reviews.

One thing seems to have an undue weight on Anglo-Saxon minds, that appeals but slightly as a theme for fiction to the Italian mind—that is, the religious questions and the problem of "Temporal Power." It is true that the perfect sincerity which is evident even in the blunders of almost all the foreign writers who choose to talk about Italy, excuses them to a certain extent; yet it will inevitably happen that the Italian public will feel toward the foreign novelist who portrays Italy in something of a patronizing style, admonishing, ad-

miring, pitying and cherishing her at one time more or less like the little boy who, on being asked by the meddlesome and well-meaning old gentleman why he would smoke at so early an age, and whether he knew what happened to little boys addicted to that vicious habit, answered respectfully, "Yep. Dey gits bothered by fool cranks."

Misconceptions and misjudgments were not so evident in the domains of abstract thought and of mere literary beauty, as they are when brought forth in the more realistic and popular form of novel or romance. Modern Italy

feels now that she is not solely outliving her glorious past, but striking a new way for herself, to which her past is sometimes an encouragement and sometimes a heavy obstacle. She is quite ready to recognize her shortcomings and to accept advice or comment from others, as the reception of King and Okey's "Italy of To-day" among Italian readers most clearly proves. She is ready and willing to be judged, but she naturally objects to being misjudged; and righteously enough does she ask to be understood before she is misrepresented.

Some Books

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

SOME books come close to us
 And take us by the hand
 To lead us out of self,
 To make us understand
 The better things; to know how good
 Is sacrifice, to give
 Ourselves unselfishly to those
 Who learn by us to live.
 These are the Mother-books,
 The dearest and the best
 That hold us as a mother holds
 Her children to her breast.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

COMMUNICATED BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK

"The reviews in this department of THE though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists. . . ."

AS the office-boy penned these lines, he chuckled. The editors being out for the day, he felt that he could devote the time to book-reviewing without neglecting more important duties. Above all, he was resolved not to be perfunctory. If there was anything he really was a specialist in, it was inland voyaging. So this was the first review copy he took from the top of the pile, and what he wrote about it:

"STEVENSON—AN INLAND VOYAGE. *By Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribner. \$1.25.*

"The *raison d'être* of this new edition of Stevenson's charming book are the interesting photographic pictures which illustrate it."

"There," thought he, "I rather fancy that will catch the eye of the critics. And please the publishers!"

The next volume was a boy's book, but the office-boy didn't like it. Yet he felt that he ought to dissemble. So this was the result:

"HOWELLS—THE FLIGHT OF PONY BABER. *By W. D. Howells. Harper. \$1.50.*

"This is not a book to be lightly dismissed and yet not a book about which there is much to be said. As good

women have no pasts, so good books deserve no criticism. It is always easier to pull to pieces than to praise, always easier to blame than to give credit. One can only say about 'Pony Baber' that it will pay one to read it."

In his anxiety not to be perfunctory, the young critic changed the name of Mr. Howell's book for him and didn't charge him a cent.

Next on the book pile came:

"BAGOT—THE JUST AND THE UNJUST. *By Richard Bagot. Lane. \$1.50.*

"Mr. Bagot is one of those authors who evidently believes that he has the same right over the characters of his creations that the God of Israel had over the persons of Isaac and Jacob; and he deals out to his manikins reward and punishment as seems good to him. There is a bogie that pursues our better writers—" At this point the elevator bell rang, a visitor came in and the office-boy's train of thought was interrupted while he told the visitor that he would be paid on publication, if he lived and enjoyed fortune.

"Pshaw," he resumed, "that's enough for Bagot. Less would be unjust to him, more would not be just to me. H—m, what have we here?"

"GILDER—AUTHORS AT HOME. *Edited by J. L. and J. B. Gilder. A. Wessels & Co. \$1.00.*

" 'What a bee-yootiful book! I'll give it a good one. So here goes:'

"These personal and biographical sketches of well-known American writers have the special interest in that the author written of in every case selected the one who was to write the article about him.

"The—special—the author—the one—the article—h—m, there are articles enough for anybody, both definite and indefinite. Now for the next!"

"STREATFIELD—THE OPERA. *By R. A. Streatfield. Lippincott. \$2.00.*

"This is the new revised and enlarged edition, foreworded by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, of a book published some six years ago, the first

edition of the original work having been rapidly exhausted, and the book consequently for long out of print. It is reminded that heretofore books devoted to opera have conformed to one established model, . . ."

"Yes, sir, coming—just a moment, Miss, until it is reminded that I settle this art-book's hash."

"CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD—ILLUMINATED BOOKS.

"An interesting development of the theories of Mr. William Morris is the Craftsman's Guild of Highland Park, Ill. This guild publishes illuminated books which are decorated, printed and bound by their own members.

"H—m, this guild and their own members—it doesn't sound just right, but what's the odds, nobody'll read it, not even the proofreader!"

Aucassin and Nicolette

BY WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

WHEN the wind is in the chimney
And the rain is on the roof,
When the door is barred securely
And the world is held aloof,
When To-day outweighs To-morrow
And eyes dim for Yesterday,
Follow then the red heart's leading
Down the old-world, forest way;
Leave behind the petty Present,
Leave the worry and the fret,
Live one rich hour in the story
Of Aucassin and Nicolette.

The Quest of the Celt

BY ISABEL MOORE

THERE is a good deal of confusion in the minds of men regarding the so-called Celtic Movement. The term has come to designate various enterprises, such as the revival of the Gaelic language, the founding of an Irish national theatre, the re-utterance of Irish music, the establishing of professorships, the pursuance of genealogies, the binding more closely together of Irish clans, political societies, and sympathies. These do, indeed, go hand in hand toward the regeneration of the race; but in its pristine purity the term Celtic Movement refers to the efforts of a few to recover, in modern English literature, the poetic mysticism, symbolism, and legend-lore of the early Celts. Their faith in things unseen is so great as to enable them to rest confidently on Matthew Arnold's assertion that "what we want is to *know* the Celt and his genius; not to exalt him nor to abuse him, but to know him." It is this study of the individuality of the Celtic; this placing of it in its true relation to the other spirits of the ancient world, rather than such futile efforts as are evidenced by the Bardic Congress held every year in Wales, or the writing of modern stories in the Gaelic language, that legitimizes the desires of the modern cult. Abortive forms unavoidably follow any revival, but to those who can see, the steady heart-flame of right intention is omnipresent. "Always they went forth to battle and always they fell"

must be the cry of the tender few who get at the hidden treasure, so what wonder that the spiritual seers with their steady, quiet perceptions are passed by and often altogether forgotten by the babbling multitude. What wonder that in the confusion they are mistaken for the modern Irish, even the modern Scotch; that Maria Edgeworth, Tom Moore, Lover, Lever, and Sir Walter Scott, have been placed in their ranks by the ignorant. This sometimes troubles the elect; though seldom is there a protest. Occasionally, however, one of their number arises to define his or her attitude. Miss Fiona Macleod, for example, states her object to be to "seek in nature and in life, and in the swimming thought of timeless imagination, for the kind of beauty that the old Celtic poets discovered and uttered." Never was there a more intense insight than hers, never a more imaginative use of verbs and adjectives, yet so translucent is the sanity beneath the ecstasy that she maintains "as for literature, there is, for us all, only English literature. All else is provincial or dialectic." And so high is the motive actuating those even partially concerned that Mr. George Moore, whose enthusiasm carries him farther afield, says: "It is impossible to write plays in England except for money, and all that is done for money is mediocre." Surely he has lifted his own work far above any possible taint of a money valuation by his latest book,—a full-

fledged novel in the Gaelic language. Such an attempt must be counted outside the desirable aim of the best devotion. And though he feels with and has done much for the Celtic Revival, especially in the establishment of the Irish national theatre, Mr. George Moore cannot be considered a Celt in intention or accomplishment, but rather a perfected Irishman.

Sir Samuel Ferguson was, perhaps, the first who with any serious feeling turned backward to his country's primitive literature, convinced of its inspiration. But he, too, lacks something of the spiritual vision. The "fierce old Irish note of Ferguson" fails because of his too rigid adherence to the mythology—a mythology complicated and slightly known—rather than to the distinguishing magic. A contemporary of his who attained at least the pathetic and tragic expression of the magic was James Clarence Mangan. He was a dreamer, both by nature and as a result of stimulants. An unhappy and restless man, sensitive and fragile, he deals little with the lighter Gaelic genius for love and laughter; sorrow, majestic sorrow, swathes his song. His "O Woman of the Piercing Wail" is a luxuriance of woe. "The Nameless One" is autobiographical of his sad brooding in more tranquil mood. "Gone in the Wind" is a stately contemplation of the transitory aspect of all things temporal. He was, in truth, the forerunner of the outburst of the Celt into English poetry; for his is that Celtic fugitive cadence, that "music of the wind," found in the work of W. B. Yeats and Fiona Macleod.

Between the precursors of the cause and the later disciples there are numerous writers of varying merits who, according to their light, have endeavored to reëmbodify the will-o'-the-wisp enchantment. In Aubrey de Vere's verse there is much of the childlike vision, the mystic spirituality, so potent in

the old Celtic poetry and so slightly discernible in the Saxon. Dr. Sigerson has done much beside mere translation of ancient texts to perpetuate the spell. So also have Mr. Whitely Stokes and Dr. Todhunter; while William Allingham is a curious combination of the Irish consorting with the Pre-Raphaelites. The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke and Dr. Douglas Hyde represent the critical current of the movement. The minor ballad writers, in turn, deserve recognition. Standish James O'Grady also has a distinct standing, with many another of a younger generation. Of these Lionel Johnson was unique in what Mr. Yeats calls "his ecstasy of combat." Whether just or unjust, the most interesting criticism of living men is that of those who know them personally, and who, allowing for individual expression, are working toward the same end. Yet such judgment cannot be final, though the recent death of Lionel Johnson has finished his attainment, and places a value on the opinion of his contemporaries beyond that which it had while he was still living and writing among them. Whether an ultimate estimate will concur with Mr. Yeats or not cannot now be determined. Mr. Yeats has said of Lionel Johnson's work that it both wearies and exalts; that "he has made a world full of altar lights and golden vestures, and murmured Latin and incense clouds, and autumn winds and dead leaves, where one wanders remembering martyrdoms and courtesies that the world has forgotten."

The emergence of women into poetry is one of the interesting developments of the modern Celtic effort. It is curious that with all the liberty of thought and action accorded women during the great periods of English literature they have never given a paramount name to poetry. But among these moderns there are several women of unusual attainment: more than have ever be-

fore assisted at any concerted literary movement. Mrs. Hinkson, Dora Siger-son (Mrs. Shorter), Nora Hopper (Mrs. Chesson), and above all Miss Fiona Macleod, have done work which must avail. Nora Hopper excels both in verse and prose. Her "Ballads in Prose" possess masculine strength and feminine tenderness, the wild and sweetening magic of "old forgotten far-off things" and the witchery of sunshine. In her verse she has trodden underfoot the flower of sorrow while singing a "wonderful, wistful, whispering song." The song has a faëry lilt at times wrought of Druid enchantment and love immortal and the gentle color which is green and the "honey-sweet folk." She seldom strikes the note of "the joy that is one with sorrow" as does Miss Fiona Macleod. And pleasing as is the work of Nora Hopper, it is this more sombre insight, this tragic perception of the deep-sea heart, this realization that the joy that is one with sorrow "treads an immortal way," which makes Miss Macleod's vision more complete and places her not only as a leader among the Celtic women, but as a leader among all who are troubled and solaced by the poetic vision. "All poetry is in a sense memory," she says; and all who dwell in memory are deeply conscious of the "old, old, weary human tears" that have always blinded human eyes. The prose of Fiona Macleod is, perhaps, less shadow-wrought than her verse; and nowhere does she lose her just perception of the universality of beauty. Indeed, it is this very perception and realization of the divergence between the ideal beauty and actual conditions that cause the sadness; a seeking after the Land of Youth is the cry of the exile debarred from his own; is in truth but another version of the prayer of Sophocles.

The personality of Fiona Macleod has excited much speculation, being attributed variously to William Sharp,

to Nora Hopper and W. B. Yeats jointly, and even to a syndicate of writers. Just the reason for so much mystery it is difficult to determine. The internal evidence of her work, while of course open to the mistakes ever possible where such evidence is concerned, tends to vindicate her claims of being a woman, for could any but a woman evolve such an ideal of woman-kind as the panegyric in "Green Fire"; of her being a native of Iona; of her loving beyond everything the traditions and emotions of the Celts? She herself writes, "I was born more than a thousand years ago, in the remote region of Gaeldom known as the Hills of Dream;" and, after all, what more than this quaint identification is needed except by those diseased with a desire to pry into the private concerns of another? To Fiona Macleod the Land of Heart's Desire, the White Isle of the Gaelic dreamer, is her native Iona. She has, during the last nine or ten years, published a number of romances full of "the dreaming wisdom"; and a good deal of verse, most of which is comprised in a little volume entitled "From the Hills of Dream." The distinctive touch throughout is the divine sanity which is nowhere lost in the mysticism of the beauty. And she has expressed concisely her creed in the words, "There is no true art saved by a moral purpose, though all true art is spiritually informed," which adequately preserves the subtle yet intense distinction between moral and spiritual, over which the modern critics quibble.

George W. Russell—who writes under the initials A. E.—is another voicing of the "heartbreak over fallen things." Mr. Yeats considers "Homeward Songs by the Way" and "The Earth Breath" as the most delicate verse any Irishman of our time has written; and gives a brief account of how, not many years ago, a few young men who were filled with the mystic

sadness which attends a perception of invisible beauty, met regularly together in Dublin to discuss great problems from an ethical point of view, and to read papers, and commune upon spiritual matters. Of this number was A. E., who has since excelled in the expression of the philosophy attained through pain—a philosophy that in no way undervalues the enchantment which “lingers in the honey-heart of earth.”

But undoubtedly the high priest of accomplishment is Mr. William Butler Yeats. He is a young man whose first poem, “The Island of Statues” appeared in the “Dublin University Review” when he was nineteen years old. In his mysticism he transcends the Celtic spirit, even evincing at times a Maeterlinckian tendency; yet always there is present a touch of limpid wistfulness combined with a certain reservation of manner. Everywhere the subdued rhythm of life and thought throbs into an increasing consciousness. Everywhere there is a laying hold upon the belief supreme that—

“each within himself hath all
The world within his folded heart
His temple and his banquet hall;”

which is but a new vestment of steadfastness for the old truth of “being” as over and above “doing.” Recently Mr. Yeats has been charged with overlooking the human, putting it too much aside as insufficient even in its proper place; but indeed he is no mere visionary; no philosopher of dreams alone. Surely none can brood upon “The Land of Heart’s Desire” or such a love poem as “When You are Old” without feeling the attainment of the spiritual through the human, and not in spite of it. Along with his invocation to “empty your heart of its mortal dream” he voices his love for “the common things that crave”; but so intent is he on an earth spiritualized as

sometimes to bewilder his readers and his critics.

Undoubtedly Mr. Yeats’s best achievement, as well as his latest, is the dramatic poem “The Shadowy Waters.” In it, as Miss Macleod says, he “has forsaken the acute moment, become lyrical for the lyrical thought become continuous.” Its underlying symbolism is not unlike that of “The Land of Heart’s Desire”—that is, the spiritual appeal to the “lonely in heart” up, and beyond, and inevitable, to something immeasurably greater and more enduring than human effort can ever hope for, is the same in each. The song of the soul does indeed float out and back to earth like the song of an invisible skylark, bidding the eyes of man to look up and not down, at the same time that it soars on and on, higher and higher into the blue and sunlit heavens. In “The Land of Heart’s Desire” Mr. Yeats makes use of the old Irish legend of a bride’s being enticed away from her home and her beloved by the fairies; the appeal comes to the heart of a pure and untried girl. In “The Shadowy Waters” it is a Gaelic prince, tired of life and war and love who seeks the insistent Ideal; in each case the mortal puts on immortality.

“The Shadowy Waters” is ideally and musically dramatic; though too ethereal in conception and too delicate of outline ever to warrant actual presentation. It is an “intense fable of the spirit,” as Ernest Rhys has said of one of Miss Macleod’s books; a fable in which the “old spell of the sea, the old cry of the wind,” the insistence of the solacing human, form a sweet, dim, “gray romance” background for that inconsolable desire of the pure in heart.

This quest of the Ideal is indeed the quest of the Celt. It is the modern as it was the old-time vision of the San Grael. And those who seek are ever hastening toward accomplishment.

Letter from Paris

PARIS, *December, 1902.*

ANOTHER very busy month has passed, and we are entering upon a new period of literary, dramatic and general activity. New books, new plays and new pamphlets appear nearly every day. Novelists and dramatists seem to be striving to their utmost, and the critics are fairly out of breath. General trade may be bad, and we have had several financial "Krachs," but in the world of writers and publishers everything seems to be flourishing, at least on the surface, although to be precise, one hears more about the stage successes than about the books which found a "*succès de librairie*."

Among forthcoming works will be Paul Adam's "Au Soleil de Juillet" and Anatole France's "Histoire Comique," a rather weak title for the book of such an author. Paul Adam is a fine "stylist," as well as France. Anatole France is to give us a love drama with intercalated studies of social and theatrical Paris. The two novels will first appear in serial form in the "Revue de Paris." Mabel Hermant, who has been ill of late, is bringing out a new serial in "La Revue" called "Confession d'un homme d'aujourd'hui," which promises a good deal.

Among notable novels of the month, M. Léo Claretie, a versatile writer, has been trying his hand on a book dealing with University life. M. Claretie has evidently been inspired by Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir" and by Bourget's "Disciple."

Madame Stanislas Meunier has also

written a rather notable novel, "Confessions d'honnêtes femmes," which is repulsive in plot, but many will appreciate the writer's style. In another order of ideas, altogether, we have a book on what may be termed stable life, of "Jim Blackwood, Jockey," which sounds like "Israel Mort, Overman."

A book worthy of some attention, although not a novel, is "Avant la Gloire," by Henry d'Alméras. This is a book for young persons who aspire to a literary reputation. They will be surprised to find in it that some of the most celebrated French authors of the present time, as well as in the past, had tremendous struggles before they emerged from obscurity to "catch the skirts of happy chance."

Hellenists who are numerous in Paris, where ancient Greece is still held in high respect, find much to interest them in M. Victor Bérard's book, "Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée." M. Bérard and his wife, provided with their Homer, a copy of Strabo, a good kodak and large note-books, went to Greece and travelled over all, or nearly all, the ground covered of old by that famous wanderer and wildest of Greeks, Ulysses or Odysseus. The French writer wants to show that the Odyssey is realistic—that is to say, that it was constructed according to all the Hellenic ideas of order, harmony, just proportion and faithful reproduction of nature and life, and that Homer drew nothing from his imagination, but utilized the vast mass of information practically placed at his disposal by Phœnician mariners,

M. Bérard places the island of Calypso off the African coast near Gibraltar, and duly ascribes to modern Corfu the honor and distinction of being ancient Phæacia and the scene of the memorable meeting between Ulysses and Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous. Everybody knows that Corfu or Korkyra has long been regarded as the place of the shipwreck of the king, or rather of the ancient mariner, of Ithaca, but the locality was disputed by Riemann in his archæological treatise on the Ionian islands. M. Bérard has now revindicated the claim of the celebrated island to its antique associations. He is an enthusiastic believer in the Odyssey and in the "Greek" Ulysses. The Odyssey he regards, like Mr. James Russell Lowell, as the "true type of the allegory which we read without suspicion as pure poem, and then find a new pleasure in divining its double meaning," a sentence, by the way, manifestly based on the opening words of Pope's postscript to his translation of the Homeric poem. As to the "Greek" Ulysses, it is not M. Bérard who is inclined to take Baur's theory that the wandering mariner was a Hebrew, that Nausicaa was the Sulamite and that Phæacia was Canaan, as serious. He gives us back in fact our old Ulysses, father of Telemachus, who looms not only in the pages of Homer, but in those of Dante, Tasso and Pulci. Dante, notably, in the twenty-sixth canto of the "Inferno," describes the "imagined" voyage of Ulysses to the west, where he saw Gibraltar and Ceuta, and refers to Seville, "Sibilia" as being on the Ithacan's right in his course toward the Atlantic.

Like Balzac, another great Frenchman of rather different intellectual mould from the author of the "Comédie Humaine" collection, namely, Chateaubriand, is being brought back to the recollection of readers. We have his "loves," his "amours," as

we have those of Sand and De Musset. The "Revue Blanc" gives the amatory epistles which passed between the author of the "Génie du Christianisme," and a certain marquise who was married to a high customs official at Toulouse. The love letters began in 1827, when the marquise was forty-eight, and Chateaubriand fifty-nine, but they seem to have known each other long before. The collection of epistles will form eventually a book which will appeal to the sentimental as well as to those who prefer literary compositions in the style of the early part of the last century, to the so-called "écriture artiste" of the present age.

Another reminder of the past is M. Joseph Lavergne's, or rather his mother's (Madame Julie Lavergne) "Les Stuarts à St. Germain," a most interesting old-time revival with, therein, Louis Quatorze, James the Second of England and his wife Mary Beatrice d'Este, daughter of Alphonsus d'Este and Laura Martinuzzi, who was married at the age of fifteen, in 1673, to James when he was Duke of York. Madame Lavergne touches everything with the devotion of a Royalist and a Catholic, but she is not above allusions to the disorderly youth of James the Second, to his first marriage and to his amours.

In a preceding letter I wrote about the novel "L'Associée," by Lucien Muhlfeld, which was remarkably well received by the public; but while the press was ringing with the praises of the book its author was dying. I had previously missed him from the first nights at the theatres, for Muhlfeld was a leading dramatic critic as well as a novelist and a general writer of versatile talent. The man was full of promise, and was only a little over thirty. After having studied law and literature in the University, he was for some time assistant librarian at the Sorbonne.

Like many others, however, such as Jules Lemaître and Francisque Sarcey and Edmond About, not to mention more modern men, such as Emile Faguet, he was inclined towards journalism and the stage more than to daily commerce with books and scholars. He left the classic corridors of the Sorbonne and descended on the central boulevards, where he began his literary, journalistic career by writing for the "Gaulois," the "Echo de Paris" and other papers. He married the sister of Paul Adam, and everything prophesied success when death intervened. He only wrote three novels, "La Carrière d'André Torette," "Le Mauvais Désir" and "L'Associée." In the last he tried his hand at the delineation of feminine character, always difficult for a man, but productive of fame if well done. Poor Muhlfeld, although a scholar, did not disdain to make an effect at first nights by his diamond studs, his single eyeglass and his spotlessly white gloves.

Belgian literary men have arrived at the conclusion that their interests require careful looking after in their own country. The fat little land across our northern border has produced within the past twenty years some remarkable poets and prose writers. Most of these, and notably Maurice Maeterlinck and Georges Rodenbach, the sweet singer of antique Bruges, became Parisians. Maeterlinck lives in Paris for a great portion of the year, and poor Rodenbach died here after having written copiously for the newspapers and given to the world such imperishable work as that in "Les Tristesses" and the "Jeunesse Blanche," which remind one of Longfellow and also of some of the American word-pictures in the books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is nothing in French literature comparable to the work of Rodenbach, but there is too little of it. He has some fellow-countrymen who nearly equal

him as a poet, Verhaeren, for instance, most descriptive of nature-poets. The literary Belgians have now determined to protect themselves at home by founding a "Société de gens de lettres" like that of Paris. Among the promoters of the movement are Camille Lemonnier, Des Ombiaux, Emile Verhaeren, Iwan Gilkin, Octave Maus, Souguenet, Mahutte, Sander Pierron and a few more. It is to be hoped that the Belgians will learn to appreciate their great writers as much as the Parisians do. The latter, or some of them, carefully read all the Belgian writers and even enjoy Georges Eckhond's strong, naturalistic works. This is the author who, like Maxim Gorky, the Russian, has described the wild lives of the tramps, those of Belgium, who vegetate in that large, sandy plain near Antwerp called the Campine. He wrote "Mes Communions" after having lived among these rascals, but his better books are the "Faneuse d'Amour" and "Escal Vigor." It is noteworthy that French critics find nothing to carp at in the style of the Belgian poets and novelists.

Emile Faguet, the critic and academician, recently vindicated their claims to the possession of good, if archaic, French, much better than that of Paris. He holds that the languages spoken away from the centre have every chance of being excellently spoken, since they are composed of archaic expressions. Such is the French spoken at Geneva, at Lausanne, in Canada, and in Belgium. This sounds like a philological heresy, but it is to be remembered that M. Faguet is a serious writer and means what he says. The so-called "provincial" French which is ridiculed by Parisians, is, he holds, the French of the seventeenth century, and is therefore a good alloy. This, he adds, cannot be said of the French of the nineteenth century, nor of the eighteenth, except in the cases of writers like Vol-

taire, who wrote the language of the preceding century.

In the dramatic line we have had Coquelin the elder in the "Deux Consciences," a play in which a pious priest and a respectable freethinker air their separate views on the problems of life. The play has not made a success, and Coquelin is accordingly preparing for a long European and American tour. The author of the "Deux Consciences" is a government official, M. Burdeau, who writes on colonial subjects for the papers. He used the *nom de guerre* of Paul Anthelme for his plays.

Antoine is busy at his theatre. The adaptation of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" at the Odéon looks like a success, and the people at the "Oeuvre" have been reviving Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" and the "Enemy of the People" for a chosen few.

All these things are bound to pale before the "Théroigne de Méricourt," which Paul Hervieu has ready for Sarah Bernhardt sooner than was expected. The play will probably be performed by the time these lines reach New York, and the verdict of the public will have been given. There is no doubt that Hervieu made a masterly choice of a subject. Anne Joseph Terwagne, alias de Méricourt, was no uncommon woman, and lived in no ordinary times. She was born at Marcourt in Belgian Luxembourg in 1762, and died in Paris in 1817, exactly two years after Waterloo. She is supposed to have run away from her native village with a young nobleman, and lived for a time in England. Settling in Paris, she accepted the new notions with avidity, and tried to rehabilitate herself, as her reputation was

gone, by joining in the Revolution. Lamartine says that this "rehabilitation" was to be founded on the ruins of the aristocracy to whom Théroigne attributed her amorous disappointments and her fall. She had a sort of salon in the Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg Palace, now the Senate of the Third Republic, and there she received Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins and the rest. She went about in "Amazonian" costume and carried pistols, and was called by the Republicans "la première Amazone de la Liberté," whereas the Royalists denounced her as the vilest of women. She had to fly to Liège in 1791, and the Royalists denounced her to the Austrians, who took her to Vienna a prisoner, but the Emperor Leopold gave her a full pardon, and she returned to France, where she was whipped by women in the Tuileries gardens and went mad. Théroigne was sent to Salpêtrière, and partially recovered her reason before she died. She had long been forgotten until Paul Hervieu resolved to utilize the phases of her wild and wandering life for the stage.

Maurice Donnay, a former "Chat Noirist," is promising to follow Rosstand and Hervieu in the line of historic drama. Donnay is the man who revived in modern French style that very lively comedy of old Aristophanes, "Lysistrata." He is bringing out a comedy this month at the Théâtre Française, and he then proposes to dramatize the remarkable career of Cardinal Mazarin. He will also make a play one of these days out of the adventures of Armande Béjart, Molière's wife.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Mr. Stopford Brooke's Study of Browning

BY BLISS CARMAN

WITH all the vogue Browning has had in the past ten or fifteen years, there has never been until now any competent study of his work, commensurate in scope with his wonderful prodigality, and adequate in critical insight to interpret his subtle and varied imagination. It has been left for Mr. Stopford Brooke to supply such a work. One hesitates to call so thorough and masterly an essay a handbook. It seems too big for that, too individual in tone, too sure in touch; and yet that is the great use it will serve—as a handbook for the study of the greatest of the Victorian poets. And so exhaustive, penetrating, and temperate has Mr. Brooke been, that he has produced not merely a valuable aid to Browning students, but the one invaluable book on the subject. For while his judgments are sound and his instincts sure, his style is everywhere simple and uninvolved. So that his voluminous work, painstaking and conscientious as it is, ought to make confirmed Browningites even among the non-elect.

Mr. Brooke's treatment of his subject is perhaps the most helpful he could have chosen. Beginning with the obvious, he devotes the first of his eighteen chapters to contrasting Browning and Tennyson; the next two to Browning's Treatment of Nature; then on his Theory of Human

Life; next on Browning as the Poet of Art; then two on Sordello; one on the Dramas; one on the Poems of the Passion of Love; one on the Passions other than Love; then two each on Imaginative Representatives and Womanhood; and finally a chapter each on "Balaustion," "The Ring and the Book," "Later Poems," and "Last Poems."

This does not give us a chronological survey of Browning, but it forms a much more convenient and ready introduction to his work, and enables us in the end to see thoroughly the development of his genius. In the comparison of Browning with Tennyson Mr. Stopford Brooke is particularly illuminating and happy. He contrasts them in their public fortune, Tennyson coming early into fame and remaining the figurehead of English letters through a long life, Browning for the greater part of his life working without recognition and coming to his own only after long years of public neglect; Tennyson followed by a host of imitators, Browning working alone and unapproached; Tennyson the representative poet of his time, reflecting every change of thought through which his country passed, Browning the prophet of a new era, quite detached from the sentiments and atmosphere of his own day; Tennyson so recluse in his life and so conven-

tional in his thought, and Browning so unconventional, so daring, so original in his philosophy, and so strict a conformist in all social custom.

Tennyson's great vogue and Browning's continued lack of popularity for so many years, we have all recognized; and we have too lightly attributed his slow growth in popular favor to Browning's obscurity. Mr. Brooke points out with admirable clearness that Browning was in many ways a forerunner of our own time. Forty years before people learned to care for the psychological novel, Browning was writing the subtlest kind of psychologic studies of character; and when finally we came up to that point in our national and racial life, there we found him. Forty years before we cared for impressionism in art, Browning was using it; and when at last we learned to look at things in that way, there were Browning's vivid drafts and sketches to delight us.

Again Browning satisfied the growing critical spirit, the love of historic investigation. People began to want to know about other times and countries as they really were; they wanted actual accurate transcripts from life. These they found in abundance in Browning's work, and did not find in Tennyson's. Poems like "A Death in the Desert," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Abt Vogler," and "Bishop Blougram's Apology," are absolutely faithful historic studies, lifelike in their portraiture and logical in their psychology. Whereas Tennyson's studies, like *Tithonus* in the "Idylls of the King," were all modernized. Tennyson was picturesque and always spoke with his own voice; Browning was dramatic and took on the very accent of the person he chose to represent.

Again the Victorian era was a time of discord and doubt and distraction, with immense new truths to be harmonized, new ideals to be realized—a time of discovery, expansion, invention, when old orders were broken up and the new order was not yet apparent. In the midst of this confusion the Victorian poets were for the most part at a loss. With no certitude of belief offered them from without, they were quite incapable of evolving

one for themselves. William Morris's socialism was still not definite enough to hold men's faith, while his poetry had no foundation whatever in modern life, no sympathy with modern aspirations. Matthew Arnold beheld in the turmoil all about him only the mad bewilderment of disintegration; he did not see the actual youth and strength of the new ideas which were invading the world; and his poems took on the sad tone of melancholy so characteristic of him and so alien to the boisterous temper of his age. Tennyson at times declared his confidence in the ultimate goodness and reasonableness of the world, but always with a good deal of misgiving; his optimism was only half-hearted at best, and while he caught men's attention by reflecting the trend of their current thought, he had no profound and convincing teaching to give them. In Browning alone was there ever a consuming core of faith, consistent from youth to age, and making all his work luminous with glad assurance. And it was only as we came to realize our own troublous state, that we recognized in Browning the one confident voice of cheerful reassurance. Of all the prophets of his time, he alone is strong and unperturbed amid the distraction of warring fads and disintegrating creeds; he alone is never once unsettled in his mind, never once uncertain of the profounder abiding truths of the human soul and the spiritual experience of the race. Others may falter and doubt, turning hither and thither vainly for guidance; they may revert to the plaintive Virgilian cry, so winsome and so hopeless; they may seek to lose themselves in ancient legend or mediæval diction or frothy inventions of remote imagination; only Browning is firmly fixed in the here and now, uttering words of brave import and glad comfort, as ever was the wont of great poets of all times. For the weak spirit is abashed before danger and doubt, but the strong are only stronger for the difficulty—only adhere the more stoutly to the faith which seems to them so clear.

Mr. Stopford Brooke is not, however, a blind admirer of Browning. He notes his shortcomings very keenly, and states them very clearly. He is particularly

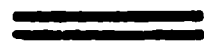
decided in his criticism of those admirers of Browning's work who pick out all the difficult poems for analysis and delight in their tortuous psychology. But what these people admire is not poetry; it is science. And, as our critic shows plainly, there is far too much scientific prose in Browning. His piercing, curious, restless mind was not always thoroughly fused with emotion. It often went off on long excursions by itself, producing passages of sheer prose, interesting but unilluminated, accurate but cold. After the completion of "The Ring and the Book," there followed a period when Browning hardly wrote any great poetry at all—only psychologic studies in metrical prose. There is no doubt that the four volumes, "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," and "The Iron Album," could all be spared from Browning's works without any loss to the lovers of poetry. For in these works the intellectual element (as Mr. Brooke says) has completely overpowered and thrust out the imaginative.

One other very penetrating piece of criticism Mr. Stopford Brooke has in his essay, and that is in regard to the relative peace of Nature and Man in Browning's work. He notes the constant reference to Nature and interpretation of her in the earlier half of the poet's life, the many superb passages relating to Nature in "Paracelsus" and the shorter early poems; then the distinct interest in humanity as wholly apart from Nature, growing more and more absorbing, until in "The Ring and the Book" there is scarcely a reference to Nature at all, so engrossed had Browning become in Man and the psychology of action. And parallel to this change of interest, we are to note a steady decline, not in Browning's insight, indeed, but in his power to make poetry. When he neglected Nature he lost the capacity to be beautiful, he lost his art and grew to be a Scientist. This is a very striking fact in his career, and, sad as it is, full of suggestion and warning. It bids us beware of following the intricate searchings of the mind too far in art, to the neglect of mere beauty; for man represents the mental side of Nature,

and to try to divorce him from his mysterious and beautiful surroundings is to fall into the mistake of seeing life in fragments, not as a whole.

These then are the two chief features of Mr. Stopford Brooke's admirable and authentic monograph: an exhaustive comparative criticism of Browning, relating him to his own time, and distinguishing him among his contemporaries; and a careful elaborate analysis of all his work, showing at once its strength and its fatal defects, attributable to Browning's character and life. A model of temperate criticism and luminous interpretation.

ROBERT BROWNING. *By Stopford A. Brooke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50, net.*



THE PIT. *By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

BY HERBERT CROLY.

THE fact that the late Mr. Frank Norris was the most promising of the younger generation of American novelists lends a sombre and exceptional interest to the publication of "The Pit," his last novel. We may not say how far he would have gone, but his brief career showed him to be a man of enterprising and ambitious literary ideas, of original insight, and of indefinite powers of self-discipline and improvement. It was this combination of ideas, of gifts, and of latent powers, which gave him his peculiar place and tempted his admirers to look forward with eager confidence to his prospective work. For, considerable as his achievement had already been, it was obviously that of a man who was changing and learning rapidly, and who had by no means hit upon the ideas that would best inform his material, or upon a consistent and satisfactory vehicle of expression. His idea, for instance, of the "Epic of the Wheat," born as it was of a vague naturalistic symbolism, was not in itself a very happy and fruitful idea for a Trilogy of novels. In "The Octopus" the symbolism was insistently forced

upon the reader's attention, and not infrequently it interfered with the motion, and blurred the vividness which, in spite of all obstacles, he still succeeded in imparting to his story. Yet, although this idea of his was at its best more akin to poetry than to fiction, and at its worst became almost a bore, the mere fact that Frank Norris had enough imagination to conceive it and enough literary hardihood to begin its execution upon a large scale, was an innovation and a promise which we would not exchange for any number of small literary congruities.

"The Pit," the second of the proposed Trilogy, suffers in some respects more than does "The Octopus" from the naturalistic symbolism of the central idea, and in some respects less. Since the raising of the wheat is much more vital and comprehensive to the life of an agricultural community than is the trading therein to the people of a great city like Chicago, he was able to group around the drama of its growth a more diversified, interesting and relevant set of people than he could around the Chicago wheat pit. Hence "The Octopus" is the richer and the less exclusive in its human material of the two books, and Mr. Norris was more at home in handling the affairs and passions of a comparatively primitive community than he was in dealing with the complexities of city life. The more important male characters of the second book are, in particular, a distinct disappointment, and have none of them the value of Annixter or Magnus Derrick in the earlier novel. In every case they are most intelligently conceived; it is only too easy to see what the author is driving at; but he as plainly fails to make his intentions good. Neither is he much more successful with his heroine, Laura Jadwin, upon whom he has accumulated the best and the most that he knew about womankind. She remains artistically a striking failure, who, although much more interesting than many successes, is so elaborately and consciously put together that the mechanism of her make-up interferes with its complete effect. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, which were largely due to a more rebellious material, "The Pit" is in some other respects an

equally plain improvement on "The Octopus." For one thing, Mr. Norris avoided the bad taste of pointing his moral with the like of the cheap sentimental contrasts of the earlier book; he has given himself up in a more single-minded way to his central story; he has been somewhat more lenient in the use of his naturalistic symbolism; and above all he has succeeded better than before in making the drama of "The Pit" continually and progressively vivid; and this sustained vividness and constantly accelerating momentum of his story constitutes a rare and admirable literary achievement. Although many American novelists have tried for something of the kind, only a few have succeeded in reaching it; and among these Frank Norris ranks near the top. His last novel combines popular and serious qualities to an altogether unusual extent. It both excites the liveliest interest and demands the most careful consideration. It is a book to be read by everybody.

It is interesting to note that the ordinarily critical classifications fail utterly to confine this author. He is at once realist, romanticist and symbolist. He is realist, because the raw material of his novels is derived from the observation of very ordinary people, and because he has at times even sought to portray some of the ugliest and most brutal aspects of human nature; yet he is romantic to the core, because he gives a highly dramatic interpretation of this material, and because he arranges his stories so that they culminate in some romantically appropriate event; and finally he is symbolist, because his stories have, properly speaking, no heroes and heroines, no dominating and triumphant personalities. His people are the creatures of large cosmic realities and processes, such as gold or the passage of the wheat, which infect their imaginations, and sweep them along to some appointed issue. It was not Curtis Jadwin who cornered the wheat; it was the wheat, as the author reiterates, that cornered Jadwin. Mr. Norris did not succeed in writing a masterpiece, in which these apparently incongruous elements were perfectly fused; he remained to the end an innovator and an experimentalist; but he experimented in a large

and bold fashion, which is more than any other American author is now doing.

IN THE GATES OF ISRAEL. *By Herman Bernstein. J. F. Taylor and Co., New York. \$1.50.*

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

THESE was a time when stories of Jewish life were replete with new characters, novel ideas, and striking scenes, most of which were true to life; but with the growth of the Ghetto literature and a certain striving for the unique and the typical on part of some of the writers there have sprung up a number of stock situations, accepted motives and conventional casts which are no longer so true to conditions because they are depicted so often, because they have been made to serve time in so many tales. They no longer represent real life, because they have been carried to a disproportionate importance.

In the beginning, the story is fashioned after reality, but afterwards the writer fills all reality with nearly the same old story. Mr. Bernstein has also been tempted by some often-used figures and situations, but he did not improve them, nor did they add anything to his art. But there are other plots in this volume, and, on the whole, the author has many stories to tell, but he has not the art with which to tell them. There is an awkwardness, a clumsiness, a lack of directness in the telling which mars some of the best of these narratives. The author seems to be overwhelmed with his material—often excellent material—with no sense of its most valuable elements and does not know how to deal with it. For instance, "The Straight Hunchback" would have been a splendid story if the author had not been so anxious to have a double romance in it, and if he did not necessarily drag all his characters to the roof of the tenement house in order that he may describe "the glittering stars." Mr. Bernstein knows his people and the life they live, but it is not enough to be true to life. One must give life, one must endow his beings with vitality, illumine their existence with

the human glow; otherwise the best pictures that are painted are dead, and their nearness to reality does not even enable the characters to stand on their feet. These gifts are often denied to the people in these stories and they suffer accordingly. The author lacks artistic poignancy and dramatic potency, but he possesses on the other hand strong sympathy, that helps him greatly in the satisfactory fulfillment of the task that he has set himself.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *By George E. Woodberry. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.10, net.*

BY TEMPLE SCOTT

THE story Professor Woodberry had to tell is, as story, a simple one enough. A young man brought up in the provincial atmosphere of a small New England town, living secluded from his family, nursing ambitions which may have had for their impulse the desire to do for Puritan New England what Scott had done for Covenanting Old England—brooding, thinking, hoping, living, and loving. A life of lonely meditation, followed by a marriage of exquisite felicity, though that also was shot through with the dun colors of poverty and want; a struggling onwards and upwards to the realization of a freedom, not only from the carking cares of household demands, but also from the fetters with which all fine spirits are bound, because of a continual failure to obtain the recognition which they inwardly know to be their due. Finally, the "volume dun" of the atmosphere, transfigured in the golden light of success, and then the quiet, unnoticed passing away of the noble and pure spirit.

It was not in Professor Woodberry's province to tell us much of Hawthorne the citizen, the husband, the father, the friend, though enough of these sides of the great New Englander's character are touched upon to give us a broad sense of the man. It is as an American man of letters that Hawthorne is here dealt with; and as a man of letters, we are compelled

to take him even as Professor Woodberry will have it. That is the compliment any reader of this book must pay him. He is a fine master in the art of criticism. With sympathy and insight for Hawthorne's most secret impulses, he reveals to us the Hawthorne who did really live for the sake of doing the work he did.

The secluded and almost cloistral life, through which Hawthorne brooded, found him, even after years of its experience very near to the humanity from which he had removed himself. The best qualities of his nature found sustenance in the hope that some day he might do such work as would bring him the world's commendation, and all his labors in that chamber under the eaves were labors towards the minting of a currency which should be accepted as gold of the realm of literature. In time it was so accepted, and the author of "The Scarlet Letter" was drawn from his hermitage, to receive the thanks of a grateful and astonished people.

What there is in this remarkable romance to have compelled and still continues to compel our homage, let the reader find by a perusal of the fifth chapter of Professor Woodberry's critical biography. Its invested spirit and constructive power are there revealed and analyzed with such ample satisfaction, that we rise from the book with a completer sense, not only of the value of Hawthorne's work as literature, but of the value of the author as a creator.

From Professor Woodberry's point of view, Hawthorne's story must be accounted less than a great work. That point of view is, evidently, not altogether one which looks upon "The Scarlet Letter" as merely a picture of Puritan New England. It would be a little matter, we are told, if it distorted the Puritan ideal; it fails because it distorts the spiritual life itself. Is this quite so? Would Hawthorne have been a greater artist—that is, would he have been truer to life—if he had interpreted its circumstances and conditions, and motivated his actors in it, according to a theory of Divine government which, be it never so alluring and captivating, is but a theory after all? His business was, surely, to

deal with the elements as he saw them in play, and not to fit them into some scheme of universal government. We are, of course, assuming that the Christian's generalization is, to the Professor, the truth of the matter. If, in this book, "mercy is but a hope" and "evil presented as a thing without remedy, that cannot change its nature," and the absolving power of Christ to be found only in the direction of public confession, are not these deeply and utterly true of life itself? Nor is it, to say thus, to affirm a belief in scientific pessimism, as Professor Woodberry would have it. Is it not rather an affirmation of the validity of that spirituality which the Professor rightly holds to be at the foundation of a true democracy? If Hawthorne dealt with Puritan New England, he dealt with it as he saw it, and the judgment passed upon him from the dicta of transcendent ethics is *ultra vires*. If, however, he dealt with human life and took the Puritan New England as the scene of action only, such dicta are inapplicable because they would limit life within the formulas of schoolmen and theologians, and these are less than life.

The people of "The Scarlet Letter" sinned, and they sinned not only in the life they lived as individuals, but in the truer and deeper life, as members of a community; and in that life mercy is but a hope, and evil cannot change its nature. The only atonement that leads to the holier life is the atonement which makes of evil the stepping-stone to good. For, in this life of grace, virtue is achieved by a conquest over evil, and this struggle is attempted because of the demands of our nature for a realization of that unity of the Spirit of which we are, as members, aspects. In the tragedies which occur in most of our lives, we are either less or greater than our creeds. At those times we are moved by a power as much without us as within us. Our issue from the afflictions depends, in a large measure, on the nobility of our habits of thought and life, and the harmony of these with the truest social life. The power without Hester was greater than the power within her; hence the pitifulness of her story. "The Scarlet Letter" fails, not because

the story is wanting in the grace of Puritan Christianity, but because it is not irradiated with the gracious influence of love itself. That is why Hawthorne's picture is a partial picture and not a picture of the whole; and Professor Woodberry's final words, broadly interpreted, emphasize this. The book is dark because the light of love is wanting.

Professor Woodberry notes as a fault in Hawthorne that he appears unsympathetic with his characters. Surely this is not altogether a fault? Sympathy is rather a weakness than a strength, in an artist. His work is so to deal with his subject as to arouse sympathy in us and to sink as far as he can his own. What greater compliment could be paid to the creation of any artist than to say of it that "the pity one feels is not in him, but in the pitiful thing"? And what truer sympathy could the artist show than to make us realize the pitifulness of the thing he is revealing? Is not this to have achieved greatly?



THE HENCHMAN. *By Mark Lee Luther.*
The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE first thing to be remarked about this book is that notwithstanding its imperfections—of which there are many—it is a novel. "The Henchman" is a story of political life in New York, and is really a character study, and not an adventure story under the wrong name.

"The name of Calvin Ross Shelby," announces the orator of the Convention, "spells success." There are times when the prospects look gloomy, but no one can attribute it to Shelby. He is the candidate for Congress from the "Demijohn District," and he plays the game of politics for all it is worth. He has worked his way up from the very bottom, and with the help of his law partner has just succeeded in packing a Convention to the satisfactory density.

All these inside views of the political world are interesting, and Mr. Luther knows the subject thoroughly. In the story of the boss and the governor there is, besides, a faint suggestion of actuality

which piques the reader's curiosity not a little.

The real merit of the book is as a character study; the hero is a living person. Strange to say, for all his devious ways the reader learns to admire him—for Shelby has ideals of his own, and as you follow the changing events of his political career you see him becoming impressed with the weight of new responsibilities, and rising to new occasions. In the end he goes down because he is no longer willing to sacrifice what he believes to be the public interest at the command of the boss. This climax of the story is particularly well handled, and leaves a distinct impression.

U. S.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS. *By Jack London.* *J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.*

A REAL book, and a real man behind it, is "A Daughter of the Snows." At the same time it is a nondescript book, by an author who, despite his virility and dramatic power, does not as yet know how to construct a novel. But in the face of its deplorable technic of construction, of its hopelessness in its several passages of social persiflage, of its violation of the dictionary, the book has to be accepted as a notable production by a writer of potentiality and promise.

The author knows a great deal about the gold fields of the Yukon and the raw human nature that flourishes there, more than he knows of drawing-rooms. He comprehends the strange and mystical romance of the Arctic atmosphere, and he is convincing in the accuracy of his reproduction; he is so convincing as to an extraordinary truth-telling of ice-floods, and migrations, and the routine and riot of life, and the exhilaration in the air, and the rugged honesty of all things including vice, so genuine in the entire background of the story, that his faultiness and crudity in the development of certain leading characters are easily tolerated.

The novel has several passages of exquisite dramatic power. One of these is a veritable classic—where the right-

hearted old Irishman goes to the shack of his daughter's accepted but unworthy lover, warns him on pain of his life "not to lay holy hands or otherwise" on the girl, and when the fellow levels his revolver at him, the Irishman's superb contempt utterly unnerves his purpose. This scene could so easily have lapsed into the melodramatic that the maintenance of its exaltation is nothing short of masterly. Of another kind, yet not inferior, is the memorable scene of the struggle of the canoe with the titanic break up of the ice on the Yukon; few descriptions equal it in unconsciously vivid style.

Such passages of great power through simplicity of phrase indicate what is in the man. He moves you like Kipling: you think of Kipling, indeed, a good many times. The worst of it is—and here is another of the contrasts in the book—you fancy that sometimes the author himself is thinking of Kipling. That is when his style goes booming along in unceasing, uncontrolled brilliancy. You wish he was less conscious of himself. You reflect that the characters and scenes in literature that live forever have not come in gorgeous language; they live in the style of reticence and simplicity. If Mr. London will not disdain to learn from his failures, he will eventually do really great work.

F. B.

THE JOY OF LIVING. *A play in five acts.*

By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00, net.

IN the form of a book Herr Sudermann's play, "Es lebe das Leben," is far more satisfactory than as an acted drama. This is in part due to the inexcusable faults of its presentation in this country; in part, to the disappearance, or nonappearance of its inherent dramatic defects beneath the eye of the mere reader. Indeed, the tragedy would furnish excellent pastime for the closet, were it possible to banish from memory the figures of those who recently at-

tempted its misrepresentation in New York.

Stated baldly, the theme of the play is the conflict between the laws of convention and the demand of human nature for environment and association in which individuality can gain its freest and fullest development. This problem is worked out, although no definite solution is attempted, through the medium of an intellectual, highly sympathetic woman, her commonplace husband and her former lover, who is the most intimate friend of the man whom he has previously wronged and who has gained strength and inspiration from his love to rise to a position of power and beneficent influence in the State. As was to be expected, this theme has been branded by the critics of the press, almost without exception, as inadmissably immoral. Without entering upon a discussion of this point, it may be remarked that the ethical question here presented is one with which every man and woman has been rendered familiar by life, and which, therefore, cannot fail to possess interest for those mentally of age. It is to the method of presentation, not to the subject matter, that our main objection lies. Herr Sudermann is a writer of marked limitations, without the poet's imagination, so that having once delivered his message to the world, he is without power to re-state it in vitally new form. Therein, and in the non-possession of humor, lies the essential difference between him and Gerhardt Hauptmann.

In regard to the translation, a slight but highly significant mistake is to be found near the middle of the first act, where we are informed that "Uncle Richard" has been seen on horseback in the "Zoo." How he escaped arrest is a marvel, since the Berlin zoölogical garden is a comparatively small enclosure lying within the limits of the park, or "Thiergarten," and is open to foot passengers alone. The word "Thiergarten," to be sure, might be held by a novice in the language to require translation as zoölogical garden; indeed, etymologically such should be its significance—but unfortunately it is not. Such are the inconsiderate inconsistencies of languages from the translator's point of view.

Again, a few pages later Mrs. Wharton allows the son of the lover-hero to state that his "college" club has expelled him for indiscretion in publishing a certain liberal pamphlet. As a matter of fact, "Corps," or "Verbindungen," are confined to the universities, and would not for a moment be tolerated among the strictly controlled students of the *Gymnasium*, although this institution most nearly corresponds to the American college. Such mistakes arouse speculation as to what a careful comparison of the English and German texts would reveal.

W. W. W.

GERMANY. *By Wolf von Schierbrand.*
Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.
\$2.40, net.

AMONG the many books which men are making, there is no class of book that requires a wider personal experience, a more exhaustive knowledge, and a more thorough philosophic grasp of a complicated situation than one which attempts to describe and estimate the life of a great modern nation. It cannot be said that Wolf von Schierbrand's "Germany" deserves to rank with the few standard books of this class—with Mr. Bodley's "France," for instance. At the best it is exceedingly good journalism. Like all good journalism it averages an abundance of ordinary facts in the light of a few general ideas; like all good journalism it draws a large part of its value from the personal relations of the writer with certain prominent men and movements in the country he is describing; and like all good journalism it is particularly readable; but finally like even the best of journalism, it cannot pretend to be anything more than a superficial and sketchy handling of the material.

The author lived for a number of years in Berlin, meeting the most interesting people in that city, and becoming thoroughly familiar with its political and social gossip. His book is most entertaining and most instructive when he is reporting this gossip, particularly when he deals with the Kaiser and the Kaiser's immediate surroundings. But with other

aspects of German life he shows rather an acquired than an original acquaintance—a limitation that particularly applies to what he says about rural Germany. Furthermore, Herr von Schierbrand, during his residence in Berlin, was united by the strongest sympathetic ties with the old national Liberal party, which has always sought to Anglicize and Americanize Germany. His book, consequently, like most books about Germany published in English, is written frankly from the point of view of an English or American liberal—a fact that will doubtless make it more acceptable to most American readers, but which will, nevertheless, diminish its permanent value. There can be no doubt that an American must alter his standards radically, if he would properly understand the political and social movement of Germany; and this is just what Herr von Schierbrand does not help him to do.

H. D. C.

IN THE DAYS OF ST. CLAIR. *By James Ball Naylor.* Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O. \$1.50.

MERELY an historical novel. Some works of the species are unusual, unusually good or unusually bad; Dr. Naylor's work is, on the contrary, perfectly and quite typically usual. Taking this usualness, as a motif, we shall find, without much soul-vexing research, that everything is in completest harmony therewith. Nothing in the plot, for example, disturbs the sense of half-dozing expectancy which whispers us that the same event will happen that has happened in the same stage of all the other historic novels of the same sort for the last myriad years. Nothing in the characters or setting would make even a child say "boo!" All is designed and executed with that master idea of giving the usual expression to the usual story of tomahawks and rapiers; the writer is generously careful not to attempt to interest the reader more than is usually done.

We think there must be a mutual protective union of historic-novelists, where all members have sworn none to outdo the other. What brother feeling must there-

fore exist, where all, with the same materials and the same tools, are contented to fashion from the same wooden model in exactly the same manner. How safe is the attitude of mind that is the attitude of everybody's else mind! How slight must seem the shaft of the reviewer when the sensation of its reception is scattered among the veteran sensibilities of a tough and mighty battalion!

J. S. D.

NOLL AND THE FAIRIES. *By Hervey White.* Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago. \$1.00.

TO a reader who knows Mr. White's previous work, "Noll and the Fairies" comes as a delightful surprise. It has all his original, whimsical, realistic idealism of style and treatment, but its subject is as foreign to the morbid questionings of heredity and temperament in "Quicksand" and "When Eve Was Not Created," as to the biased study of modern social conditions in "Differences." "Noll and the Fairies" pretends to be a tale for children, but it is well worth the while of grown-up searchers after wholesome enjoyment. It is an exquisite, naïve, healthy study of a baby's mind, the mind of a poet in its sweetly human infancy. The baby is little Oliver Goldsmith, and good and bad fairies strive over him in his cradle, but these points are immaterial, really. The most poetic and fanciful portions of the book would be poetic and fanciful if they lacked entirely the name of Goldsmith and the definite suggestion of fairy folk.

The episode of the baby's discovering his feet and the study of embryo manliness in his first assumption of trousers are correct "child-psychology" as the learned professors try to teach it, but they are put into so individual and human a form that they hit home as no learned discussion ever does. You are never made to feel that you are investigating "the child"—that monstrous, pitiful generalization!—you are simply delighting yourself with the dramatized emotions of baby Noll. He endears himself to you, as a single, separate person, in the very first page, and he holds you

his charmed slave to the end, when the youngster decides not to "go with Aunt Conrad and be a little gentleman," but to stay at home and play godfather to Pat's wee son. To be sure, Noll's biographer nods at times. No man apparently—nor woman either, though women really ought to know better—can consistently resist the temptation of imputing palpably "grown up" reflections to babies. Mr. White jeers at the mother for asserting that Noll—aged a few weeks—was "blushing for shame" when nurse left him for a moment with no clothes on. But is it any more sweetly reasonable that the tiny infant was hurt by "the thought that his dear mother had told an untruth"? The verses which assume to be metrical meditations of the baby poet are open to the same reproach of unsuitability, besides not being especially good in themselves—neither common sense nor uncommon nonsense.

In general, however, Mr. White shows a wonderfully sympathetic comprehension of what scientific observation agrees to call the baby's point of view. The language, however, is nowhere reminiscent of Goldsmith's age or country; for instance, we doubt if the real little Noll ever heard of "pants." Mr. White calls himself a realist, but an idealist he will always be, and it is as an idealist and beauty-lover that the world likes to hear him speak.

J. K. H.

THE LEGENDS OF THE IROQUOIS. *By W. W. Canfield.* A. Wessels Co., New York. \$2.50.

THESE legends are carefully compiled, well told and interesting. The writer says they are genuine, and indeed they have all the ring of genuineness. Their roots are deep in elementary wisdom, goodness and nature; their flowers therefore are seldom wanting in the true poetic fragrance. They are the stuff of which poems are made. Hiawatha is one of them, though not the most impressive nor the most beautiful. They represent the mystic lore of a courageous primitive race—a race which, whatsoever may be its present egregious fault, and

whosoever may hold the responsibility for that fault, was once possessed of much that is noble and soul-kindling. We must not think of the red man in all the degradations of rum and bestiality, or as the pitiable conquered creature of the ranch and reservation; we must not—when perusing the legends—picture him fallen; but, on the contrary, conceive him as being full of forest pride, whose every movement is inspired by the wholesome hests of Nature or the superior admonitions of the Great Spirit.

It is instructive and often very surprising to compare these Iroquois stories with the early folk-lore of other and better-known peoples: with the Märchen, Sagas, fairy tales, fables, with which they have much in common. What veritable kinship between the tale of Pan and Syrinx and that "Legend of the Corn," wherein a young Indian brave, after pursuing his affrighted betrothed through the dim woodland, throws his arms about her only to discover that he embraces not a maiden but a strange plant. In some of the tales, as "The Buzzard's Covering" and "The Turtle Clan," it is difficult to find this peculiar and ethically suggestive resemblance; yet, we think that even in those legends we get a distant echo of something, Norse, or Persian, or Egyptian very likely, that has gone before. Truly there is but one human family here on earth, and from whatever unexpected corner its individuals come, they gather about the same old bearded magician at the hearthside of the sun.

J. S. D.

THE RIVER. *By Eden Phillpotts.* Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.

CONSTANTLY in reading the stories of Mr. Eden Phillpotts the question presents itself, wherein does this novel fall short of the standards of a masterpiece? Moreover, owing to proximity of scene and similarity of treatment, comparison is inevitable with one of the great books of the generation, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—for what reason has the younger writer, who has

been acclaimed as Mr. Hardy's successor, failed in achieving a like success? The explanation is to be found solely in his lack of one qualification—that, namely, of the dramatic instinct. All other gifts of the novelist are his: insight into human motives, sympathy, invention, humor, style and love of nature. But owing to his failure to perceive the potentialities and requirements of the characters in hand, his efforts thus far to produce a great novel have failed of success. No better example of the author's work has been published than "The River," in which his talents are displayed in a manner likely to deceive the unwary into the belief that the company of great novelists has at last received augmentation. Certainly it is difficult to say too much in praise of this book, if for the nonce we are willing to repress the demand for dramatic gratification. Indeed, that part of the introductory chapter devoted to the river and its life is as unerringly poetic as "The Brook" of Tennyson. Wherein, then, lies the defect?

The novel, like its predecessors, is a story of the simple country life of the West of England, being a narrative of the love-tragedy enacted on the borders of lonely Dartmoor and beside the lovely stream from which the moor takes its name. If the author's object was to produce the illusion of an actual physical visit to the neighborhood of the "Ring o' Bells," success has crowned his effort. Can as much, however, be said for the vividness of our acquaintance with the characters of the story? We know them, it is true, but not in the manner in which we know Maggie Tulliver, and Jennie Deans, and Becky Sharp. Nor is the reason far to seek: our knowledge of them is obtained, in the main, from the outside, not from the inside; we are told of their passion, but seldom does it scorch the cheek, seldom are we stirred as by our own emotions. We believe that Hannah and Edgecombe love each other, but this belief fails deeply to move us, since our knowledge of the principals has not prepared us fully to sympathize with them in their extremity. As a matter of fact, how little we really know of Hannah! Compare for an instant this knowl-

edge with that granted us of Eugénie Grandet, or of Anna Karenina. In consequence of this inadequate acquaintance, in the culmination of the crises of the story we are not swept unthinkingly, unresistingly onward on the flood of a great artistic triumph. Climaxes are not lacking in the narrative, nor are they inopportunately introduced—yet they fail of their fullest effect. Indeed, so sadly is this the case that question might arise as to the actual moment of their occurrence. Had we been adequately prepared for the tragedy of Hannah's cruel betrayal of Edgecombe's unquestioning faith, how deeply would we have entered into the warrener's suffering. Again, had the final climax of Edgecombe's deferred decision between the two women who loved him been properly led up to, how keen would be our suspense in awaiting the outcome. Mr. Phillpotts, strange to say, seems to possess to the full the perception of the tragic possibilities of human relationships, eventuating in dramatic situations and actions, but the ability passionately to conceive of the actors in these tragedies and to convey this conception to the minds of his readers has been denied him. Hence, and for this reason alone, his failure to produce a preeminently great novel.

Yet in despite of this drawback, "The River" indisputably deserves place among the notable books of contemporary literature, and is worthy to serve as model for students of style.

W. W. W.

CHANTICLEER, A PASTORAL ROMANCE.
By Violette Hall. Illustrated by W.
Granville Smith. Lothrop Publishing
Co., Boston. \$1.50.

MISS Hall's romance makes pleasant enough reading for such as live in the city and imagine they have a taste for the country because they enjoy the sunset from Riverside Drive and like to feed the squirrels in Central Park. The country depicted in this book is the country of the fairy story, where the little cooked pigs run around with knives and forks stuck invitingly in their backs. But it is a pleasant country, with no draw-

backs, and may help the semi-rural land agent in his nefarious trade.

The real pleasures of the country are of a rather strenuous kind, and it takes longer to make a good country man of a city man than the reverse; but in "Chanticleer" it happens as a duck would take to a pond of Jersey milk. The book is pleasantly and smoothly written, with no evidence of marked literary skill. Thoreau is the star to which Violette Hall has hitched her wagon; but the traces that connect wagon and star are very long.

K. B.

THE GAME OF LIFE. By Bolton Hall.
A. Wessels Co., New York. \$1.00.

THE game of life is a good game, but Mr. Bolton Hall does not find it so. He sees that the world is awry. He wishes to go out and raise turnips and potatoes on the first vacant lot he comes to, and is grieved that the owner chases him off with a shotgun. Having something of a turn at sarcasm, he vents his grief in many little packages of bitter, biting words, which once appeared in different periodicals, to whose editors he extends thanks for the permission to reprint them. The taint of the funny paper is over the book. To suit the funny papers there must be a twist, a warp: the wholesome and the sane has primarily no place in the periodicals of cynicism. And taken in broken doses as a fillip, satire does well enough.

It may seem as if Mr. Bolton Hall's book were being taken too seriously. But the continual hammering into us of his few panacean ideas through parable and fable and allegory and epigram produces an effect, and an irritating one. Popping up occasionally in the funny papers, they serve the useful purpose of reminding us that the world is not altogether right. Taken *en masse*, in a book, they teach the pernicious doctrine that everything is all wrong.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Hall's book is socialism pure and simple. It teaches that it is wrong for the Rich to inherit or possess unearned wealth, and right for Labor to rise up and seize and divide this

same unearned wealth. Looked at as political economy, the book is unfair, evasive and distorting: as "the game of life," it is very limited in its view, and gloomy; and some of the plums—where we are fed all plums without the good dough of commonplaceness—are seen to be only seedless raisins, and not of the best quality at that.

K. B.

JETHRO BACON AND THE WEAKER SEX.
By F. J. Stimson. Charles Scribner's
Sons, New York. \$1.00.

IT is, in "Jethro Bacon," as if F. J. Stimson—one likes to think of him still as "J. S. of Dale"—had tried to root a strange and none too beautiful orchid in the sand dunes of Cape Cod—and neither orchid nor its surroundings become one another. Undoubtedly the man, the mistress and the wronged wife exist on Cape Cod as elsewhere; but such a man, such a mistress and such a wife could never have existed there for thirty years as Mr. Stimson has pictured them. The surrounding life that he pictures, bears no resemblance to New England life—his characters bear no resemblance to New England characters, even as exotic exceptions—and he continually tells you that these are not exceptions. Yet, like all experiments in forced growth, this one is interesting and has its charm; though it needs a cleverer gardener than Mr. Stimson proves himself in this case to produce a healthy or lasting plant.

"The Weaker Sex" is another unreal tale, this time of an exotic growth in a city slum. As exotics are more likely to flourish in a city than in the wind-swept sands of Cape Cod, this story is conceivably possible, though its characters lack the breath of life.

Far be it from us to say that a story is not good because it is not real, or realistic—some of the best stories in the world are as unreal as fairy tales—the trouble with these stories is not that they are not real, but that there is an unsuccessful effort to make them appear real, to make them appeal to the emotions not the senses.

J. W. H.

ON GUARD! AGAINST TORY AND TARLETON. *Containing Adventures of Stuart Schuyler, Major of Cavalry During the Revolution.* By John Preston True. Illustrated by Lilian Cramford True. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.20.

THE struggle between Greene and Cornwallis in the Carolinas furnishes a splendid background for an exciting tale, and Colonel Banastre Tarleton of the latter's army a mighty swash-buckling figure for a villain in such a tale, as the almost simultaneous appearance of two stories making use of them attests. One of them, especially designed for youthful readers, is the concluding volume in the Stuart Schuyler series, in which the hero—who has already been "Scouting for Washington" and riding with "Morgan's Men"—commands the rear guard in that merry chase which Greene led Cornwallis across the Carolinas from the Yadkin to the Dan. Of this chase, of the battle at Guilford following it, and of the surrender at Yorktown, the book gives an excellent account, not merely as background for an interesting little story, but with careful attention to historical accuracy as well. A boy could not well read the Schuyler series (and if he reads one volume he will surely read the rest) without gaining a good working knowledge of several important Revolutionary campaigns—knowledge that might be serviceable when more serious study came. The author, moreover, shows an impartiality rare among writers of juvenile history, making the British a very respectable and well-meaning enemy after all—not entirely a set of devilish red-coated tyrants. His Northern prejudice against some of his own countrymen, however, he is unfortunately not able to suppress. He is in one instance a little hard on Virginia, because a body of her militiamen refused to fight outside their State. As a matter of fact Massachusetts herself was not guiltless in this respect; and Virginia's quota of troops in the Revolution is a matter of record and of pardonable State pride. Yet Mr. True sees in the incident what I am sure nobody else has

ever seen: a beginning of the State Rights feeling which precipitated the Rebellion.

Major Schuyler is a good healthy hero of the type that any boy might well copy—daring, enduring, resourceful and (though scarcely more than a boy himself) a leader of men. Humor of a rough sort there is in the book, in the keen, fighting mountaineers whom he leads, and in the cantankerous Tories under Tarleton. That Youth, however, will not be corrupted here you may be assured when you read the apology for such a phrase as “fleeing from the wrath to come” as “the irreverence born of three years and more of army life.”

S. L. S.

THE WHITE WOLF AND OTHER FIRESIDE TALES. *By A. T. Quiller-Couch (Q).* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

THESE tales are best read one by one. They are, as the title suggests, good to have at hand for an odd moment or two by the fire, but should never be taken in a lump. Like different wines mixed in a common bumper, they would lose all their rare and individual flavor. For each of them has its own flavor and its own atmosphere, quite apart from the others, with an effect that is spoiled by too rapid transitions. Unlike Gilbert Parker's new volume of stories, which have almost the sequence and continuity of a novel, and are best read together; or unlike Quiller-Couch's own earlier “The Delectable Duchy” and “Troy Town,” they have no connection whatever, nor any reason for being bound together save that one man wrote them, and even this is hard to believe. Their scenes, their people, their underlying spirit, yes—even their styles seem distinct and separate.

Of these differences perhaps the most striking is in connection with style—by that indefinite term implying the something which stamps a piece of writing a man's own. The stories remind you of so many writers. “Burgomaster Van Der Werf,” for example, makes you

think, however remotely, of Frank Stockton's delightful humor of the sea; “Sindbad on Burrator”—a tale of horror pleasantly told, with its skilful setting after Maupassant—of a toned-down Balzac; “Victor,” with its psychological interest and quiet movement, of Henry James, and “The Cellars of Rueda,” bright and mysterious, of Stevenson. The comparisons may be utterly fanciful; but the fact remains: that you cannot read the tales of this volume without giving them that painful and puzzling attention which you bestow on a chance face that resembles the features of a friend.

The astonishing variety which this denotes is characteristic of A. T. Quiller-Couch; it will hold true in surveying all his writings. Though he seems to have studied his little Troy town, and to know the ways of its sailor folk with something of Hardy's painstaking intimacy; yet the study and the knowledge have left little mark on his style, and he can turn from the west country of England to the far East of the world without so much as a quiver. He is as good a phrase-maker either way. From the turgid “Dead Man's Rock”—that extravaganza of adventure—to the delicate and tender “The Ship of Stars” is a far cry, yet in this book Quiller-Couch almost touches both extremes. “The Man Who Could Have Told” has some of the theatrical unreality of the earlier story, and “Victor”—the little masterpiece of them all—suggests the idealism and pathos of the later one.

S. L. S.

ROGER WOLCOTT. *By William Lawrence.* Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.00.

THE more widely disseminated is the story of the life of Roger Wolcott, late governor of Massachusetts, the higher will be placed the ideals of American manhood. For in all our history as a nation there has never been revealed a purer type of the gentleman than was he.

Roger Wolcott inherited large wealth and high social position. He was an aristocrat with a proud lineage and was

educated privately and at Harvard. With such an equipment, one might at once picture him as a dawdling member of some Reform Club, sneering at "the dirty mire of politics" and especially abhorrent of the average citizen who works for a living. The type exists, in large numbers; but Roger Wolcott was not of that sort! He was more than a gentleman—he was a real *man*. He looked upon his wealth as a trust and political service as a solemn obligation. He entered politics with high ideals and he not only never deserted them but he made those ideals a part of every cause and movement with which he was allied. The people of Massachusetts almost idolized him, he was so wholly devoted to the interests of all the people. Naturally reserved and reticent, he was quick and bold to strike when the time came. The memory of his devotion to the soldiers and sailors of the Bay State during the war with Spain will remain a fine heritage to that commonwealth.

Bishop Lawrence was a boyhood and manhood friend of Roger Wolcott, and he is thus able to present his picture with rare sympathy and faithful care. The selections of subjects for this too brief work are well made, and the whole is most satisfactory and excellent.

F. B. T.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. *A Story.* By S. Levett Yeats. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

ALL of the stale, well-worn devices of romantic fiction are in evidence in "The Lord Protector." Not one of them but has made its appearance over and over again, and the creaking of the machinery as the rusty apparatus grinds out its product is only too painfully apparent. The fag end of Cromwell's period of supremacy is the time chosen for the setting, and the Lord Protector himself appears as a prominent figure. The rest are the stock characters of many a similar story. The cavalier and round-head, both loving the same girl, with, this time, the cavalier as villain, the other as the virtuous and self-sacrificing hero,

who later comes into his reward. The lady in the case, deceived and at last disillusioned. The Puritan maid, betrayed and revengeful, and her fanatic preacher father. The Protector's soldiers "Justified-by-Faith Hopkins," and the rest. The pert waiting-maid and the elderly, amorous housekeeper. These move through the scenes of a drama whose every incident is only too familiar, and whose every successive episode can be unerringly foretold. The only excuse for resurrecting such dry bones is the power to clothe them with flesh and blood, to vitalize them with the divine spark. But no such capacity is shown here. The author has produced only a conventional story after a worn out pattern, elementary in design and commonplace in execution.

S. D. S., JR.

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

ONLY after sober second thought is it possible to do critical justice to Mr. Barrie's new story. The glamour of this daintily fanciful tale is such that immediate recourse to pen and ink would probably result in an extravagance of laudation that might be tempered by more careful consideration. Yet the first impression remains, and there is little to modify in the judgment that is formed immediately upon the book's conclusion. The story shows the author in a new light. "Sentimental Tommy" proved him to be a student and lover of the child, well versed and sympathetic in the ways and byways of the little folk. But those earlier children grew up and away from us. These little ones stay little, and will remain always fresh and young, the real child, David, and the dream-child, Timothy—the two who grow and blend into inseparable identity. The lonely old bachelor who tells, and lives, this delicately-wrought romance, conceives for himself a potential fatherhood, builds up its details upon the imagined basis of what might have been, and lavishes the wealth of affection that the dream-child should possess of right upon a very real

and living little fellow, the son of a young couple in whom he has become interested.

The story is thenceforth a record of the "adventures in Kensington Gardens"—and elsewhere—of these two, the elderly man and the little boy. From tiny babyhood, through youngest childhood, to graduation into trousers and the prospect of school, is the course of these adventures traced.

Mr. Barrie has not done such satisfying work before. Not so big or ambitious as others of his books, perhaps, this one confronts one of the most difficult problems that most of us elders have to resolve—the heart and nature of the child—and most tenderly and delicately has this been done. There is reverence for its innocence and purity, appreciation and sympathy for its waywardness, and a very loving gentleness in both service and stimulation to the father of the man.

The sole adverse criticism that might be passed is that the fairy portion of the book is not so successful as the human. But that is minor. The story as a whole is most charming. There is in it something of the spirit of "The Golden Age," that golden book, wherein the adult and the childish understandings meet and clasp hands. It is this complete sympathy of the older and the younger natures displayed in "The Little White Bird," that make its principal attraction. Its appeal is universal, and with such grace and delicacy is it made that it will surely not go unregarded.

S. D. S., JR.

EGGEE, A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. *By W. R. H. Trowbridge. A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.00, net.*

THIS is one of those dread stories of the French Revolution, full of pathos and action. The heroine, a girl of the people, is a genuine and convincing character full of heroic thought but with little strength in face of the Terror. Her remarkable repertoire of well-chosen words contrasts rather strangely with the foul expressions she often uses and which she has heard all her life in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

An excellent picture is drawn of the aristocracy in imprisonment.

Historically Mr. Trowbridge deals only with facts we already know, and we fail to find the *oublies* he announces we may expect. The story is well written—the narrative is good, and one might be inclined to recommend it to those who have not read Carlyle's French Revolution were it not that historic events are merely stated without explaining the causes, and that it is necessary to have been a student of the Revolution in order to fully understand to what Mr. Trowbridge refers.

TOLSTOI AS MAN AND ARTIST. *By Dmitri Merejkowski. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

IN the case of Count Leo Tolstoi, more than in that of any other writer of the nineteenth century, an understanding of the man is necessary to the critical estimate of the artist. It is the merit of Mr. Merejkowski's study that he keeps this necessity constantly in mind, and does not reach his criticism of the novelist until he has illustrated, analyzed, and from his point of view, interpreted the different phases of Tolstoi's personal growth. The results of this analysis and interpretation will be a shock to some of Tolstoi's English and American admirers, for Mr. Merejkowski refuses to take the great Russian's religious conversion on its face valuation. He attempts to prove with great penetration, and with perhaps too much ingenuity, that at bottom Tolstoi is a pagan with all the pagan characteristics of extreme sensuousness, abundant vitality, and enormous power of enjoying the elemental aspects and emotions of life. But these unconscious depths of his nature have always been more or less at war with his conscious theory of life, and this warfare culminated in his religious conversion in the early eighties. Even in this conversion, however, Tolstoi has not, according to Mr. Merejkowski, succeeded in emancipating himself from his own deeper instincts. In spite of his protestations of Faith and of entire unselfishness, he remains only half convinced—a sort of a

Christian pagan who is neither a genuine apostle, nor a frank self-seeker. One cannot attempt either to justify or criticize this theory within the limits of a review, but it is certain that any criticism of Tolstoi hereafter must deal with Mr. Merejkowski's cool and disinterested analysis of Tolstoi's character, and its effect upon his art.

H. D. C.

ROGER DRAKE, CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.
By Henry Kitchell Webster. The
Macmillan Company, New York.
\$1.50.

PROPERLY to characterize this novel recourse must be had to slang: it is a rattling good story. Thereby attention is called directly to the merits of the book, and, by implication, to its shortcomings, since no one, of course, would thus refer to a really noteworthy contribution to literature. "Roger Drake" is a well told, interesting story of business enterprise and struggle, written evidently by one thoroughly familiar with the subject and with a delectable instinct for dramatic situations, but therewith is exhausted the meed of praise which is the book's due. The author is able from the fullness of his experience and from the mine of his imagination to develop a series of entertaining and oft-times exciting events, in which the persons involved act with praiseworthy naturalness, but adequately to lay bare the motives of their actions is beyond his power. A further result of his limitation of insight into character is the lack of individualization of the actors in the story: were we to encounter Roger Drake in the flesh immediately after finishing his autobiography it is not improbable that we should fail to recognize him. Indeed, throughout the story far more importance is attached to events than to the persons through whom the events reach development. The points of weakness here pointed out but serve to accentuate anew the eternal paradox that those whose experience furnishes material proper for literary use seldom possess the training and culture needed for the task, whereas masters of language and the sub-

tleties of construction lack experience with life, at first hand. Indisputably, however, the book under consideration forms a valuable chronicle of the development of the great copper interests of the country and of the evolution of the present trust system. Especially clever is the latter portion of the story when the struggle between the warring factions reaches a climax, the outcome of which is decided by the possession of the all-important coal fields.

W. W. W.

THE CHILD MIND. By Ralph Harold Bretherton. John Lane, New York.
\$1.20, net.

THE Child Mind" is unfortunately named. Its title leads you to expect a treatise on psychology, whereas the book is in reality a bit of very clever fiction—carefully and scientifically studied out, to be sure, but written with great vividness, sympathy, and dramatic force. Each of the dozen or more studies in the book takes the child, a little girl of seven, through a single phase of experience—the horror of lying awake in darkness, the dread of losing her mother's love, the humiliation of being "hoaxed" by grown people, the unpleasantness of contact with disagreeable relatives and others like these. Indeed, the great fault of the book is that the experiences are all so alike. The titles of two—"A Misunderstanding" and "The Agony"—might cover them all, for every one iterates and reiterates the theme of Kitty's misapprehension of and by her elders, and in every one she suffers tortures through this misapprehension.

The author is right, perhaps, in his premise that a child is often made bitterly unhappy by the efforts of well-meaning relatives to force him to enjoy life in their fashion. Most of us can remember times of feeling our little selves at odds with a great prickly world—as our big selves often are to this day—but the griefs of childhood, though more real than forgetful people often appreciate, still are for the most part unformulated woes, and they give way with blessed quickness to joys as keen and as real.

It must be a very morbid and unhealthy child who, having material comforts and an affectionate family, is forever tortured by pangs of conscience and doubts of her parents' love. In reading "The Child Mind," you grow absurdly impatient with Kitty for suffering so much. You are told repeatedly that she was an attractive child, adored by her parents, and possessed of every toy that heart of child could wish; now and then you are given hints of her imaginative pleasures in her doll's house, and of moments when she actually believed her people cared for her; but only the tales of suffering are elaborated. The book is one long wail. It is a pity that the author should lavish so much cleverness and sympathy on depicting merely one side of a childish nature. For clever the author certainly is, as well as sympathetic. Kitty's despair about the weather, for instance, is delicious.

J. K. H.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS AND CHATEAUX.
By Clara Crawford Perkins. Two volumes. Knight and Millet, Boston. \$4.00, net.

CLARA Crawford Perkins has contributed in "French Cathedrals and Chateaux" a most valuable work to English reference books. With an almost German conscientiousness she has classified her matter and titled her chapters so explicitly that it is easy for any student to find his subject. Her consistency has masculine solidity. The historical tables are excellent, and one cannot help but regret that not more of such thorough work is produced by English writers. Invariably we are compelled to turn to foreign authorities, German, French or Spanish, for accuracy and systematic classifications. Looseness of style, lack of proportion and incompetency of explanatory tables are so often found in our reference books.

The delineation Miss Perkins has given us in her authoritative analysis of architecture in France is most comprehensive, and the precision with which she has studied the detail of every tracery, spire and window is praiseworthy. Her imag-

ination does not supply lacking influences, but she has seen with the eye of a connoisseur, and proves to us the history of every ascendant power. It is obvious that Miss Perkins has not been content to take outside information for anything but has personally investigated and convinced herself of every fact before she has stated it.

The text is well and interestingly written—the illustrations good. The historical anecdotes not dealing with the immediate subject are short and arouse interest enough to startle the mind into remembering. At no time is the object in view lost: to give the vastness of a difficult subject in concise and readable form that will be of value to the student and of entertainment to the reader.

A more complete study of the architecture of France, or cleverer scheme of giving lucid pictures of its history, and the history of the country could not be desired. The light and color thrown on gloomy walls and abbeys should endear the book to all who have travelled in France.

C. L. M.

ANDREW CARNEGIE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. *By Barnard Alderson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.40, net.*

CLEARLY Mr. Alderson is a great admirer of Mr. Carnegie, yet this character sketch of the life of the great Steel King does not give an exaggerated view of the man and his work. Really the "sketch," covering 228 pages, reaches the magnitude of a biography, and although carefully written, the book, while it contains much that is interesting, has little that is new. After having read the volume one feels all has been said about the life and character of Mr. Carnegie that can be said.

From an exhaustive and not over-interesting description of his birthplace at Dunfermline, Scotland, the reader is carried through the Steel Master's boyhood, on through his earlier experiences and up to his later successes in the world of manufacture. His idea of the dispensation of wealth is enlarged upon, as are

also his benefactions up to the time of the writing of the book.

STEPPING STONES: ESSAYS FOR EVERY DAY LIVING. *By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.00.*

TAKING as a foundation the lives of famous men and women, Dr. Marden has written—or more properly compiled—a readable book. Beginning with “Physical Culture,” which is treated in a short chapter, the writer moves to “The Mastery,” which is only another name for self-control; next follows a long chapter on the evils of tobacco, in which not a new idea is introduced. Then comes a temperance lecture filled with anecdotes and “examples.” “Stepping Stones” contains limitless good advice, especially to young men, and if not original, it is at least a helpful book.

THOREAU THE POET-NATURALIST. *By William Ellery Channing. New Edition. Enlarged. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. \$2.00, net.*

MR. Sanborn’s edition of this *rara avis* among books ought to be welcomed very warmly. The original edition, published in 1873, has long been out of print and the demand for it was never large; yet the contents are of such character as to interest any one that wishes to come closer to the startling personalities of the Concord coterie of philosophers, particularly those of Emerson and Thoreau.

It were hard to fancy three more agreeable rambling acquaintances along the fair Massachusetts countryside than these most unusual men, that, together with Ellery Channing—who kept the conversations going and then recorded them—held forth genially over all subjects, on which a word could be uttered, from grasshoppers to Goethe. Not a leaf might fall, not a woodpecker sound his distant “peop,” but Emerson or Thoreau had a speech with which to crown it. And if these gentlemen were silent,

Channing never failed by an exhaustive monologue to help them to their tongues again. They never quarreled and they seldom questioned; each had imbibed grandly the dictum of Weimar, not to contradict, and Channing’s book is a living token that he at least was a superb listener. Boon companions that they were, they serenely strolled on, finding “books in the running brooks” and above all, “good in everything.” Not a breath of pessimism ever blurred the bright glass of their enjoyment. About one subject they were in peculiar harmony of mind—about that Puritan Olympus, Concord, Mass.

These men all agreed—most conveniently we think—that they were born poets, and they composed, recited and discussed their own poetry with a wonderful equanimity and assurance. Neither bored his companions, each supplemented the ebullience of the other. Should Thoreau declare that a certain farmhouse was charmingly situated near the savage woodland, Emerson would remark, likely as not, that such houses produced the best people and Channing would chime in to the effect that the apple tree at the sunset window produced a most mellifluous cider.

It seems at times a little ludicrously Boswellian that the last-named New Englander should record all the localisms of his equally enthusiastic two larger companions; yet the book is a rare one, and if the reader skips all the poems, and does not try to read continuously, he will have a treat.

J. S. D.

THE LAND OF THE LATINS. *By Ashton Rollins Willard. Illustrated from photographs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.40, net.*

TO the ordinary reader “The Land of the Latins,” written by one who has long been known as an authority on Italian art, cannot fail to be entertaining; to the student, or even the casual traveller in Italy, its descriptions, vivid, clear, bright with the many colors of a semi-tropical country, must be of absorbing interest as a reflection of his own views and experiences.

The volume is divided into ten chapters, each an independent essay dealing with some prominent feature of Italian life, as seen by one moving in the upper strata of Roman society. Of these, a chapter entitled "The Book Shops" is of particular interest, as it gives an insight into contemporary Italian literature that is clear and convincing. Brief sketches of the lives of Giovanni Verga, author of "Cavalleria Rusticana," of De Amicis, Mathilde Serao, Fogazzaro, Carducci and others are given with short criticisms of the works and style of each. In this essay, and in those devoted to art and the drama, Mr. Willard writes with special fluency, and reveals not only his familiarity with his subjects, but his personal interest in them, as well.

On the whole, Mr. Willard's style is smooth-flowing, and is distinguished by a dignified phrasing that lends itself well to the matters discussed. Only at rare times does he relax, and then his sentences become choppy and harsh. His adjectives are frequently forced and unfortunately chosen, as a result of his constant efforts to round out and balance his sentences, giving an effect of verbosity, rather than of melody; an effect that is really the only disturbing element in an otherwise admirable book.

H. H., JR.

MEMORIES OF VAILIMA. *By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.*

THIS is a valuable addition to Stevenson literature, not so much for its own sake alone, although in itself it is a highly interesting collection, but rather as an addenda (or antidote, perhaps) to Graham Balfour's biography. In Mr. Balfour's "Life," Stevenson is glorified; he is at all times the dignified *litterateur*; the imperturbable judge; the demi-god—among the people, yet not of them. In this book he is shown as the thoroughly human man, endowed, indeed, with all the qualities which Mr. Balfour gives him, yet, in addition, filled with a whole-hearted simplicity and a boyish, overbubbling love of fun and foolishness that is completely human, and is the Stev-

enson of "The Wrong Box" as well as of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Master of Ballantrae."

H. H., JR.

BAYOU TRISTE. *By Josephine Hamilton Nicholls. A. S. Barnes & Company, New York. \$1.50.*

PRACTICALLY the only fault that can be found with this book is its brevity. The beautiful picture of the quiet, happy life on the old Louisiana plantation is so delightful that the reader is sorry when the last page is reached. To-day, when problem novels abound, morbid French books flourish, and romance, bloodshed and complicated plots are the rage, such a book as "Bayou Triste" is refreshing. And the chief beauty is that it is all so true—not necessarily as to the details of the particular story told, but as a picture of the life on a plantation as it is being lived to-day in hundreds of places all over the South.

Every man in the North who has been taught that men and women on plantations live in daily terror of the negro subduing them with a shot gun, ruling them with a rod of iron, and caressing them with a bull-whip, should read this book that they may know the truth. And let every Southerner, in a strange land, read it too, for when he has finished it he will experience a quiet happiness which he has long missed.

The story is told in the first person and is a very simple one, with little plot, but with many pictures of Southern life and people. The negro characters in the book outnumber the whites ten to one, and every one of them is carefully and truthfully drawn. Their love affairs, marriages, quarrels, frailties, courage, cowardice and originality, as well as their devotion to and love for their young master and mistress, are all delightfully and naturally described. The author has apparently watched them carefully and has caught the peculiar Louisiana accent, which differs materially from that of the negroes residing in other Southern States.

R. C.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A CONTINENT. *Edited From the Writings of Francis Parkman. By Prof. Pelham Edgar. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

ABULKY, but extremely attractive and copiously illustrated book is "The Struggle for a Continent," which Professor Pelham Edgar has culled from the many volumes of Francis Parkman's histories. This volume at once places Parkman within easy reach of the student and of the mere reader, who would be appalled at the thought of attempting to study the original histories. Professor Edgar probably had no ambition to do for posterity the work that might be done by Time; and Parkman in his original richness, will unquestionably remain what he has indisputably become, an American classic, a source of knowledge and a guide for future historians; but this book certainly suggests a field of usefulness to other editors. It will doubtless have value, too, in sending back to Parkman many of those who read his works before and are charmed by a record as delightful as romance and far more absorbing.

J. D. B.

ASPECTS OF FICTION AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25, net.*

PROFESSOR Matthews, far from being a skilful writer, is deficient in the clearness of mind and the originality that achieve a correct and attractive style. All of his writing lacks fineness; he frequently uses several words, awkwardly arranged, where he might convey the full meaning in one or two words gracefully and effectively placed. Again and again, in striving for clearness he becomes obscure. The subtlety of language which perfectly conveys the meaning without the use of too many words seems altogether beyond Professor Matthews's skill. Moreover, he has a great fondness for playing on words, and of making trifling comparisons.

Especially trying is the author's habit of falling into trite phrases. In the essay on Robert Louis Stevenson, we learn that

Stevenson's death "gives a sudden shock to all who care for our later literature," and it leaves us "with a sense of personal loss." Occasionally, however, Professor Matthews drops into an original figure, sometimes with startling effect — referring, for instance, to Andrew Lang as a "Scotsman who has been tinctured by Oxford, but who still grips his stony native land with many a clinging radicle." Naturally, these "trite phrases" leave in the mind of the reader an impression of commonplace thought. And yet, these essays contain a good deal of accumulated information, showing that Professor Matthews has been an assiduous reader. His essays range in theme from such large subjects as "American Literature" and "The Importance of the Folk Theater," to "The Short Stories of Mr. Ludovic Halévy," and to "Mr. Charles Dudley Warner as a Writer of Fiction." If Professor Matthews is serious in his comments on Mr. Warner, this essay should be distinguished as the most humorous in the volume.

J. D. B.

FUEL OF FIRE. *By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IN her latest novel Miss Fowler displays the same brilliance that characterized her earlier work, and the same superficiality. Much of the dialogue is extremely clever — indeed, often annoyingly clever, like the conversation of an unduly precocious child—but there is lacking in the book, as a whole, organic conception and development, and a deep, sympathetic understanding of divergent phases of human nature. In other words, Miss Fowler is one of the many clever latter-day writers of pleasant, innocuous stories for unpleasant, overworked people who thankfully surrender themselves and their money into the hands of whoever can bring temporary oblivion from the harsh realities of workaday life. With the materials at her command the author should have succeeded in writing a novel worthy of serious consideration.

The underlying idea of the story is excellent, and contains within itself the

germ of a great tragedy of love, cupidity and jealousy. Moreover, in the prologue is given promise of an achievement that is but inadequately redeemed in the following pages. An old prophecy has foretold the destruction for the third time of Baxendale Hall by an agency thrice as great as king or state, and a "thousand-fold stronger and higher." Toward the fulfilment of the prophecy conspire the desires of all those who will profit in the destruction of the Hall through the payment of the large amount for which it is insured. Such a subject, it would seem, requires epic treatment. Instead, Miss Fowler has approached it in the pleasant, easy-going manner of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"; nor has she forgotten the usual fillip of cheap, conventional religious exhortation.

T. L. G.

A FIGHTING FRIGATE AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. *By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.*

SENATOR Lodge's essays smack of the senate chamber; they also at times have a flavor of the political platform. They sound not so much like writings as like speeches; and, when arrayed side by side in a book, appear decidedly at their worst. We suppose Senator Lodge is clearly aware of the usual dissonance between the style literary and the style oratorical. He entitles his volume "Essays and Addresses"; but we question sometimes if the habit of eloquence has not blemished the finer habit of insight, if the desire for effect has not partly obliterated the chances for a surest and best effect. We have, for example, the firmest belief in the writer's sincerity and patriotism; yet his manner of expression is so exaggerated and stagey that we gather from it only the feeblest image of those high qualities. And so is it throughout the work. He tells us of the career of Chief Justice Marshall, draws his life and character with confident hand; but, at the end, we have that sensation of doubt and estrangement which always comes when we listen to a man who is holding forth for the benefit of others

at the very moment he would have us suppose his words are only for ourself. In such literature there is no companionship—surely no intimacy. The writer is superior to the book.

J. S. D.

CHILDREN OF THE FROST. *By Jack London. Illustrated. Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.*

JACK London is the literary laureate of the Arctic Northwest. He has staked out the Yukon delta for his claim, and occupies it with the same undisputed mastery that Bret Harte did the gold fields of California. "Children of the Frost" brings all his characteristics into play, with unabated vigor. In the half-score of scenes and episodes here bound together, we recognize the same brutal strength, the same grim and sanguinary humor, the same impression of sinister fatality, that quickened our interest in "The Son of the Wolf" and "The God of His Fathers." In all these stories there are strange contrasts of savage freedom and conventional cant, of elemental poetry smoothed over with a highly self-conscious literary touch, which in even the most credulous reader's mind tend to blur the identity of the author. He certainly succeeds in conveying the feeling and aspects of the frozen North—to persons who have never been there. Whatever their melodramatic exaggeration, his writings reek with odors of the spruce forests, the resinous smells of pine-cones and rotting vegetation, the aromatic savors of camp smoke. Eskimos, Indians and *voyageurs*, patriarchal chiefs and their dusky sloe-eyed daughters, diabolical *shamans* or medicine-men, mighty hunters clad in skins, armed with bows and arrows and bone-head spears stalk through them. One hears distinctly their guttural language, mingled with the "honk" of Arctic birds, the yelp of fierce jaw-slobbering wolves and dogs, and the grinding of ice-floes on the rim of the Polar sea. In short, Jack London is a power to be reckoned with in the literature of our land.

H. T.

LITERATURE AND LIFE. *By William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros., New York. \$2.50, net.*

ONE can never take up a book of Mr. William Dean Howells without being agreeably reminded that he is first of all a man of letters—a man to whom writing is an independent medium, and whose vocation it is to render his view of life in conscious literary form. In this respect he differs very much from our later novelists, who are rarely, in the full meaning of that phrase, men of letters. He is, indeed, the only living American writer, with the exception of Charles Eliot Norton, who has inherited some of the literary spirit of the New England Renaissance, and who in some measure learned his trade in the intellectual atmosphere of Lowell's Cambridge and Boston. It is, however, when Mr. Howells comes to the writing of essays that he most unmistakably shows the influence of this departing tradition. Essays, as he himself remarks, we have in abundance; but essays, such as these in his latest book, "Literature and Life," essays which do not impart information or study problems, but which are intimate literary expressions of personal observations and opinions—essays of this kind have no interest for the business-like American writers of to-day.

Mr. Howells is so much a man of letters that he sometimes sets down very evanescent impressions and very tentative opinions for no better reason, apparently, than that the practice of converting Life into Literature has become an inveterate habit. Be it admitted, consequently, that there are some few essays in this volume, in which the material is exceedingly attenuated; yet although such trifles should have been allowed to remain undisturbed in the periodicals for which they were originally written, every lover of good style and independent thought must rejoice that Mr. Howells has been, and is, an essayist, as well as a novelist. His style is simple, flexible, leisurely, entertaining and absolutely sincere; he stands almost alone as a sympathetic, shrewd, thoughtful observer of American manners; and the great kindness and

sincerity of his nature are revealed in nothing more plainly than in his thinking. When he is quite convinced, he can cut his convictions on the stone as vigorously as anybody; but he also has the power of knowing just how much he is convinced. He can express a shade of doubt or a shade of conviction as happily as he can his firmest beliefs, and his own ideas, however much we may differ from them, are certainly congruous and pertinent. If in his novels he seems to remain, for so intelligent a man, somewhat exclusively preoccupied with the domestic comedies of American life, his essays help us to understand how dangerous it is to deal with this chaotic material from a more inclusive point of view.

H. D. C.

THE PATH TO ROME. *By Hilaire Belloc. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00.*

THE Path to Rome" is a story of an attempt to go from Toul, on the Moselle, to Rome "as the crow flies." Nearly all the journey is made on foot, with a small allowance of money, and through a country almost unknown to tourists and guide books.

The author is gifted with great descriptive powers, and if it were merely a record of the trip, the book would be very entertaining. But the writer thinks as well as he sees, and his reflections are as interesting as his descriptions. It makes you dizzy to read his account of crossing a bridge; it makes you shiver to read of his attempt and failure to cross the Gries Pass through the blinding snow, and graphically does he depict the cruel power of the Alps in the ending of this recital: "Now I know that Italy will always stand apart. She is cut off by no ordinary wall, and Death has all his army on her frontiers."

Mr. Belloc's keenness of mind is shown as well in his gayer moments as in his serious ones, and his humor is irresistible and continuous. What could be more delightful than his monologue on the eight francs and ten centimes that must take him to Milan, nearly ninety miles away? Often the transition from grave to gay

is instantaneous. He will put you in a solemn frame of mind for pages, and then—like a flash—comes the merry jest or the happy conceit.

As we read, we suspect that Mr. Belloc's serious moments are not always pleasurable ones. He tells us that he belonged to the Church of Rome, that he left it, and returned to it. Why he returned to it he does not make quite clear—it is always difficult to satisfactorily explain a backward step—but we feel his religion depresses and enthralls him, and that his hours of true happiness are only those in which he allows his thoughts and feelings perfect freedom.

The book is not without faults, but the author has recognized most of them and has anticipated the critics by interpolated conversations. A number of tales, all well worth reading, are also interpolated. Altogether, the book is a delightful one, and in these days when so much time and money are wasted over what is proclaimed as fiction, it is a pleasure to be able to say that whether this book is fiction or not, neither time nor money will be wasted by those who read "The Path to Rome."

M. H. F.

PENRUDDOCK OF THE WHITE LAMBS. *A Tale of England, Holland and America.* By Samuel Harden Church. Frontispiece by Frank T. Merrill. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.

MR. Church's story of Cromwell's times is fearfully and wonderfully made. At the outset the reader is bewildered by the announcement that the characters in the story number seventy-five, fifty of whom are historical. Then with the cavaliers, courtiers, lords, ladies, soldiers, seamen, pirates, colonists and Indians one may be excused for taking a long breath before he begins to read. The hero of the romance is Colonel Penruddock, the Royalist and colonel of the "White Lambs," the Duke of Newcastle's famous regiment, which Cromwell cut to pieces at Marston Moor. Mr. Church does not attempt to follow history, but his story has no end of action,

and if it were not for the great number of characters, which tend to confuse the reader, "Penruddock" would have been interesting.

H. A.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE. *Its History and Romance from 1620 to 1902.* By Winthrop L. Marvin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00, net.

HERE is a volume of real, even if minor, historic value. It is not excellently written; the writer has the unhappy knack of slighting the interesting places and spreading himself on the very dull ones; his manner is plodding and persevering, and full of the odor of archives and annotations; he is often patriotic out of place, and wearying in his too noisy belief of the importance of his subject; but his enthusiasm is genuine, and he gives us something that no other men—at least, in so comprehensive a form—have given us. The book could be vastly improved; some author of the next decade will probably supply us with something of the sort, very much better done; but until then Mr. Marvin's work ought to have a distinct place. We judge his audience can never be very large, but, such as it is, it should find pleasure in the information he offers; in the gathering and presentation of which he has labored a life-long.

Truth to say, his subject is not, for a majority of people, the most alluring. The merchant service may, by means of a special illumination thrown on its more unusual features, be stimulated to appear transiently romantic or picturesque. Privateers, whalers, clipper-ships to the gold coast, transatlantic steamers converted into war vessels, slave-traders, blockade-runners, Algerian pirates helping themselves to silks, spices and doubloons may unquestionably fill the perilous void caused by the absence of howitzers and battle-flags, of gory decks and courtly captains, of ships lined up for conflict, each with the dignity of a whole nation frowning through its guns. But before long the true nature of commerce will out, and we—boyish as we are and ingrained to the naval tradition—are apt to tire of

the essential monotony of its record. All is too peaceful, plebeian and prosaic. Our eyes droop at bales, after broadsides. Yet for the few who are curious in the by-ways of marine history the book will not be unwelcome.

J. S. D.

THE SPERONARA. *From the French of Alexandre Dumas. By Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.25.*

THE title of this book is the Mediterranean name for the little coasting schooner in which Dumas made his voyage to Sicily: this charming collection of "Impressions de Voyage," the outcome. As might be expected, he proves the most delightful of travelling companions, with the seeing eye, the laughing heart, and, what is perhaps hardly less important in a traveller, the appreciative stomach: for Dumas the gastronome, whose recommendation is used to this day to advertise a well-known liqueur ("Je préfère la Bénédictine à toute autre liqueur"), takes his share in making these chronicles sympathetic. But Dumas the fascinating storyteller dominates; and his wit, powers of observation, and fund of classic lore, worn as lightly as a flower in his buttonhole, enliven everything he touches. His descriptive passages are magical: we drive with him into the cool translucent waters of the Grotto of Capri; we ascend Mount Aetna in the chill and rarefied air, laboring for breath like our voyagers; we rush through twenty-six centuries of the history of Catania in three picturesque pages; we suffer the sirocco; we dance the tarantella: not one of our experiences would we miss, and the little journey comes to an end only too soon. The book abounds in graphic phrases that underline the difference between literature and guide-book commonplace.

A word of gratitude is due to Miss Wormeley for her excellent translation, and for her scholarly footnotes, which are few in number and come just at the places where they are wanted.

A. C. M.

SIGNORA, A CHILD OF THE OPERA HOUSE. *By Gustav Kobbé. R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS story is a mere pretext whereby to introduce gossip from behind the scenes concerning the leading opera-singers of the day, whose photographs are used as illustrations: the whole thing—except the photographs, which are excellent—is strongly reminiscent of a cheap magazine or a newspaper supplement. The characters in the story are introduced under such thinly-disguised names as Madame Mannheim-Weink, the great German mezzo, Madame Caravé, the famous impersonator of "Carmen," and so on. The details about stage-properties and the mechanical setting of an opera are interesting enough, but music has little or nothing to do with the matter.

A. C. M.

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY. *A Preliminary Incident of the Great Civil War. By John Newton. Illustrated. A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.50.*

SO much has been written about John Brown that, as Mr. Newton frankly admits in his preface, there is little new material from which to work, and consequently such well-known and authoritative works as Ridpath's—which was, by the way, the first to be written in America—Sanborn's and others were drawn upon. But Mr. Newton has made a readable compilation. The first chapter attempts to answer "What was Slavery?" and has absolutely nothing about John Brown. But it is leading up to the theme, although it is not until the third chapter is reached that Mr. Newton gives us a glimpse of Brown, and then he writes briefly of his birthplace. The author need have gone no farther than West Torrington, Conn., to have found material regarding the early boyhood of the abolitionist, which has never been used, except in stray newspaper articles.

There is also much valuable material in the Springfield chapter of John Brown, which might be collected, and which has never been adequately covered. But ob-

viously Mr. Newton has found it easier to compile than to originate. Just why the author should have designated this as a "little book" in his preface, when it covers 288 pages, and as an "incident" on the title page, when the book is practically a life of John Brown, is hard to make out. A reproduction of the words and music of "John Brown's Body" adds a quaint interest to the book.

H. P.

THE HERITAGE. *By Burton Egbert Stevenson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

THE flavor of Mr. Stevenson's American historical romance is superior to the common or Charles Felton Pidgin variety, but not in itself notable. The scene is laid in Virginia and in the Ohio country, during the years just after the Revolution. The few historical personages moving through the tale—Washington, General St. Clair, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Benedict Arnold—are well sketched. The author's style is clear and readable. But there the merit of the story ends. There are too many situations, too many characters, the scene shifts too often, adventures tread on one another's heels, and no phase of the romance is dwelt upon long enough to give color and coherence to the whole. The hero, who tells his own story, leaves with you, at its close, the vaguest possible impression of his personality. The heroine—for presumably the girl who marries the hero at the end of the book is the heroine—has not force enough to dominate a single chapter. The hero's foster-brother seems an attractive fellow, but he never stays with you. Just as you are beginning to get a hint of his charm—lo! he is whisked away, and you are introduced to another general, or an Indian chief. The tale of brotherly devotion, and of the girl who complicates it by winning the hearts of both men, would make a book by itself. So would the adventures of the gay, unpractical Frenchmen who are beguiled into founding a colony on the malaria-stricken Scioto. So would the hero's captive life among the Indians, with its glimpses of Amer-

ican frontier posts and of British treachery after the Revolution. Here is material for at least three novels, thrown together in such a way that not one of the three separately impressive themes has a chance to make itself felt. The effect is ludicrously like that which follows tasting various delicacies at a Food Fair, you have in the end—if you keep at it long enough—all the discomforts of a plethoric meal, with none of its satisfaction. Mr. Stevenson evidently needs an old-time proverb remodelled for his use; it should read, "Too many ingredients spoil the broth."

J. K. H.

THE BANQUET BOOK. *G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.75, net.*

THIS book is "a classified collection of quotations designed for general reference, and as an aid in the preparation of the toast list, the after-dinner speech and the occasional address"; and there is an introduction by Mr. Elbert Hubbard. It contains a various assortment of information about dinner giving, proper courses, a list of vintages, recipes for mixing drinks, menus, and the like. Almost every one has occasion to refer to such things as are herein contained; and this is a handy book for the purpose.

THE SEARCHERS. *A story in Four Books. By Margaretta Byrde. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.*

ALL the chief characters in this book are seeking an answer to the problem of life; some find it in love, some in faith, some in resignation to duty. A faithful minister, a woman who has sinned, and a young woman with a strenuous desire to find herself, are the principal characters, although a great number of secondary people crowd the pages, somewhat to the reader's discomfort.

The book is distinctly a novel with a purpose—to show that life is real, life is earnest, and that by following the higher ideals one must be compensated for the sorrows and disappointments of life. The plot is cleverly managed; the

characters and pictures of present-day middle-class English life being vivid and interesting. But it is on her sane and hopeful attitude toward life that the author relies for the strength of her story; it is this sane hopefulness that will be remembered and which will give spiritual help to many readers.

A. G.

THE SHAKESPEARE CYCLOPAEDIA AND NEW GLOSSARY. *By John Phin. The Industrial Publication Company, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS book does not pretend to be for scholars; but for the ordinary reader who finds unknown words in Shakespeare that are not in the dictionary, and are usually only to be found in annotated editions or expensive commentaries. Very wisely the price of this book is a moderate one, so that anyone who can own a Shakespeare can have this useful addition to it, and feel that his money has been well expended.

THE CRISIS. *By Winston Churchill. With illustrations from the scenes of the play. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

THIS new edition of "The Crisis" is called the "James K. Hackett edition." Numerous illustrations, a rubricated page, and a decorative cover distinguish it from previous issues.

THE TIGER AND THE INSECT. *By John Habberton. Illustrated by Walter Russell. R. H. Russell, New York. \$1.20, net.*

THE author of "Helen's Babies" has, after twenty odd years, written another book along the same lines. "The Tiger and the Insect" is made up largely of the conversations and exploits of two little children, nieces of the young woman who comes out of the West, and who is supposed to write the story. Left in charge of these fun-loving and altogether remarkable babies, the aunt has many trials and troubles. But early in the telling a young man comes into the

story, and into the life of the aunt. Then there is love-making and courtship, in which Tiger and the Insect play no insignificant parts. The book is lighter in tone than any of Mr. Habberton's recent work, but it is bright and amusing; it is a mother's book and will find a place close to the mother heart.

J. P.

SPIRITUAL HEROES. *Studies of Some of the World's Prophets. By David Saville Muzzey. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.*

AS the author says in the preface of this book, it is "popular rather than scientific"; and accepting it so, one finds it eminently useful and possessed of a distinct value as a contribution to popular literature. The "spiritual heroes," gathered from world history, are those nine who to the author's mind "shall represent the progress of the idea of freedom (i. e., shall represent history) down to the Reformation." Here already is an indication of the author's mental bias, and one no sooner begins the reading of the book itself, than one discovers another—a thoroughgoing devotion to the principles of what is known as the "higher criticism." One would gather this indeed from the table of contents, where the name of Christ appears in the midst of those of Buddha, Socrates, and Mohammed, and to many this juxtaposition would be so repellent that it would condemn the work at once.

Such need have little fear, however, for while Mr. Muzzey adds nothing of value to the consideration of the "Life of Christ," his treatment of the subject is sufficiently reverent and respectful, and gives little ground for offense. It is indeed curiously objective, and the same is true of his attitude throughout the book. And herein lies the ground for the chief unfavorable criticism: viz., in portraying *spiritual* heroes, the attitude should be primarily subjective, while that of Mr. Muzzey is so critical and scientific that he misses his aim and succeeds in giving, not studies of the souls of his subjects, but clear, graphic, and often powerful epitomes of their outward lives. The impres-

sions he creates are remarkably sharp and penetrating, and he succeeds in a few words in placing before the reader the essential elements in the objective life of his subjects, but just because of this he often fails to prove his case, and after closing the book, one feels no more convinced than before that Mohammed and Luther were *spiritual* heroes, while one is forced to admit that were judgment to be rendered on the author's plea alone, St. Paul, St. Augustine, and Buddha must fail of achievement.

Scientific treatment is hardly successful as a means of proving spiritual eminence. That St. Augustine was what Mr. Muzzey claims is certainly true, but to establish this fact in words requires deep sympathy and profound comprehension, and those things the author shows scant signs of possessing.

Again, in the case of Buddha, the historic records are so scant, the documents so few, that scientific criticism finds little to build on. The greatness of Buddha is the greatness of the philosophic system developed by his followers: in the records of his life and words there is little wherefrom to build a plea.

In two instances Mr. Muzzey is almost wholly successful: in the cases of Jeremiah and Marcus Aurelius. Here the author is dealing with sympathetic types, and here also his method is less at fault than elsewhere. His portrait of Jeremiah the Prophet is brilliant and convincing to a degree, a most masterly composition in every way, and his presentation of the great philosopher-emperor is no less good.

R. A. C.

SEA FIGHTERS FROM DRAKE TO FARRAGUT. *By Jessie Peabody Frothingham. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.20, net.*

THIS work is intended primarily for juvenile readers; but its literary quality and much-in-little form will prove attractive to older ones. When eight biographical sketches of the most famous sailors in history are placed in one volume of four hundred pages the space devoted to each is necessarily

small; but these sketches are surprisingly pithy and comprehensive, including many facts heretofore overlooked by more voluminous historians. The subjects selected will occasion no criticism. Drake fitly leads, since he was first in point of time as well as in romantic interest. No story of sea-fighters would be complete without our own Paul Jones and Admiral Farragut, whose records are familiar to even the young people of to-day; but a new interest in them may well be aroused by the spirited narrative in this volume. Completing the list is the Frenchman, Vice-Admiral de Suffren Saint-Tropez, who is acknowledged to be the most distinguished seaman of French history, and whose active experience at sea covered a period of more than forty years. Of the opportunities thus presented for a strongly dramatic story the author takes full advantage. The volume contains several fanciful but vivid illustrations of sea fights, and the work is on the whole one which every real boy will read with delight and profit.

F. L. W.

WHARF AND FLEET. *Ballads of the Fishermen of Gloucester. With Illustrations from photographs. By Clarence Manning Falt. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50, net.*

THESE ballads were written in earnest, every line of them; and they are done with such evenness, such unwavering exactitude both in rhythm and phrase, that we momentarily expect to see a pendulum go back and forth as we read them.

Read them? Ah, no! That is a pleasure reserved alone for Mr. Falt, the author; for no other human being could hope, without semesters of preparation, to exorcise the demon of that maimed, illegitimate English. We think that the good fisher-folk of Gloucester pipe not to this dialectal pattern, which fails of reality because the writer has attempted to render the precise phonographic fact rather than the general melodic impression. It is not thus that Lowell worked, or Kipling.

C. N.

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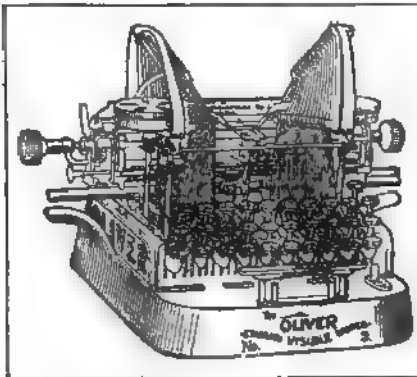
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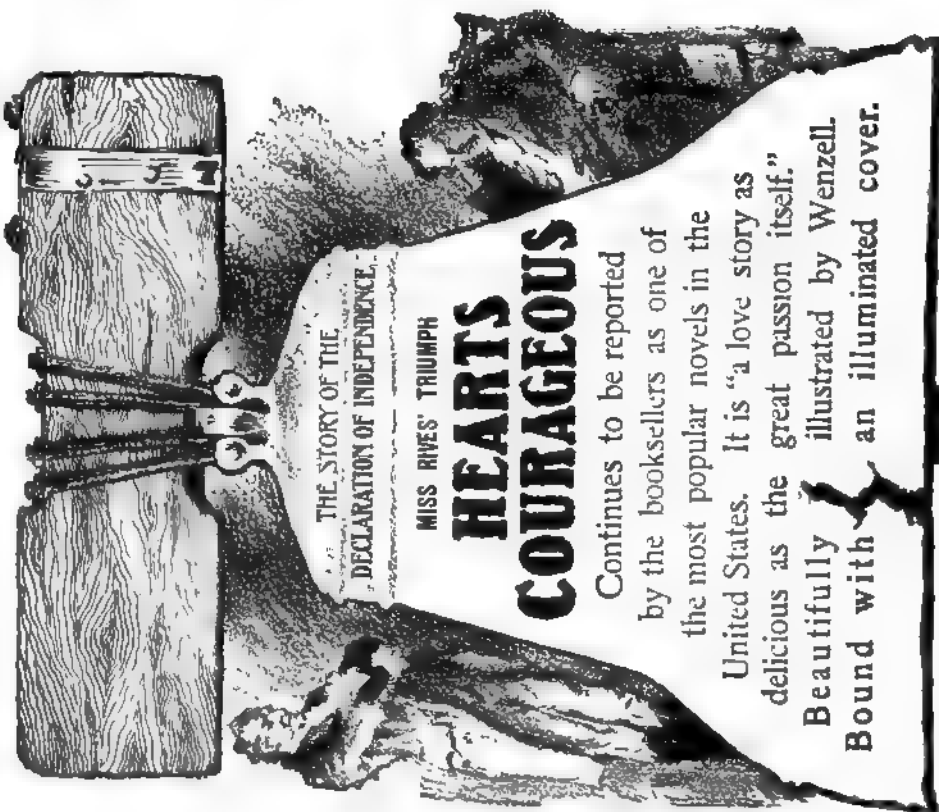
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MARCH

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An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of
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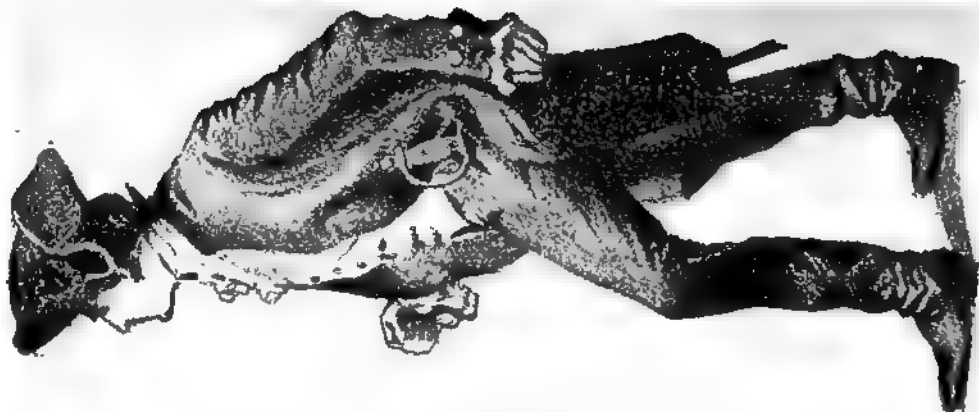
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THE READER

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MR. GEORGE GISSING

The Reader

VOL. I

MARCH, 1903

No. 5

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama

WILL "A Reader, New York," please send an address to us? We thought that anonymous communications were out of date, but from the number received at this office they seem to be very much in fashion. We owe thanks for the good wishes of numerous such correspondents.

We doubt if any series of literary articles has called forth such comment—favorable and otherwise—as "The Literary Guillotine." A day does not pass without our receiving letters from interested, and often excited, readers. For their information we announce that the series will close with the ninth installment.

WILLIAM Nicholson's characteristic handling of English types and portraiture is so well and favorably known in artistic circles that his "Twelve Portraits, Second Series," soon to be issued by R. H. Russell, will be awaited with expectant interest. The American representatives among these color likenesses are President Roosevelt, Mark Twain and Thomas Edison. Queen Alexandra and

Emperor William form the royal subjects of this collection.

WE think that it will shortly be announced that the author of the supposed "Journal of Arthur Stirling" is the writer of the editor's introduction, Mr. Upton Sinclair. Most people will condemn the taste of both author and publisher of this latest literary hoax.

WE fancy many of the literary romances and facts furnished by Clara E. Laughlin in her "Stories of Authors' Loves," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, are as much unknown as they are eagerly sought after by those to whom intimate details concerning their favorite authors make fascinating appeal. The prospectus propounding some of these queries runs like the old game of authors:

"What do you know about the burial of Rosetti's 'House of Life' sonnets, and their resurrection from the coffin of his long dead wife?"

"What do you know of the terrible

domestic tragedy in the life of Thackeray?"

"Everybody knows of the unhappiness of the Carlyles. Who knows the deliciously amusing facts of their courtship?"

"What characteristic oddity marked the domestic life of Edward Fitzgerald?"

Almost savors of a gossip, doesn't it?

AN announcement comes from Indianapolis to the effect that the name of Mr. Silas T. Bowen, of The Bowen-Merrill Company, who died in 1893, and whose estate has had no interest in the corporation for several years, has been dropped, and that the name of Mr. William C. Bobbs, president of the company since 1896, has been substituted. The Bobbs-Merrill Company announce further that there has been no change in ownership or management and that the business of the house will be continued along the same lines of purpose and policy as heretofore.

A REVISED and enlarged edition of "Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier," by Frank H. Severance, is announced by the Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland. The first edition of this study of American pioneer life and adventure, published in 1899, has long been out of print.

JUST previous to the Christmas holidays of 1900 the novelette "Jealousy," by Ernst von Wildenbruch, was published in Germany. Near the end of the first quarter of the story the pessimistic, lovable old Regierungsrat Graumann gives utterance to these sentiments: "Have you ever watched sparrows being fed? You throw a morsel—*sprrr!* and a sparrow is there. Another morsel—*rutsch!* another comes down. What does the first sparrow do? Leaves his own piece at which he was

picking, and attacks the newcomer. Why? Simply to prevent the other sparrow from getting something, too. The *canaille!* When people see such a spectacle they laugh. Ashamed is what they ought to be, instead of laughing. They ought to say to themselves that they behave just like the sparrows, exactly like them!" On page 54 of "Paul Kever," Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book, occurs this address to the reader: "Have you ever noticed a pack of sparrows round some crumbs perchance that you have thrown out from your window? Suddenly the rest of the flock will set upon one. There is a tremendous Lilliputian hubbub, a tossing of tiny wings and heads, a babel of shrill chirps. It is comical. 'Spiteful little imps they are,' you say to yourself, much amused. So I have heard good-tempered men and women calling out to one another with a laugh. 'There go those young devils chivvying that poor little beggar again; ought to be ashamed of themselves.' But, oh, the anguish of the poor little beggar!"

In this connection two facts are noticeable: an English translation of "Jealousy" has never appeared; at the time when the German story was published, or shortly afterwards, Mr. Jerome was in Germany.

MRS. Gertrude Atherton has collected and arranged "A Few of Hamilton's Letters," one of which, never before published, describes the hurricane which forms a prominent feature in "The Conqueror," and which, virtually, changed the whole course of Hamilton's life career. This eventful letter, after an extensive search, was found in the files of a St. Croix journal, West Indies, and is considered an important literary and historical document, in connection with this publication of the Macmillan Company.



WITH ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



WITH DUMAS PÈRE

ADAH Issues Menken, "The Royal," as she is called in our article culled from private letters and heretofore unpublished matter, contained in the collection of the late Peter Gilsey, to be sold at auction by Mr. John Anderson, Jr., seems by all signs of contrariety of nature to have been a changeling of Fate, destined in Embryo for the seats of the Mighty, but, through the imp Perversity, cradled in lowly places.

In the pages of her little book "Infelicia," dedicated to Charles Dickens, the eternal warfare between Soul and Flesh, Spirit and Body, takes shape in anguished outcry, much of which rings false, in crescendo notes of bitterness imperfectly vibrated—a discordance of the discordant. Or, again, her recitativ bewailing of self dies out like the soft sobbing of a spent wave at ebb-tide, "going out at the hueless gates of day"—as the pendulum of her life swings incessant between Love and Desolation. At other times, in epigram-

matic biblical groupings of prose, she laments in half-Pagan, half-Christian invocation to the God Eros; or, as in "Myself," gives a fine faint glow as of Consolation, sought and found:

"When these mortal mists shall unclothe the world, then shall I be known as I am!"

"When this world shall fall, like some old ghost, wrapped in the black skirts of the wind, down into the fathomless eternity of fire, then shall souls arise!"

The central interest of the above photograph of this writer and Swinburne is the tangible evidence of close friendship existing between them in the poet's youthful days—which friendship has always been directly denied by his friends and contemporaries; and while the filial devotion of Dumas père to this brilliant but erratic woman is too well known to need comment or featuring, the photograph is sufficiently unique, in itself, to warrant reproduction.

AS seen in an interview granted to the translator of this prayer from his latest book of verses, "*Prières de Tout*," Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac is in no way the travestied *outré* fashion-plate the sensational journals paint him; but simply the courteous, polished, well-dressed French society man of the period: a man of aristocratic poise—not pompous—erect carriage and distinguished mien; a man with a cordial, unartificial hand-clasp—which betokens much. Any ultra aestheticism of nature was not visible in his surroundings, unless a large vase of roses and an open fire such as any ordinarily unexacting individual might crave, should be considered damning evidence.

The Count comes to America as the representative of the old French Aristocracy and wishes to resuscitate some of the French writers who have not been appreciated either at home or abroad, "because they were true artists and did not write with a view to numerous editions and plethoric emolument." He will also take up artists who have been, more or less, ignored by the public, in his "*conversazione*"—as he prefers calling them, rather than "lectures."

If this gentleman also conceives that he has a mission to fulfill here, in propagating the cult of true symbolism and the better understanding of French symbolistic writers, it is "more true than truth," that the field is, as yet, unsown, and much misconception exists on the subject. The anathema of "decadence" rests unlawfully upon it and is confounded with it in the minds of the many.

The author of these "Prayers"—of which there are ninety-six, daintily illustrated in Mme. Madeleine Lemaire's best manner—shows careful, polished, but unexaggerated, diction, with no impression of standing on tip-toe to achieve results. Such music as is attainable only by the careful knitting

of consonants and vowels to perfection of euphony, pervades these verses that English words and a hasty translation fail to interpret justly. As the prayers of the "poet" and "physician," which are most favored by their author, seemed less pliable to the changes coincident upon translation, we have chosen as given below. It must be remembered that any single instance of a writer's work is unfair, both to writer and translator; for though, as Charles Whibley says: "Not seldom is it necessary to recede as far as possible from the original to ensure a harmonizing or a corresponding effect," in translations; nevertheless, in taking a single example, it is best to adhere as nearly as possible to the original context—as illustrative of the author's mode and strength, and manner of moulding it into thought-matter:

PRAYER OF THE BOOKBINDER

On judgment day, God's firmament
shall fold

Like to a book with golden star-
groups writ, and fraught
With Comets' fine-lined plates, etched
bold:—

The silver clasp from linked prayers
enwrought.

Like rewrit vellum, green, shall be en-
wound

The sea, where wave effaces wave;
and rife,
'Neath foam, there seeming throbs,—
in depths profound,—

That heart which, ceaselessly, pul-
sates 'twixt death and life,

Beside such scrolls, what worth these
books, by me

In choicest garb adorned and set in
case apart?

My untold woes, O Lord, I offer thee,
Rough bound within the parchment
covers of my heart.



*Comte Robert
de Montesquiou*

OUR picture of Mr. Bliss Carman is from a drawing by Mr. Henry Ospovat, an artist well known in London for his illustrations to editions of Shakespeare's sonnets and songs. Though a Canadian by birth, Mr. Carman has made his home in New York for several years, where he has written the poems and prose which have made his name familiar to all who care for poetry and books. Mr. Carman has recently accepted the editorship of "The Literary World," of Boston, now issued under the management of Messrs. L. C. Page and Company.

The first number of the new series betrays no radical transformation beyond the interest of a notable article by the editor, "The Man behind the Book," from which we quote the following:

"To know a good book is to know a good man. To be influenced by a trivial, or ignoble, or false book, is to associate with an unworthy companion, and to suffer the inevitable detriment. For the book, like the man, must be so true that it convinces our reason and satisfies our curiosity; it must be so beautiful that it fascinates and delights our taste; it must be so spirited and right-minded that it enlists our best sympathy and stirs our more humane emotions."

ANOTHER periodical which begins a new series with the February issue is "The Book Buyer," which is now called "The Lamp," from the well-known device of its publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The first number of "The Lamp" has all the attractive literary qualities of its predecessor, combined with superior typography and editorial direction.

THE initial quarterly issue of "The Journal of Comparative Literature" is a departure in the magazine field, as to its polyglot features; it

covers a general field of international literature which appeals to the scholar and student, and contains on its co-operative staff of editors such names as George E. Woodberry, Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University; J. B. Fletcher, Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University; and, among many other noted foreign authorities, Professor Ch. Dejob, University of Paris; Doctor Karl Vossler, University of Heidelberg; and Doctor H. C. Muller, of Utrecht.

Number one of "The Journal" is charmingly printed and arranged and its contents will make strong appeal to the class for whom it is intended. Professor Woodberry's prefatory editorial is dignified and stimulating.

THE following clipping from "The Protest," a minor magazine published in England, is startlingly appropriate to the "special" publications of more than one publishing house in America:

"To a certain publisher of De Luxe books.

You can bet your bottom sov.
We are on to your little caper.
A little ink, a little type,
And lots of plain white paper.

Special to Buyers of Books Who like to be Humbugged. Come all ye who are heavy Laden and give us twenty-five Shillings a time for a very fair seven-and-sixpenny volume. Bound in genuine Cork-Lino with a back label suitable for a doormat and a box that can be used for the cat."

MR. Maxfield Parrish will shortly start for Italy, where he will make the illustrations to accompany a series of articles called "Italian Gardens," by Mrs. Edith Wharton, which will be published in "The Century" in due course.



April, Bliss Carman
1902

IN dealing with "The pomp and glorious circumstance of Heraldry" (as Temple Scott, so mellifluously phrases it in his article on "The Artistic Book-Plate" in "Book-Plates of To-day," published by Tonnelé & Co.) no one is more competent to speak from full knowledge of his subject than Mr. Mortimer Delano, Poursuivant - of - Arms, whose heraldic book-plate, designed by himself, is given opposite. His subjoined remarks on "Ex Libris Armorial," therefore, have specific weight:

"The spirit of heraldry is purely mediæval and all armorial plates should be designed with this end in view. The heraldic part should, therefore, stand out from the general design:—should, in fact, be featured.

The general division is as follows: for book-plates or ex-libris:

The Armorial Plate—One that is heraldic within a general design, in keeping with the subject.

The Plain Armorial—One that consists only of coat-armor, without other designing. That is, a shield, helmet, crest, etc., and sometimes supporters.

The Pictorial Plate—One that is illustrative, without any heraldry.

The Cartouche Plate—Cartouche work, frames, etc., with names, etc., within.

The above, while not perhaps complete, covers the subject in general; so that one may know what they are collecting and how to arrange them in proper order.

In order to acquire knowledge of the proper, correct and spirited armorial book-plate a thorough study of the German school will be found most instructive, German designers being far ahead of the English and Americans in originating and executing armorial plates.

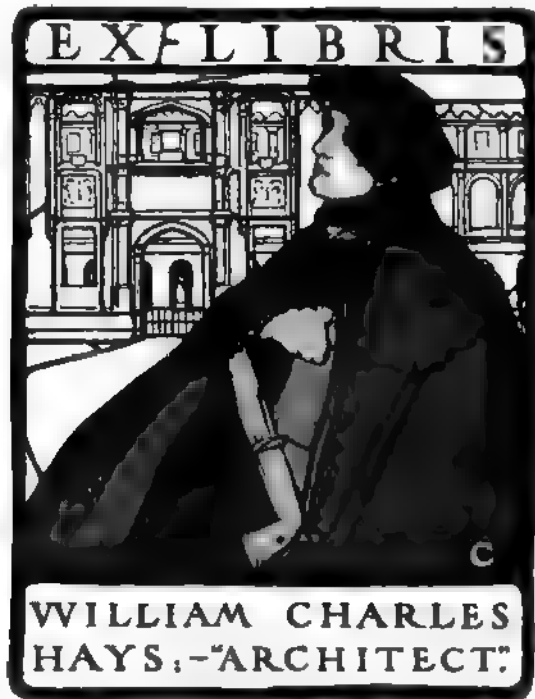
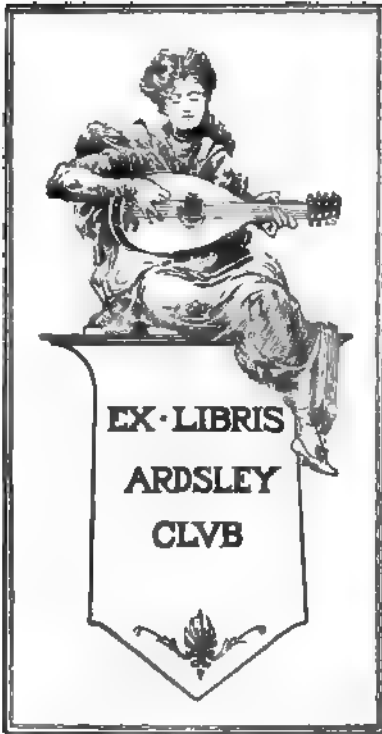
Mr. Thomas Tryon, who designed the book-plate for the Ardsley Club, is

known as one of the foremost artists in this line and has exchanged with most of the large collectors. His "Sovereign Book-Plate," designed for Mr. D. C. Borden's yacht, has acquired an added historical interest from its unexpected association with the Spanish war, as the yacht figured conspicuously in the early annals of this conflict under the name of "The Scorpion"; while not heraldic technically, Mr. Tryon treated this design in heraldic spirit,—formed of the prow of a Roman galley, trident, crest, Dauphin's crown and eagle.

The artistic book-plate, of which two striking examples, designed by Earl Stetson Crawford, are given here is,—again quoting Mr. Scott,—“the expression in decorative illustration of the proprietor's taste made by an artist who has sympathetically realized the feeling intended. It should objectify one, and only one, salient characteristic either of temperament, habit, disposition, or pleasure, of its owner. If it does less, it is not individual; if it does more, it is not satisfying.” As may be seen, Mr. Crawford,—who is a young artist of wide European experience,—a painter and decorator, as well as designer of book-plates,—fulfilled the above laid-down requisites of artistic oppositeness.

The book-plate designed for Miss Winifred Busby embodies her taste, as a most accomplished horsewoman, and represents her seated on her favorite saddle horse.

That of Mr. William Charles Hays, President of the T-Square Club, Philadelphia, fully characterizes his avocation as a successful architect. The typical student of architecture, in Paris, is shown carrying under his cape his portfolio of *esquisses*, from which the end of the T-square protrudes; the arch in the court of the "Ecole des Beaux Arts," appears as a background to this distinctive composition.



JOHN Addington Symonds, who has so generously unlocked the seals of Italian literature, has pointed out that no man can compass this result in one work, as it requires to be constantly considered in connection with the derivative literatures and those which it has influenced; and, since Jowett claims for the literary productions of the country a foremost place among the literatures of the world—weighing its representatives rather than counting them—any effort that places Italy's unknown works within our reach cannot be too much appreciated. The portraits of three of their greatest writers, who are briefly considered in the article on "The Historical Basis of 'The Valley of Decision,'" printed in this issue, have been reproduced from old editions, by courtesy of the librarian of the Astor Library, and a short biographical résumé of each, compiled from the best English, French and Italian authorities, follows herewith—as not amiss from the point of view that many are denied access to desired information relating to these subjects, because such a comparatively small amount of translated Italian matter exists, and so few are familiar with the language.

GUESEPPE Parini who was the first great Italian poet that bore decided traces of English influence, was born at Bosizio, in 1729, and died in 1799, at the age of seventy. He was a poor, sickly priest of humble parentage who entered the church as a means of existence; a man of noble principles and austere morality.

Permeated with poetic inspiration by nature, his blank verse is estimated as the best Italy has seen—a masterpiece of delicate, polished satire—while his minor pieces reveal the same remarkable power: all his work is instinct with clear and faithful imagery, just ideas and harmonious style such as might be

blent from Young and Pope. In his later years he created a form of ode for which there had been no previous precedent, but made his début in the world of letters through a collection of poems—under the pseudonym of *Ripano Eupililino*—which won him high meed of praise and membership of the first literary societies, although he did not become really renowned until 1763, when his "Il Mattino" appeared. On reading this work of verse Alfieri exclaimed: "This is the germ of a new type of satire in Italy." Shortly after this he was elected Professor of *belles-lettres* in the Palantine and at the Brera college, and afterwards became editor of the "Official Gazette" at Milan.

His most scathing satires were aimed at the manners and customs of the idle aristocracy about him, in describing whom he traced a satiric picture of his age; and although he never attacked vice after the manner of Juvenal, but used the weapons of irony and hyperbole with discretion, his work leaves an impression of strength and sincerity on the mind of the reader—the moderation of his language adding weight to his railleries that bear no trace of bitterness or exaggeration. He handles debauchery, idleness, selfishness and gluttony without seeming to touch them; and so delicate and unmalicious is his satire that those least inclined towards these methods are led, by unsuspected gradations, to insensibly share his contempt for the persons attacked. With infinite tact he derides the object of his ire, under the guise of flattery, his blow being the more sure in that it is unexpected—and even those whom he wounds mortally are obliged to attest to his graciousness and suavity.

His complete works have been published at Milan, where he was one of the administrators until the Austrians subjected him to such bitter persecution that he died from chagrin.



COUNT Vittorio Alfieri was born in the city of Asti, Piedmont, the 17th of January, 1749, and died the 8th of October, 1803. He was of noble and wealthy parentage—his affluence enabling him to devote himself to the interests of truth—and is entitled to high rank, not only as a writer but as a man, enthusiastic and intense by nature, and of most exalted mind. A philosopher, simple and irreproachable in his manners, he was imbued with enthusiastic and patriotic sentiments which he tried to disseminate through Italy.

His Autobiography is a work of intense interest, and, perhaps, the most thoroughly sincere among celebrated books of its order of literature. In it he details his numerous escapades, extensive travels, and divers *amours*, three of which were most memorable—his third adventure, that of the rescue of Louise von Stolberg from her drunken husband, by aiding her to escape to a convent, being world-famous.

He was naturally whimsical, arrogant and saturnine, but possessed of a generous heart and endowed with deep religious feeling. As poet and stylist he is not comparable to Corneille or Racine, and Arnold estimates him “a noble-minded, deeply interesting man, but a monotonous poet.”

He attributed to the Essays of Montaigne, which, when young, he carried with him everywhere as his constant travelling companion, his capacity for thought in later years. His first sonnet was composed in March, 1775, and at the age of twenty-seven he appeared before the public as the author of two tragedies, written in French prose. Driven from France by the storms of the revolution he settled at Florence, and there wrote his “Misogallo,” a furious denunciation of France; but his most successful play was “Saul.”

For several years he personally superintended the printing of his works

on the famous Beaumarchais press. Others were printed at Kehl. While in London he composed his American odes. Canova designed his mausoleum.

CARLO Goldoni, who has been called the Molière of Italy, and who occupies an important niche in the literary gallery of the eighteenth century, was born at Venice, 1707, and died in 1793. He was the son of a physician and was educated for a lawyer. In 1761 he went to Paris and spent the remainder of his life composing French dramas, but many of his best works were written in Venetian dialect; in the region of polite comedy he was his country's sole great representative.

He produced as many as sixteen works in one year, which elicited enthusiastic recognition from the people at the time, but, as an inevitable result of such precipitancy of work, this period of triumph was succeeded by the indifference of a satiated and changeable public. Through his influence regular drama, as imitated from the French, was substituted in Italy in place of the ancient style of improvised comedy.

He has neither the clear-cut genius of Dante nor the smiling skepticism of Boccaccio or Ariosto, but, outside these recognized Italian types of mentality, he represents another most prominent one identified by a certain amiability, sweetness and kindness of nature, such as is stamped indelibly on his lineaments.

He is too Venetian to have ever become universal—a product of the Venetian decadent school, and a disciple of the philosophy of the eighteenth century.

His country paid due, though late, tribute to this writer whom Voltaire calls, “The Interpreter and Son of Nature,” by erecting mausoleums to his memory, one in Florence, in 1873, and another in Venice, in 1880.





VICTOR GOLLANCZ

The Historical Basis of "The Valley of Decision"

BY ALINE GORREN

THE most dominant characteristic of "The Valley of Decision" is its admirable fusion of the manners and customs, the traits and the mental habits of the time of which it treats; the greatest charm it affords is that of a final refreshment, as it were, and a vivid visualization of impression received in a scattered form through the pages of the Italian writers of the eighteenth century: through the plays of the age, romantic if in the case of Carlo Gozzi, realistic if in the case of Goldoni, heroically sentimental if in the case of Metastasio; through the satires of Parini and Gaspare Gozzi; through the social notes and records contained in a biography of such as Vittorio Alfieri's, or memoirs such as Casanova's. Hints dropped in contemporary correspondence, those most significant historical indications yielded up by the half-veiled skits of humorists like Pietro Verri, all have gone into Mrs. Wharton's crucible to the creating of a golden whole unparalleled, except for a few brilliant examples, as a composite photograph of a country and an epoch.

Of course it is of the early youth of Alfieri, that first of modern Italian patriots, that the reader is at once reminded in following the juvenile experiences of Odo Valsecca. Mrs. Wharton has given to her protagonist a Piedmontese origin, and Piedmont

was the birthplace of the author of "Saul," of "Myrrha," of "Philip II." The fictitious Odo's maternal grandfather, the old Marquess of Donnaz, might well have belonged to the same family as Alfieri's mother, to that Maillard de Tournon family, whose harsh-sounding, half-French name (the name that Alfieri spoke of as "barbarous") seems, like so many other Piedmontese names that grate uncouthly upon the ear after the liquid terminals of the purely Italian nomenclature, to typify the hardier, if rougher, temper, and the more direct, if perhaps less subtle, habits of mind that made Piedmont and the house of Savoy the eventual saviors of Italy and instruments of her unification. Alfieri himself continued through life, indeed, in some aspects of his nature and genius—and those the strongest—characteristically Piedmontese. That fierce impatience with Capuan languors and Lydian enervations that caused him so to hate the servile dependence of the various Italian states on Austrian, or Spanish, dominion, and on French influence, might well have been inherited from predecessors whose austere existence had been passed for many months each year, in mountain castles set in the view of Alpine snows, where religion had a disciplinary rigidity almost Calvinistic, certainly untainted by Jesuit indulgences; and

ownership of large estates was still looked upon as feudal right, *par la grâce de Dieu*. Alfieri's "Vita" contains, indeed, no such account as Mrs. Wharton gives of Odo Valsecca's childhood days among the foothills that rise up from the great Northern Italian plain. Yet Mrs. Wharton's knowledge shows in nothing more surely than in her choice of her hero's first home and associations. Of the region and influences she selects came some of the most vivid of those of Italy's sons who, in one way or another, from the latter half of the eighteenth century onward, passionately worked for the *risorgimento*. She has not made her Valsecca one of the more consciously militant precursors of Italian nationalization, but rather one of those superior men, signally typical of the whole period, who felt that almost everything was wrong in the old dispensation without knowing how the new should be ushered in; and all these men had much the same educative influences as Odo. Pietro Verri, born in 1728, his better-known fellow writer and fellow political economist Beccaria, born ten years later, and Alfieri again, to cite no others, received their first instruction at home from an extremely ignorant priest—"un prete ignorantissimo"—later entering—this, at least, in the case of Alfieri and Verri—the service of the King of Sardinia. In the life of Odo at the Royal Academy of Turin, we follow very closely the life of Count Vittorio Alfieri of Asti, as related in the autobiography. We meet again the architect Benedetto Alfieri, the poet's cousin, whose enthusiastic classicism palled upon the latter in his untutored youth, but to whose rare gifts and spirit Mrs. Wharton has done full justice, and we have a glimpse of an amorous intrigue carried on in the mode and fashion in vogue throughout eighteenth century Italy, an intrigue of the same sort as that of which Al-

fieri has much to say in the *Autobiography*.

Nothing is more important, and nothing done with more charm in this part of Mrs. Wharton's book, than the scene at the theatre in which Odo first hears one of Metastasio's melodramas. The change which took place in Italy, in the eighteenth century, from the "commedia dell' arte" to the modern form of playwriting, makes one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of dramatic art. The loosely-outlined piece of dramatic presentation in which a certain number of set characters occurred again and again, while to each one was assigned a part the mere skeleton of which was written down, the rest being filled in by the actor's own spontaneous invention—the original manifestation of the drama, in short, as it came from Greece, and was first evolved from the dithyrambic rhapsodies of the Dionysian games—had lingered longer in Italy than elsewhere. It was rooted with astonishing firmness in the very nature of the people; a people in whom the race of the "improvvisatore" is not yet extinct. It was Carlo Goldoni, of course, who brought about the change to the closer and truer dramatic characterization. The man who died in his old age in comfortable obscurity at the French court began life along the canals and in the narrow alleyways of Venice, and there, in those declining days of the Republic, his keen eye studied and his genius reproduced those types of Venetian life which, in his hands, ushered in true Italian comedy. Metastasio, though he also gravitated to a great court, led a life very different from Goldoni's, one more protected, through the beneficence of friends, from work and stress. A natural "improvvisatore," he, with a heaven-born gift of mellifluous rhyme, it was not the natural, but the idealistically-beautiful that appealed to him. He

saw heroic visions and dreamed poetic dreams. His verse lent itself marvelously to a musical setting, and one can well imagine the lovely Italian words and eighteenth century music producing on his audience the effect which Mrs. Wharton describes as having been produced on Odo.

Mrs. Wharton's chapters on Venice and the life of the Patricians in their sumptuous villas on the Brenta, sum up accurately, if discreetly, many pages in Casanova, in those Memoirs written in French in 1797, and published in Brussels in 1833, whose authenticity has been so much contested; and they have further foundation in Mutinelli, in Cesare Cantù's history of the Republic, in Molmenti's "Dogaresse," not to mention many other sources.

According to Romanin, there were one hundred and thirty of these villas from Mestre to Treviso. They belonged to such families as the Cornaro, the Andruzzi, the Tron, the Contarini, etc., some of whom kept a retinue of "forty or fifty servants, and from five to ten gondolas in the house." When Bonaparte was in Italy he declared the villa Manin to be like a royal residence. At all these places open house was kept, with all manner of hangers-on, guests whose comic or trivial peculiarities have been preserved for us with such vivid realism by Goldoni and others. Mrs. Wharton's picture of the Procurator's lady recalls what we know of Caterina Tron, whom a later historian has likened to Madame d'Epinay, and who reigned over one of the salons of the time, though, indeed, her popularity could not rival that of her sister-in-law, the beautiful Cecilia Zon Tron, whose sway was acknowledged by all sorts and conditions of men, and about whose lounge crowded professional dancers, pantomimists, singers and adventurers, as well as her peers.

No more perfect type of the adventurer ever lived than Giacomo Casa-

nova, and it is natural that his verdict on the moral life of Venetian women in the middle years of the eighteenth century should be subject to doubt, the doubt which attaches to the view-point of an unscrupulous libertine. But that feminine society, both noble and plebeian, both in and out of the convents, was much what he avers is amply attested elsewhere. In the convents, places of refuge for the unmarried daughters of impoverished families, there was in most cases neither religion nor decency—"L'amor profano orrendamente trionfava," says Mutinelli. Venetian ideals where women were concerned were always perhaps indicated by Venetian painters, by Titian, Tiepolo, Giorgione, Tintoret. And yet, if the pleasure-loving, sensuous type of feminine loveliness was incomparably in the ascendant in the eighteenth century, there existed, in strange juxtaposition to it, a type of such rare elevation and nobility as, few though its representatives may have been, never to have been surpassed. Italy had at no period been without one, or more, of those women of rare attainment and commanding intellect who have carried on, in all classic countries, while often not with the same morals, the traditions of the Greek Aspasia. Maria Gaetana Agnesi lived a cloistral life, and died, in 1799, as superintendent at the Trivulzio hospital in Milan. She held the chair of mathematics at the university of Bologna, where Laura Bassi already held the chair of philosophy. Other women there were—some noble, like that Countess Clelia Borromeo Grillo, who founded an academy, philosophic and literary, but the majority of that higher middle class amongst the most advanced members of which the new ideas of the French Encyclopædists were beginning to gain wide influence—who took an interest in bettering the condition of the people, and strove, more or less consciously, to fur-

ther the growing impulse toward reform.

The character of the daughter of the philosopher and physicist Vivaldi is thus perfectly representative. It is significant to remember in this connection that Austrian rule under Maria Theresa meant many beneficent changes for Lombardy, the example of which could not be quite lost on the rest of Italy. Emperor Joseph II., her successor, also struggled hard to do away with many abuses. And his efforts resulted also in many instances, partly because of the tactlessness with which they were enforced, and partly because of the ignorance of the people, precisely as Mrs. Wharton has shown the efforts of the Duke of Pianura and of Fulvia to have resulted.

It was a daughter of Maria Theresa, and a sister of Joseph II., Maria Amalia, who married the Duke Ferdinand of Parma and Piacenza who appears to have served as Mrs. Wharton's prototype for the Duke of Pianura whom Odo succeeds. And again, by the way, Mrs. Wharton's instinct and knowledge are well-shown in her choice of Parma as a state in which most characteristically to study the life of an Italian ruler in the second half of the eighteenth century. Duke Ferdinand had been brought up under the influence of the Encyclopædists, nevertheless he turned devout in the latter part of his life, with a sickly devoutness which took all manner of grotesquely superstitious forms, yet did not prevent him from worshipping likewise at the shrine of the flesh. There is no more curious character in the history of the time; none more complex, nor one which more perfectly epitomizes the deteriorating influences of the conflicting forces of the moment. Here we have the worst influences at work upon a sensitive mind called to rule in a period of dissolution of all political, religious and social institutions; while in the imaginary Odo

we have the effect portrayed on a mind equally sensitive, but instinct with a natural nobility.

As for the Maria Clementina of Mrs. Wharton's fiction, we recognize in her without difficulty some hints of the real Maria Amalia, whose pseudo-political machinations, and whose turbulences of spirit, were such as to cause Joseph II. to threaten to have her shut up in a convent.

It was natural that at such a court as this the Illuminists should have been able to arouse strong curiosity. Free Masonry had just begun to make its way into Italy. There are indications in the life of Goldini that he was suspected of having been in touch with the Free Masons. The history of the Illuminists, and of certain of the adventurers and impostors who were among them, throws a curious light on some of the more hidden workings of the human mind a century and a half ago.

In the character of Heiligenstern it is easy to recognize more than a hint of the notorious Cagliostro—of Giuseppe Balsamo—who has been called one of the three great adventurers of the eighteenth century, the other two being Casanova and Gorani. Almost repulsive in physical appearance, Cagliostro still wielded over those with whom he came in contact an astonishing influence. He practised every sort of jugglery and black art, claimed to read the future in his crystal-gazings, and was not without his share of romantic adventure in connection with the softer sex. He married a beautiful woman, named Lorenza Feliciani, who became his accomplice and coadjutor, and with whom he travelled over Europe giving mysterious séances. It is probable that he acquired the secrets of the Illuminist doctrines, at Frankfurt, from Weishaupt, the founder of the sect; but Cagliostro's own specialty, so to speak, was what he termed the Egyptian cult, that being a medley of esoteric lore

which he had learned in Messina from a Greek called Altotas, who claimed to be the last repository of the occult sciences of the ancients. The historian Cantù says of Cagliostro that he was "a mixture of dignity and knavery, of learning and ignorance"; that he was "grasping and yet generous; and endowed with a gift of rough and yet copious eloquence"; and sums him up as being an *intrigant*, and yet "capable of enthusiasm." The son of a merchant of Palermo, where he was born in 1743, he became the guest of princes and kings, connected at the French court with the celebrated incident of the Queen's Necklace, and in Russia compelled to leave the court of the great Catherine because of the favor with which her minister Potemkin was supposed to have looked upon his wife.

Mrs. Wharton makes one of her most dramatic climaxes in the scene in which the Abate de Crucis, acting as the instrument of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, unmasks the pseudo-healer Heiligenstern, while the spectators stand bathed in an atmosphere of ravishing perfumes (which, by the way, it was one of Cagliostro's chief tricks to know how to produce). The Inquisition dogged the real Giuseppe Balsamo relentlessly, and confession having been extorted from his wife, it found means at last to bring about his downfall and end.

Charlatan as he was, Cagliostro must still be looked upon, probably, as one of the forces of the century that led to the emancipation of the future; and that simply through his association with Free Masonry. De Crucis and Heiligenstern are confronted in Mrs. Wharton's book, which is right, since the confrontation of Free Masonry with the Jesuits epitomizes the great struggle of the age between the liberating impulses of free inquiry and the effort of the Church to muffle the new voice of reason and criticism. Odo Valsecca's

career is conceived of at the psychological instant when the Church had become aroused to the peril lurking for her in the ever-wider dissemination of the ideas of the Encyclopædists, and with these ideas every new lodge of Free Masons anywhere formed in Italy, or supposed to be formed, was understood to be imbued. With Ganganelli's bull Jesuitical power was held to have been annulled, and yet perhaps the might of the Society had never been more dreaded. In her delineation of De Crucis Mrs. Wharton was happily inspired. This is not the Jesuit nefariously scheming against human intelligence, or laxly condoning the crooked path to the perhaps righteous end, condoning it, that is to say, out of self-interested complaisance. The author has drawn a truer picture. The hedonistic, materialist element in the Church is ably represented by the Bishop of Pianura, a sort of belated Leo X., willing to forget all vexed theological problems in the contemplation of a rare bronze, a unique coin or gem. But it was not in this direction that lay the chief weaknesses of the Society of Jesus. De Crucis is a fit exponent of the better side of a body of doctrines whose Opportunism rests on a firm philosophical foundation, a body of doctrines that maintains that richer results may be secured by following the curves of nature than by running counter to its angles. "Though Odo had been acquainted with many professed philosophers," says Mrs. Wharton of De Crucis, "he had never met among them a character so nearly resembling the old stoical ideal of temperance and serenity, and he could never be long with him without reflecting that the training which could form and nourish so noble a nature must be other than the world conceived it." Here is expressed the more truly intelligent view of the Society of Jesus, the one borne out by the records of its history.

Whatever relates to the Church is indeed treated with Mrs. Wharton's best and subtlest powers of insight; and the same can be said of her entire presentation of the complex social situation of Italy in the period coincident with the Revolution in France. De Crucis is finely shown to have been, true as he was to his faith, perfectly cognizant of the need for reform, and of the forces at work to bring that reform about. It is, of course, a well-known fact that the clergy in France—that portion of it, at least, whose humbler situation brought it directly into contact with the people—perfectly understood the bearings of the problems which culminated in the Reign of Terror. There were many equally thoughtful men in the Church in Italy, though, naturally, there were also retrograde influences ineradicably bound up with the century-long privileges and powers of Rome.

The final catastrophe is in accordance with the data relative to the dissolution of all the Italian duchies and principalities. Odo encounters, as a reigning Duke, striving to introduce fiscal improvements, to drain and cultivate unproductive lands, and, finally, to put his state on a constitutional basis, that latent opposition in the ignorance of the very people whose welfare he is seeking to further which had stood in the way of other political innovators. Though the house of Austria had really done much for the betterment of the Italian states under its suzerainty credit was never given it for its good offices. The Church objected to the suppression of religious orders, the nobility objected to the curtailment of its prerogatives. The populace had superstitions in which it did not wish to be disturbed. Above all there was throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula a drowsy and nerveless acquiescence in servitude to the two foreign houses of Bourbon and Haps-

burg, which Cesare Cantù is inclined to ascribe largely to the fashion of *cicisbeismo* among the youth of the land. Free and the equal of men, as the Italian woman of the Renaissance has been considered, there had come in, with Spanish rule, a different state of things, a starched insistence on feminine effacement and seclusion that Spain, in its turn, had imbibed from its contact with Moorish civilization. With Prince de Vaudremont, however, the last of the Governors under the Spanish flag, a new day had dawned for society in Lombardy. The Prince affected the manners and customs of the court of Versailles. The institution of the *cavaliere servente* was the outcome of the resultant enfranchisement of young and pretty women long suppressed. Most of the native writers of the period speak of it as without moral consequence. Thus Goldoni, in whose plays the *cicisbeo* is a lap-dog who does not disturb family peace; and Giuseppe Baretti, who calls him "the successor of those poets who spent their life lauding the eyes, the hand, the tresses of a beautiful and chaste mistress; or of those paladins who fought in tournaments for their lady." The custom, nevertheless, so recurrently and brilliantly satirized by Gaspare Gozzi, by Pietro Verri, and notably by Parini, does not seem to Cantù to have been less deleterious if not always associated with vice, but rather more. "Thus," he says, "was the flower of Italian youth emasculated in a light and perpetual, lying comedy of affection, in acts which feigned love, in hand-kissing, in dancing attendance, in holding ladies' trains and fans."

The emasculation—however much, or little, it may have been really due to this cause of effemination among the younger men—was everywhere. The historian Tivaroni draws particular attention to the fact that even those nobler spirits—like Alfieri and Parini,

and Gaspare Gozzi, and Beccaria in the North, and the Neapolitan Filangieri in the South—who were conscious of the stagnation, moral and mental, that had immersed all Italy, neither dreamed of a future nationalization for all its sundered, petty states, nor even remotely worked, in any active sense, toward such a consummation. (Alfieri he does, in a measure, except, calling him “*un uomo intero* in a generation of half men.”) The rulers of the states, and these states themselves, went blindly on toward their undoing, engrossed in trivial amusements, in the pleasures of life, or in etiquette-mongering. In Lombardy eating, according to Goldoni’s memoirs, was one of the great occupations of existence. “You cannot walk out in Milan, nor frequent any place of amusement of any sort, without hearing talk of eating. They eat at the theatre, at play, in family conclaves, at the races, in processions, at spiritual conferences.” “The days of the Venetian Republic were numbered, but Venice pursued,” says Molmenti, “her accustomed life of pleasure and luxury”—emitting, as one of her last acts, ordinances for the funeral ceremonies of future Dogar-esses, with infinite detail and futile particularity. “Just as the Republic, which had conquered at Lepanto, was playing doll after this fashion,” he goes on, “the head of a King and Queen were rolling from a scaffold.”

Rulers after the manner of Odo, there were not many in the days, a little after, when, in the words of Vernon

Lee, “Pius VI. was being taken to Avignon, and Paris was being sacked, and Venice was being sold.” Not many who could feel the drift of the risen wind, and to whom it carried the full force of the meaning of those satirical lines of the Abate Parini:

“Forse vero non è, mas un giorno è
fama
Che fur gli nomini eguali, . . .”

Odo was not of those who could believe in the equality of men as it had been proclaimed by the frenzied mobs of Paris. But, given a little more power of action, he might well have been a representative of the saner, and broader judgment of the few who desired to bring about a great measure of equality without subverting the existing order of things. Most significant is the last paragraph of the last chapter, where, his capital fallen into the hands of revolutionaries, and his duchess returned to her own Austrian home, he escapes alone, a fugitive. In the cataclysm that surrounds him he turns, now a simple soldier of fortune, toward Piedmont. And this is symbolic. Already there were preliminary movements on the part of the house of Savoy which might, to a prophetic vision, have indicated the future. It was out of Piedmont that, several decades later, that unifying power was to come whose destiny it was to realize some of the ideals that a handful of Italians of the stamp of Valsecca had long and vainly entertained.

Ballade of Ancient Bards

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

SHADES of Homer and Pindar, too,
Wraiths of the bards of long ago,
Ye who sung when the world was new,
Gazing up at Olympus' snow;
Xenophanes and pale Sappho,
All of the classic band divine—
This is the thing that I fain would know:
How much pay did you get per line?

Virgil, artist so chaste and true,
Singing the grief of fair Dido,
Martial, Catullus—a motley crew—
Ovid, writing himself Naso;
Terence, dealing a deadly blow,
Veiled in laughter and pointed fine—
This is the thing that I fain would know:
How much pay did you get per line?

Dante, poet of pain and rue,
Venturing down where the Styx doth flow,
With only Virgil as guide to you,
To find Francesca and Paolo;
Caedmon, lispings your numbers low,
Chaucer, loved of the ancient Nine—
This is the thing that I fain would know:
How much pay did you get per line?

L'ENVOI

Drachmae, asses and other dough,
'Tis the same when it comes to meat and wine—
Only this do I seek to know:
How much pay did you get per line?

Youthful Discoveries

BY JOHN W. HERBERT

WHEN we have arrived at years of literary discretion — which seldom happens until we have reached what is variously known as “the usual,” or, in certain localities, “the Cambridge age,” or, “between thirty” as Mark Twain, I believe, puts it—do not the most of us find that there was some one book in our school-days which was a guide-post, marking the turning-point of our taste? Before this, we liked indifferent books indifferently well; afterwards there was a change. We did not notice the change at the time, nor for years, may be: perhaps every one, even at this age, has not noticed it. If you have not, stop a moment, and think. I am quite sure there was such a change. It may not have been the whole of a book that pointed—it may have been some one good poem in a chance collection, some great novel happened on by accident, or a volume of essays carelessly taken up.

It does not make any difference what it was—there is all literature as possibility—but there is one reasonably sure thing about it—it was not a school book nor one given to you with the definite, or at least expressed, idea of its being the fateful volume. Somehow any book which was thrust at you never took your fancy; you were sure it was stupid or moral or “improving”; and even if you read it and liked it, it did not go to your heart and soul. It was by accident—though if you had wise

directors they might have put it in your way without calling your attention to it—that you discovered this wonderful book.

I say “discovered,” for that is what always happens. The young mind always discovers its first great book, never looks for it—nor expects to find it—it comes fresh of the world, as if no soul had ever cared for it before. When you had found your book, you were overwhelmed, breathless, silent, thinking to yourself “can such things be, and the world not know?” Then, if you were of a communicative turn of mind, you went, enthusiastic, to some one in whom you trusted and told him of your “find”; and if he was the right sort he took you seriously, and did not make fun of your innocence and inexperience. Remember this, you who are found worthy of being the confidant of a young discoverer: do not dash him to earth with ridicule, or kill his enthusiasm with a sneer. If, on the other hand, you were of a secretive mind, you hugged your discovery in your soul; you did not breathe of it for fear—for fear of a something you could not analyze; but you hugged it in a sort of jealous ecstasy, dreading the unknown. If you were of a cautious turn, you tried to speak nonchalantly of it to some one—to test your taste; and you found it good.

That is another certain thing about this book—it is always good. No bright young mind ever “discovers”

in this way a bad or a foolish book. It is the flash from the great known down to the great unknown; from the world-mind to the child-mind, making the child the inheritor of the ages. Once this flash comes to you, nothing can keep you in the dark; you are in the circuit which has illuminated the ages. Of course, you may often wander about outside, in the gloaming, and have a very good time; no one wants the great white glare all the time. But you can always get back again into the light when you want to, if once, of your own self, you have been caught in this flash of literary taste.

A list of these youthful discoveries

might be interesting, though it would probably be as long as the list of the people who made it. But whether it was Emerson's "Essays," "Vanity Fair," "Richard Feverel," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," or any one of thousands more, your thought is the same: how much you owe to it! How lucky you are if you still possess the identical volume! I possess mine, it is—but single instances are interesting only to the person concerned; think of your own discovery, thank God for it, and put the same book unostentatiously, and unheralded, in the way of some young person whom you love.

With Pipe and Book

BY JOHN N. HILLIARD

WITH pipe and book! The wind may blow,
And drive before it flocks of snow;
What matter if the world to-day
Be cheerless in its cowl of gray?—
Inside the gas-logs brightly glow.

The books invite—a goodly row;
I choose—you gasp—Boccaccio!
The dullest hour is thus made gay
With pipe and book.

Upward the wimpling smoke-wreaths go,
I reckon not now of friend or foe,
Since Fiammetta holds full sway,
And banishes all care away;—
Ah! who would find the hours slow
With pipe and book?

The Gentle Art of Essay Writing

BY ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

IN considering the afflictions of literary men—a topic which if not cheerful and engaging has at least the merit of copiousness—one must be impressed by the fact that the essayist may be proclaimed blessed among writers. He should in truth use as a formula of daily gratitude quaint old Shaftesbury's unctuous sentence: "Peace be with the soul of that courteous and charitable author who for the common benefit of his fellow men introduced the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing!" For if one considers literature only in the history of two other forms of expression, poetry and fiction, equally if not more beguiling to the gentle reader, he is but a poor observer who does not conclude that the noble and seductive profession of letters is an avocation highly lamentable and suicidal. The abundant and pathetic records of poets who have starved, suffered and even died in Apollo's arduous service—Keats, Chatterton, Heine and numerous other martyrs—agonizing as though they were a race hateful to the gods; the sorrowful memoirs of story-tellers who have eked out miserable existences, and finally left this world on the bad eminences of garret-floors, are tales piteous enough to wring a flint-heart and to cast sinister reflection on the life which would seem to have been their irksome doom rather than their free choice as a career.

It would indeed be small wonder if the conscientious reader who has taken

repeated delight in these sad gentlemen's strife with fate would in some moment of honest outrage and scrupulosity cry out: "For pity's sake, sweet sirs, desist, the pleasures you bestow upon our leisure hours are not worth such precious pains!"

It is not necessary to refer to biographies for the distressing facts—so far as that is concerned the lives of essayists likewise often contain thoughts too deep for tears. But not only from the biographies, but from the very golden pages of a poet's or a novelist's work the sad truths stare one in the face. The actual length of a novel, and the longer and better the more does this hold, is but a monument of a man's life-blood. Syllables, words, paragraphs, mightily heaped upon one another in many a masterpiece of romance, would, if they could, cry out and tell in what anguish they were born; plots would bemoan the laborious vigils that hatched them; characters lament the toil that developed them. No parent in the flesh has ever known the solicitude of one who has spiritually fathered characters of fiction. Consider, for instance, the disappointment in a character deemed in early chapters a being of promise who, as the story progresses, turns out so recalcitrant. No consoling hope has the literary parent that as the twig is bent is the tree inclined—brain-children being most difficult to bring up in the away they should go. Furthermore,

though a proper hero or heroine be distinctly conceived in the mind from long clothes to his valiant death; or, as it may be, to her brilliant marriage, there is the additional worry of corraling him or her with the minor characters into respective and complementary places. Many an author has groaned in waking and sleeping hours over the sad pranks of his unhappy progeny, wretched Frankensteins that lure him on, now to perilous climaxes, anon to stand sullen and immovable, deaf to his entreaties.

As for the divine art of poetry, it is an old story of how sad a race the poets are. It is true, things are not so bad with them as formerly; Stephen Phillips's successes and the recent unprecedented incident of the English philanthropist who sent the poet, Newman Howard, £100 as a token of appreciation, point to better times for the devotees of Apollo. But unless conditions continue to improve, it would not be surprising if in this altruistic age the reading and writing of poetry came under the notice of Consumer's Leagues as an immoral and murderous proceeding. For when one considers it, are not factory and sweat-shop systems rivalled by conditions wherein young Keatses and Chattertons "learn in suffering what they teach in song?"

Eventually, let us hope there will be a committee for the prevention of cruelty to these lyric spirits. Perhaps some humane Out-Door Society may transport them to some Arcadian isle on whose pleasant shores it will not be suicidal "to meditate the thankless muse," but where so serious an occupation may be alternated with occasional happy chances "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade." It is too cruel that the devoted bard should be a "toiling, moiling, self-sacrificing individual" as was the illustrious Miss Miggs.

The essayist, on the other hand, is the gentleman among writers. His

genealogy in Letters is one of the most aristocratic. For the essay had its birth not as a professional mode of writing, as for instance, play-writing. The men who in the eighteenth century began to express their views of society and politics in the essay had other means of support, and this was a labor of love if at all a labor. Rather was it an occasional occupation, an amusement, a graceful accomplishment. Some one has said: "It was as though the age had abandoned the massive broadsword of an earlier time to play at thrust and parry with the foils."

In the history of the ingenious way of writing which Shaftesbury praises, what evidence is there of such harrowing cases of the writer's fever as have tortured poets and novelists? If we except the palpitant pages of Mr. Carlyle who, with all respect to his manes, enjoyed being vehement and self-torturing as some young women enjoy being miserable, is not the essay the most serene form of writing? Does not one, rightly made, flow along as though it were a natural performance of the human mind? The very passion that is the *sine qua non* of the poet appears not in its pages, not otherwise, at least, than as a controlled and smouldering fire. *Esprit* it may have but not the great passion, the fine madness of the poet. For sanity, suavity, dignity are the prerequisites of the essayist. In this somewhat aristocratic form of writing a man's not a man for a' that. The Muse may wear a homely guise through pages of poetry, but not in the essay. It allows no place for the turgid, the uncouth. Nor has the pessimist any hope to charm. His heart may wear a glistening grief, but his pages must not too plainly reveal the fact—he must temper his sadness into a gentle melancholy as did Elia so immortally and, if he be so afflicted, shade his cantankerousness as did Hazlitt. Among authors he is the

counterpart of the gentle reader. Macaulay gave a keynote in his *Life of Addison*: "the great satirist who knew how to use ridicule without abusing it."

The essayist must assume a virtue if he have it not. Nor does this appear to have offered him any difficulty. On the contrary, he would seem to have had a proclivity most remarkable for dropping into character. How easily a certain familiar essayist wears a graceful modesty whom we know to have been a gentle but consummate egotist. With what delicate satire did the author of "The Tattler" rate misdemeanors for which "Dear Prue" had sometimes to give him wifely reproaches! How virtuously Bacon advocates certain morals which he egregiously lacked! With what unction will the just and unjust alike when once turned essayist strut sanctimoniously through an ethical, fine-sounding sentence in which they gradually wax so enthusiastic over some virtue's fair aspect as ultimately to identify it with their own integrity. Fancy Montaigne sitting in his Round Tower of Perigord discoursing serenely of some valor of antique heroes entirely foreign to himself—though indeed he honestly admitted somewhere that if he had any virtue "it got in by stealth."

There is no satisfaction equal to these gentle writers' content in their own accomplishment. "I am willing," wrote Dr. Johnson, "to flatter myself with the hope that in collecting these papers, I am not preparing for my future life either shame or repentance." If the truth might be ascertained it were safe to say we should discover that his fellow-essayists feel a similar content. Mr. Henley laid down his pen from his "Views and Reviews" with the earnest *envoi* that he hopes they are "mostly by way of being true" and moreover, he hints, a trifle freer from the moths he finds in Ruskin's and Hazlitt's criticism. Mr. Birrel does not avow himself, but his brisk style has the gleeful

movement of a runner proud and assured of a race well-run. For the form of writing to whose honor she has so charmingly contributed, Miss Repplier confesses prettily her preference, declaring how delightful a source of reading the essay is, being all for study and repose, while fiction on the contrary is an excitement and a distraction.

But it is small wonder that the essayist is so complacent a writer. In the very name of his work lies hint of its pleasant character, being not necessarily a compendium of truth nor a mighty interpretation of life as is a poem or a good novel—but merely an essay, an effort to capture one among numerous manifestations of truth, a mere glance at one of the fleeting forms of life, not necessarily more than an appreciation, a personal criticism or mere *obiter dicta* to express a conviction which a man pines to utter. Free from the strenuousness of the dramatist or the eagerness of the romanticist, no inevitable culmination of events hurries him forward. For him, blessed among men, is it less than for others a crime to "draw out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his discourse"; on the contrary, pledged to show his subject in its various aspects he may cast now this now that light upon it, gaining in merit by displaying his divers illustrations—among which, were he poet, he would be constrained to use a law of selection for fear of mixing his metaphors. Then, of course, quotation being expected of him—"as a mark of scholarship"—he need not confine himself to his own words but may draw a mine of felicitous words and sentences from the mint of other men's phrases.

And as his wealth of illustration so is his category of themes, ranging from Elia's immortal and ingenious topic, roast pig, to the Study of Homer in Matthew Arnold's lucid pages. The essayist's variety of themes, forsooth, is

infinite as Cleopatra's charms—he is the true Puck who puts a girdle round the world, the poet whose eye may with impunity roll from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven—not indeed in fine frenzy—that were too violent a mode for his serene vision, but touching them with Ariel lightness, or regarding them with serious contemplation and profound investigation.

Perhaps his chiefest gratification, which he has never publicly claimed, lies in the fact that he is the most intimate of library companions. No novelist, unless it be Thackeray, has you, as it were, so by the ear as does the essayist. He is the veritable gossip who tells you man to man what he knows or surmises. How he will spin out, conscious of your delectation, some anecdote pithy with human interest, perchance some tale of valor, some old social affair which it were ignominious to hear were it the most recent happening of one's own neighborhood, but now become by the seasoning of years a subject of dignified interest.

But the essayist's best talk is about books. Is his genius ever more shining, his thought more delightful, his words more illuminating than when as Hazlitt he is discoursing of the Elizabethan drama, or as Charles Lamb, of Shakespeare's tragedies, or that topic of his heart, Old Books, or as Macaulay, in lending the glory of his tribute to Milton, or as Matthew Arnold, Bagehot, Lowell, Mr. Brownell or Professor Woodberry, he is interpreting some other inexhaustible literary masterpiece, revealing depths of thought and feeling that only superior vision can behold.

The book about books has been in unmerited disgrace. An uncut jewel may be of first water and scintillant as a sun, but how much more radiant it becomes at the hands of a skilful lapidary. Mr. Frederic Harrison has

something somewhere to say of the value of reading the great books rather than so many commentaries thereon—which is axiomatic. And yet since not unto every man alike is dispensed "the divine gift of appreciation" there is no question that, for instance, to Mr. Harrison's remarks on Ruskin, Browning and other writers, it were stupid and ungrateful to object.

Finally, to consider the essayist's chances for immortal life—the touchstone for the justification of any writing as well as an author's prime reason for self-gratulation—it would seem that the essayist has good grounds for hope. So far, Bacon has survived as long as Shakespeare—and he would have done so through the essays even if Mr. Donnelly had never associated his name with the plays. Montaigne is read while his contemporary poets and tale-tellers are frequently allowed to remain in solemn state upon the antiquarian's undisturbed shelves. It were interesting to know whether "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Treasure Island" will be extant longer than "Virginibus Puerisque" and the "Familiar Studies"—one prophet-critic has already declared his faith in the essays outlasting the stories. Certain it is that so long as a noble literary creation endures, the sympathetic interpretation thereof has chance for life. But, besides, the essayist's own firsthand views, Montaigne and Bacon as an illustration, are always in good repute as interpretations and criticisms of life; so what with these hopes for immortality, and to revert to the first argument, what with his comparatively pleasant mode of writing, the essayist should use as a formula of self-gratulation: "Peace be with the soul of that courteous and charitable author who for the common benefit of his fellow authors introduced the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing."

The Passing of Goethe: A Phantasy

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR.

THE glory of early Spring lay serene and tranquil over Weimar. The month that had made its advent with a lion's roar of storm and wind had been pacified into lamblike docility, and now at its close brought with the new-born violets the first fragrance-laden greetings of the South. The soft zephyrs breathed playfully among the still barren branches; and carried their whispered, half-exultant message through the open window, into the room and heart of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

The old man sat in his armchair, gazing dreamily into the deserted street. A heavy robe lay over his knees; a thick mantle covered his shoulders, to protect him against the touches of chill winds that mingled at times with the warm breath of Spring. He breathed deeply, an expression of peaceful content settling on his time-scarred features as each whiff of the fresh, scented air played about his face and crumpled locks, and stirred new life in his winter-worn soul. He half rose from his chair, and, leaning his elbows against the low sill of the open window, gazed long and rapturously at the unclouded sky. His cheeks flushed with the exuberance of a gratified longing; then suddenly paled; and he sank back in his armchair, exhausted, bloodless, dull-eyed, again the weary old man dying at his open window.

"Spring," he mused, half aloud, and in his exhaustion his breath came in

short, sharp gasps. "Another Winter and another Spring; another burial, another resurrection." Then his eyes closed; he seemed to sleep; and in his semi-unconscious state his mind wandered far back into the springtime of the past.

"Friederike," he murmured very softly, as a lover may whisper the name of his sweetheart. "How clear the sky is, Friederike! How fresh the first warm breezes of the year! See, below in the valley, how it stirs the branches and tosses the cherry blossoms like snow in the air. Come, sit beside me, Friederike. Dost thou hear the wind sighing in the branches overhead? Canst thou not understand their whisper to the sleeping leaves? Hark! There! 'Awake, live again! Spring is come! Spring is come!' And hear the birds sing, as they sing but once a year, their trilling song of ecstasy. How beautiful the world is, Friederike! And thou and I, high over the hill-tops, are alone." The old man was silent in his dream life. He raised his arm, and made as if to clasp an invisible hand beside him, closing his own only over the empty air, until at last it fell exhausted into his lap. A soft, pitiful cry burst from his lips, a cry filled with intense, hopeless pleading: "Freiderike, Friederike!" Goethe opened his eyes, and gazed around strangely, incredulously for an instant, as if reluctant to step out of the springtime of youth and dreams into the springtime of age and reality. There was a look

of utter weariness on his face; even awake, he seemed to be unconscious of his surroundings, living in a purgatory of morbid dullness between the real and the visionary.

The weary eyes closed once more, and again the old man dreamed. He spoke, but his thoughts seemed to come slower and more disconnectedly, and his words in part were inarticulate and disjointed. Again he seemed to be wandering along the smooth, shaded paths of his youth, through the days when he worshipped the world, and the world smiled ever in its acceptance of his devotion; through the harder years of his manhood, when with the sublime powers of a master mind and a noble heart he wrestled with the problems of life and death and immortality; through the throbbing, intense, eventful years, into an old age of quiet and restfulness, the stillness after the noise of battle, the armistice before the final peace. Then his thoughts turned to his masterwork, his monument, inviolate throughout the ages, his friend, now gentle, now rebellious, his companion ever, through over threescore years.

"Faust, my child, my child," he murmured, gently, fondly. "Stay at my side—guide me—over the dark brink—into the light." His voice broke, and the last word came as a gasp. His eyes opened again, but still he continued to dream, wrought up by a picture that met his gaze, a something that he felt, but that his mind could reproduce for the time being not as reality, but only as a vague vision, far-away, incomprehensible.

"Christiane?" he murmured. "The lovely head—the black curls—the splendid colors." Then consciousness seemed to break upon him once more, and the picture spread itself out before him as a landscape will beneath the rising mist. A woman sat on a doorstep in the street below, a child in her arms; bathed in the first warm sunshine of

the year. The dark hair fell richly over her shoulders in thick glistening curls, and formed a frame from which the young, delicate features stood out with the overmastering tenderness of a Madonna. She rocked the child gently to and fro, and, as she saw the old man watching from the window, greeted him with a smile that seemed to be the embodied outpouring of a heart of happiness.

The poet regarded her wistfully. "Does she know?" he whispered to himself. "Will she some day tell the little one in her arms, that she has seen the passing—of Wolfgang von Goethe?" For a moment he was silent, then the full import of his words seemed to come over him; a startled look shone in his eyes; the heavy perspiration broke out on his forehead. "Passing—dying," he murmured. "Has it—come to that—at last? The river of forgetfulness—the black wall—the darkness beyond?" Then his voice rose in a cry into which he seemed to have put every atom of strength in his wasted body: "Ah, Faust, Faust, how much more kind was thy—creator, than—mine has been!" He passed his hands over his eyes, as if to clear away the clouds that had gathered there. "More light!" he gasped faintly. "More—light!"

The large shrivelled hands dropped to his lap and twitched themselves convulsively into a clasp; the tired lids drooped over the darkened eyes; the wrinkled brows smoothed like the waters of Galilee beneath the hand of the Master. There was no struggle, no death agony, only a smile that strove to part the nerveless lips, as the first violet breaks through the frozen ground to herald happiness and life; and then, softly, tranquilly, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe sank to sleep.

And the mother on the street below smiled at the little child in her arms, and sang a lullaby.

The Literary Guillotine

V

Three of a Kind

PERSONALLY I should have been willing to let the author of "The Blue Flower" off altogether, or with merely a nominal sentence, had he consented to turn State's evidence against the other two preaching authors—but this he stubbornly refused to do.

"I know they're *rotton*, as the French say," he admitted at the end of Mark Twain's persuasive harangue, "but consider my cloth! What would all the other old women in the country say? Besides, in their own way, Hillis and Brady also are engaged in the glorious work of effeminizing the nation, of bringing it back to a wholesome relish for pap——"

"I see," interposed Herford, "George Washington was the father of his country, and you're the pap-as. Sort of Trinidad arrangement—heigh?"

But there was no moving Van Dyke; so, more or less reluctantly, we were forced to place him on trial with the more flagrant offenders. For convenience, the three were arraigned under one indictment; and now, on the day following the preliminary examination, at which, of course, they had all entered the plea of "not guilty," their joint trial began before the Literary Emergency Court for the crime of *lèse majesté* to the cause of letters. To our amazement, Brander Matthews presented himself as their attorney. Since his

unexpected acquittal under a like charge the Professor had remained discreetly quiet, but we now saw that his silence had been specious. Unfortunately, alas! we were debarred from placing him twice in jeopardy of his life for the same offence. In his youth, it seems, he had studied law, and he embraced eagerly this opportunity to display the remnants of his legal knowledge. During the preliminaries, before the commencement of the trial proper, Herford dashed off something on a slip of paper and handed it to me. This was the polyglot verse which met my eye:

"There once was a scribbling professor,
Who swore to reform and do *besser*—
Aber nix kommeraus
Quand il était zu Haus'—
Quick, send for the father confessor!"

By virtue of the constitutional disability of women to serve as jurors, we experienced little difficulty in securing twelve reputable citizens to pass upon the guilt of the accused. But few challenges were made—on our side only one, that, namely, of a legless man who declared that Hillis had shown him the path in which to walk.

"That's in keeping, at all events," said Herford gravely—"a footless writer and a legless reader."

"And now, if it please the court,"

said Loomis, the prosecuting attorney, rising, when the jury-box was at length full, "we will proceed with the trial of the accused. I shall make no opening speech, further than to call attention to the delicacy of the present case. I take the liberty of reminding the court of the consideration due to the 'eternal feminine,' in whatever form it be found, whether in frock-coat and silk hat, like Dr. Mary Walker, or in frock-coat and silk hat and pastoral simplicity. Your honors, the accused have been or still are preachers, they are all writers. They believe in 'the investment of influence'—it pays. We live in an age of great women, and not the least among them are many who ride in the smoking-car. Personally, like all good Americans, I am in favor of women; nevertheless, I should like to see my sex preserved, if only in literature, like the dodo. But, somehow, that seems the hardest place of all to preserve it. To-day shall decide whether it is impossible. And now, if the court please, we will hear the witnesses. It is my intention to call only one witness against Mr. Hillis. She is a spiritualist——"

"I object!" cried the Professor, jumping up just like a real lawyer. "I object! Spirituality has nothing to do with the writings of this defendant."

"That's true," said Mark Twain. "Still, it might help to turn the tables on him. What do you think of permitting this spiritualist to testify, Herford?"

"I think a mani-a-curist would be more appropriate," was the reply.

"What is your spiritualist's name, Mr. Loomis?"

"Signora Cancani, from Dublin and Rome, your honor. She claims to be in direct communication with the classic authors whom Mr. Hillis has paraphrased with so liberal a hand in his 'works.' They're hot against him up

there, it seems — especially Schopenhauer, Byron, Nietzsche and Heine for saying that 'pessimism is intellectual mediocrity.' Nor is Goethe very fond of him, for telling the world that 'self-indulgence took off his chariot wheels.' He says Hillis shan't come to the side-door of his salon of a Sunday when he gets through dealing in other people's thoughts down here——"

"Is Goethe in heaven?" cried Mark Twain in astonishment. "I'm glad to hear that. It takes a load from my heart—*es fällt mir Frau von Stein vom Herzen*. But see here, Mr. Loomis, we can't admit this Cancani testimony, it's not proper; although I haven't the slightest doubt that is the way the classics feel about the transcriber of 'Great Books as Life-Preachers.' Call your next witness."

"Well, if it please the court," said Loomis, evidently sadly disappointed, "I will put the defendant on the stand himself—that is, of course, if he is willing to go."

"Certainly," said the preaching-writer, in the same confident manner which had characterized previous defendants when asked this question, "certainly I will take the stand."

"Now, Mr. Hillis," said Loomis, when the defendant had been duly sworn, "what is your calling?"

"I'm a minister by profession, a writer by trade, but a preacher all the time."

"A very true answer, Mr. Hillis. Now, how would you define genius?"

"I should define genius," was the reply, "as the infinite capacity for faking brains."

"Faking brains—why, what do you mean by that?"

"Faking other people's, of course."

"Oh, I see! Then you are a genius?"

"Have you read my 'Great Books as Wife-Teachers' or my 'Inquest on Happiness'?"

"Yes, and it's of the latter book that I wish to speak. Here it is on the table. Now, in it you give expression to some interesting opinions on literature and art. Ah, yes, here we have it on page 7. 'Experience shows,' you say, 'that unhappiness invents no tool, doubt and fear win no battles, discontent and wretchedness write no song or poetry.' And a little further along: 'It is often said that one of the characteristics of great work is the ease with which that work is done—as when some author writes his chapter before breakfast.' Mr. Hillis, you must have written that chapter before breakfast, it sounds like work done on an empty stomach. Moreover, when you say that discontent and unhappiness invent no tool you forget such eminent inventors as Captain Cuttle. And speaking of great work, and the ease with which it is accomplished, did you ever happen to hear of Thomas Gray and the twenty years he spent on his 'Elegy,' or of your friend Goethe's life-task of writing 'Faust'? Yes, Mr. Hillis, there can be no doubt—great work is always thrown off, so to speak, before breakfast."

"Mr. Loomis," said the defendant at the end of this speech, "what you say is doubtless true, but I never allow facts to interfere with theories. If I did, where should I be? Optimism is my trump card—it suits the old ladies of the country, and they are the ones who buy the books."

"But, Mr. Hillis, surely you don't approve of card-playing?"

"Oh, no, sir! I only used the expression figuratively."

"I see. And that's the reason you won't call a spade a spade?"

"Precisely, sir—the old ladies don't like it."

"Well, now, Mr. Hillis," continued the prosecuting attorney, "you have been so kind as to define genius for us, will you not add to the debt and give

us your definition of literature as well?"

"Literature," was the slow reply, "is best defined, I think, as the substance of books compiled from, the evidence of tomes unseen."

"You put it excellently, Mr. Hillis; evidently you have been reading your own books. Moreover, on page 32 of 'The Inquest on Happiness' I find a beautiful symbolic statement of the manner in which a truly great writer, like yourself, reads the works of his predecessors. Thus you say, anent the instinct to appropriate all to one's own *tale*: 'Passing a pasture in the autumn, one may see the horse with mane and tail that has become one solid mass of cockleburrs, collected in passing through the meadow.' Of course that is symbolic of your own literary browsings?"

"Of course."

"I noticed also, Mr. Hillis," persisted Loomis, "that you are a philosopher of the dynamic school. It is clear, you are no believer in the stationary, save for purposes of compilation. How admirably you express the great truths of evolution on page 20 of your masterpiece, 'Great Books as Life-Bleachers,' although, I must confess, it gives one an uncomfortable realization of the instability of all things terrestrial to read the following: 'Slowly man's hut journeyed toward the house, his forked stick toward the steam plow—the smoking altars toward the glorious temple, the reign of force toward the reign of right.' *Tempus fugit*, as Miss Corelli would say. However, who would quibble at a mere confusion of time and space, or of 'was' and 'were,' as on page 33 of 'The Inquest on Happiness,' or at split infinitives a few pages further on—even to mention these flaws in a style otherwise so chaste and sweetly domestic seems to smack of impertinence, and I hasten on. Mr. Hillis, Robert Louis Stevenson con-

fesses to having written and rewritten extracts innumerable from his predecessors until he felt that he had appropriated the very best they had to give. You belong to the Stevenson school of literature, do you not?"

"I do, sir. Never have I allowed an opportunity to escape me to put Captain Cuttle's maxim into practice—'when found, make a note of.' How else is one to write a book?"

"How else, indeed?" echoed Loomis sympathetically. "You are a stanch believer, I see, in Solomon's saying that there is nothing new under the sun. It is the secret of your profession."

"My profession?"

"Your trade, I mean."

"Ah, that's a different matter."

"And now, Mr. Hillis, I have almost finished my examination of you. One moment and I shall excuse you. 'What a piece of work is man!' exclaims Hamlet—'how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!' I see, Mr. Hillis, you have read this passage, and in your own graceful way you have adapted it to the commonplace mind. 'Imagine a machine,' you say in 'Man's Value of Satiety,' 'that at one and the same moment can feel the gratefulness of the blazing fire, taste the sweetness of an orange, experience the æsthetic delights of a picture, recall the events in the career of the men the artist has delineated, recognize the entrance of a group of friends, out of the confusion of tongues lead forth a voice not heard for years, thrill with elation at the unexpected meeting!' May your honors please, I should like to see the defendant give a practical illustration of this complicated performance."

"So should I, Mr. Loomis, very much," said Mark Twain, "but I'm afraid our arrangements for gymnastics are somewhat inadequate. We shall

have to take the defendant's assurance that he is capable of this manifold feat. It's all right, is it, Mr. Hillis—you can suck an orange and do all the rest of it at one and the same moment, can you, not to speak of pulling the wool over the public's eyes?"

"With perfect ease, sir, besides arranging mentally a paraphrase of Hamlet's soliloquy so well disguised that no one will suspect its source."

"Speaking of Hamlet's soliloquy," said Loomis, "that reminds me of your own remarks on suicide. So soon as I have read what you have to say on this important subject I shall have finished with you. On page 22 of the book to which we have so often referred, 'The Inquest on Unhappiness,' you use these memorable words: 'In a world where an average of 10,000 choose to stay in the realm of life to every one who chooses to go out through the door of suicide, how superficial must be the mind that can afford to give more than one minute, or at most two, to the question, Is life worth living?' Mr. Hillis, how many minutes did it take you to write that sentence?"

"Well, I suppose about three."

"More than two, then? If it please the court, I have finished with the defendant."

"Just one question, Mr. Hillis," said Mark Twain, as the great compiler started to leave the stand, "we should be glad to learn the title of your next book, if your publishers don't object."

"Certainly, your honor, I'm happy to tell you—there couldn't be a better advertisement. It is to be called 'Platitudes and Their Practical Uses.'"

"You may resume your seat," said the presiding judge—"that is, unless your own counsel wishes to examine you."

"With the court's permission," said the Professor, rising, "I shall not question the defendant at the present moment; nor, indeed, shall I call any wit-

nesses until the close of the trial, except, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Brady. My witnesses will serve for the other two defendants together."

"Very well," said Mark Twain, "just as you wish. Proceed with the next defendant, Mr. Loomis."

"May it please the court," said the prosecuting attorney, "the examination of the previous defendant has taken up so much more time than expected that I have decided to call no witnesses against Mr. Brady, unless by his refusal to take the stand himself he compels me to do so. Will you go on the stand, Mr. Brady?"

"What is that? Did you speak to me?" asked the author of 'Colonial Wares and Warehouses,' looking up absent-mindedly from the pad on which he was writing. "I was just completing my new novel, 'The Grippe upon Her.' What did you say? Will I take the stand? Why, certainly, if you don't mind my going on with my writing."

Considerable argument was needed to convince the automatic author of the impropriety of continuing his work on the witness-stand. Finally, however, he consented, reluctantly, to surrender his writing-pad and fountain pen and to concentrate his attention on the questions of the prosecuting attorney.

"Now, Mr. Brady," said Loomis, addressing the accused, "what is your full name?"

"Cyrus Townsend Brady."

"And your profession?"

"Present or cumulative?"

"Cumulative, please."

"Midshipman-preacher-missionary-historian - novelist. That's up to date."

"Why did you resign from the navy, Mr. Brady?"

"Because sailors swear so."

"Yes, but in your works I find cuss-words of the most pronounced order," cried Loomis, "such as, 'cracky day,'

'jimminy-crimminy,' and others equally strong."

"It was for the purpose of being able to use those extreme expletives," explained the defendant, "that I gave up my ministerial charge."

"Consistency is the bugbear of little minds," quoted Loomis. "Emerson would never have written that had he known you."

Evidently the accused was in doubt as to the implication of this ambiguous remark, so wisely he remained silent.

"Now, Mr. Brady," continued Loomis, unfolding a long sheet of paper, "I hold here a list of your writings from your first book in 1898 to your latest in 1903. I shall not read it, as we cannot afford another day for this trial; but for the guidance of the jury, to prove to them the time and care you devote to your work, I shall merely mention that it contains nineteen titles. Nineteen books in four years—you must spend a great deal of time in correction and revision?"

"Mr. Loomis," replied the defendant gravely, "I have never in my life read over a second time a sentence after I had written it."

"And nobody else, either," murmured Mark Twain.

"I believe you, Mr. Brady," said Loomis; "certain statements need no oath to carry conviction. However, to continue. You have heard the brilliant definition of literature given by your co-defendant—Will you not also favor us with your definition? It cannot fail to be interesting."

For a moment the automatic author considered.

"Well," he said at last, "I think I should define literature as the highest form of manufacture, the most perfect development of the commercial sense."

"That's the best definition we have heard yet!" cried Herford enthusiastically. "How would you define genius?"

"Genius," was the instantaneous reply, "is the infinite capacity for working the typewriter."

It was plain that these striking answers had made a deep impression on the jury, especially on that member thereof who had given his calling as an oyster-shucker. Already I saw the impossibility of securing a conviction of the author of 'The Quiberon Smutch.' But Loomis continued to blunder on, in blissful ignorance of the fact that his case was already lost.

"Mr. Brady," he said, "I have read several of your books with much interest, notably 'The Quiberon Clutch,' which I was instructed to read by the court in preparation for this trial. In fact, at one time I was very much afraid it was going to turn out a good, self-respecting story. But fears on this score were finally and completely dispelled when I came upon the glowing description of the heroine on page 162, which I will read aloud with the court's permission. 'Anne de Rohan,' you say, 'was now eighteen years of age, and in the first blush of beautiful womanhood. Of medium height, with a figure which combined the lovely proportions of her American ancestry with the daintiness and delicacy of the women of France; with a clear, cool, pale yet not pallid face, exquisite features, scarlet lips, proudly, ay, even disdainfully elegant in their graceful curves; deep blue eyes, so deep that they were almost violet when filled with feeling, or glowing with passion, and the whole framed in her midnight hair; she was indeed a rarely beautiful woman.'

"Mr. Brady, since reading this exquisite description I have been haunted as it were, by the melody of 'far-off, half-forgotten things' read in years gone by in some masterpiece by the Duchess, or Miss Braeme, or Miss Correlli. It might have come from their pen, or from any one of a dozen others."

During the reading of this extract I had not been able to take my eyes off the oyster-shucker: he was fascinated by the beauty of the language, which, evidently, exactly suited his taste. Poor Loomis was floundering in deeper and deeper.

"Mr. Loomis," said Brady, slowly, impressively, "you have heard, doubtless, of Alexander Dumas and his faithful hack Maquet. Did it ever strike you that the days of farming out work may not have passed?"

"What!" gasped the prosecuting attorney weakly, "you don't mean to say——?"

"I don't mean to say anything," was the significant reply, "except that I might, possibly, find a place for a good, honest, struggling humorist this spring to keep him from starving. I am rather busy this year, as I have some thirty-three books on the ways. You have my address, I believe?"

"I wonder how much he'd pay," murmured Herford under his breath. "If I thought——"

By this time Loomis had recovered himself. He cast a jealous look at Herford—it was unlikely there would be room for more than one Maquet on the staff of this modern Dumas.

"'Just for a handful of silver he left us,'" I quoted to Mark Twain. But the presiding judge was in no humor for joking; he was furious, it was plain to be seen—but what could he do under the circumstances? He could not proclaim on the housetops the defection of our own attorney.

"Do you wish to question the accused?" he asked sharply of the defendant's lawyer.

The Professor, however, was too keenly aware of the favorable impression already produced by Brady on the oyster-shucker to risk counteracting it, and he shook his head.

"Oh, just one moment, Mr. Brady!" cried Mark Twain, as the great type-

writer prepared to leave the stand, "there's a question I'd like to ask you in regard to your story 'Hohenzollern.' I have the book here. On page 68 I find the following paragraph in regard to chess: 'He (the knight) spoke gloomily, and as his eye fell upon the set of chessmen upon a table, he added, with an assumption of his former lightness: "The emperor hath beaten me. 'Tis a new chess. The king hath checked the knight."' That's a neat play on words, Mr. Brady, but unfortunately Germans do not know the word knight in chess, they call the piece a 'jumper.' So, you see, your Hohenzollern friend could never have made that pun."

"Your honor," replied the accused author, "if you will turn to the preface of the book, you will find that I used these words: 'Then, as I thought it over, I concluded to put the book back in the days of Barbarossa. For one thing, nobody knows much about the days of Barbarossa, therefore liberties can be taken with impunity.' You don't know, your honor, what a comfort it is not to be troubled with an historical conscience!"

"I can imagine," was Mark Twain's dry reply. "I have read your books. You may resume your seat. Mr. Loomis, proceed with the next defendant."

"Henry Van Dyke!"

What was Loomis going to do to make a case out against him? At the request of Mark Twain, who declared that "The Rule of Passion" was too warm for him, I had read several of the defendant's stories, and to my surprise, I had found them, in the main, pleasant, innocuous little tales, adapted to the comprehension of my youngest child (who is just learning words of two syllables), and in consequence admirably suited, of course, to the columns of our popular magazines. To be sure, during my reading I had come across several unfortunate references to "naughty"

words and the "inadequacy of the French language in moments of great provocation"—but, then, one must not be too severe on writers for children, even the most careful among us may make an occasional slip. Besides, the little darlings, I told myself, would perhaps fail to grasp the hidden, insidious meaning of their favorite author. But I was destined to learn that there was much more of bald, undisguised evil in this writer for young people than I had realized. Loomis had a surprise in store for us.

"May it please the court," he said, "I am happy to announce that one of the accused has signified his willingness to turn State's evidence and to testify against his colleague. Mr. Hillis, will you take the stand?"

This sudden treachery on the part of the manager of the Plymouth hennery caused a sensation in the court-room. Van Dyke, I could see, was frightened. What secrets of the inner circle was Hillis about to reveal? But what was there to reveal? Were not all the old women of the country with the author of "The Rule of Passion"?

"Now, Mr. Hillis," said Loomis, when Henry Ward Beecher's successor was again in the witness-chair, "you are willing to give your testimony against your accomplice in crime?"

"I am, sir."

"Is there any reason why you do this, other than that his books sell better than yours?"

"Yes—I do not consider his writings morally fit for children, editors and old women."

Everyone in the room gave evidence of the most intense interest, save one extremely old lady, who sat on the bench reserved for witnesses, and who, plainly, could not hear a word of what was going on. I wondered idly who she might be.

"You say the writings of the accused are immoral," continued Loomis, "are

you able to point out off-hand specific passages to sustain this charge?"

"I think I can," was the reply—"hand me 'Fisherman's Luck,' please. On page 6 I find this astounding admission: 'I know a man who believes that the fish always rise better on Sunday than on any other day in the week. He confesses that he has sometimes thought seriously of joining the Seventh-Day Baptists.' Think of a preacher who can pen such words as those! But there is worse to come. On page 15 of the same book he openly and shamelessly advocates the playing of cards, while in the chapter entitled 'Lovers and Pancakes' he does not shrink from propagating this impure European sentiment: 'Sir, that picture is equally unsatisfactory to the artist, to the moralist, and to the voluptuary.' And yet you ask me whether the writings of this man are fit for the eyes of our metropolitan editors!"

"Is there anything more?" asked Loomis.

"More—is any more necessary? Yes, there is more, but I cannot bring myself publicly to read matter of this sort—I always save it for my closet. This author even goes so far as to admit that his tale 'The Reward of Virtue' is not a Sunday-school story, and that his hero is not a saint; and in 'Spy Rock' he states the untruth that 'preachers must be always trying to persuade men,' instead of women. But worse than all is his attempt to curry favor with the politicians in 'Fisherman's Luck.' Hand me the book. I know where the passage is—page 102. Just listen to this: 'Do you believe,' he says, 'that in all the world there is only one woman especially created for each man, and that the order of the universe will be hopelessly askew unless these two needles find each other in the haystack? You believe it for yourself, perhaps; but do you believe it for Tom Johnson?' Could there be a bolder attempt to in-

gratiate himself with the single-tax mayor of Cleveland? Yet you ask me whether this man deserves to hold his place as a writer for young people!"

The witness paused, out of breath. His testimony, I could see, had made a deep impression on every one present, except the deaf lady on the witness-bench. Loomis realized, evidently, the unwisdom of allowing his star witness to take the edge off his testimony by citing weaker points against the accused, and he abruptly announced that he had finished with him. The Professor declared that he did not care to cross-examine him, and the still excited *censor morum* returned to his place beside his counsel and sank exhausted into his chair. Clearly the Professor had been carried out of his legal depth by this sudden defection of one of his clients.

"If it please the court," he said, rising, "I find my plans somewhat upset by this unlooked-for development of affairs, and I have therefore decided to dispense with the testimony of all but one of the witnesses for the defence. I should like to have Abigail Hornbostle take the stand."

No response.

"Abigail Hornbostle!" repeated the clerk in a loud voice.

Finally, after numerous attempts, the officer succeeded in making the old lady on the witness-bench understand that she was to take the stand.

"Yes, my dear, yes, my dear," she mumbled through toothless gums, as she slowly rose and hobbled to the chair.

After much shouting and sign-making, in which the French language proved sadly inadequate, she was finally sworn, and her examination began. This was painful in the extreme, in view of her deafness, but the Professor succeeded in eliciting the information that she had been delegated to appear as a witness for Van Dyke and Hillis

as President of the Old Woman's Anti-Polygamy and Polyandry League.

"Does that 'anti' belong also to Polyandry?" asked Herford, but Mark Twain ordered the question stricken out.

"If it please the court," said the Professor, mopping his brow at the end of the first five minutes, "this good old lady has come down all the way from Boston to testify that the association of which she is the head and whose headquarters are in the city on the Charles, has carefully examined the writings of the accused, and its officers find them unreservedly adapted to the requirements of aged women——"

"But this is expert testimony," interrupted Mark Twain. "Besides, she is only telling us what we already know. What's the use of proving a thing twice? You must withdraw your witness, sir."

The Professor protested, but to no purpose; and Mark Twain thereupon ordered the two attorneys to sum up.

"The shorter your speeches are, the better the court will be pleased," he said; "we have already wasted too much time in ministering to such kinds as these. Get thee to a hennery! The prosecution has the closing argument."

Thereupon the Professor arose and began the plea for his clients. In view of Hillis's action, his task was most difficult; and I must admit that he made an able argument. Indeed, it was stronger than that of Loomis, who was palpably trying to save his prospective employer from the punishment which he so richly deserved. The arguments were short, and at their close Mark Twain charged the jury, which then retired to decide upon the defendant's guilt or innocence. Before they had been out

fifteen minutes they sent for 'The Inquest on Happiness,' and a short while later for 'The Blue Flower.' Again came requests for other volumes of the two authors, until their complete works had disappeared into the jury-room.

"You don't think they can really be reading that stuff, do you?" cried Mark Twain, incredulously.

As though in reply to his question, a court-attendant rushed into the little retiring-room in which we were awaiting the verdict, and stood with eyes popping from his head, vainly striving to speak.

"What ails the man?" cried Herford. "Has he found the blue flower?"

"The—the—jurymen h-have been r-reading the books of the a-accused," stammered the man, "till they have all turned into old women!"

Herford was the only one who did not seem surprised.

"Well, what else could you expect?" he said laconically.

"What are we to do now?" exclaimed Mark Twain; "the same thing would happen to any other jury we might get to examine their writings, and we can't accept a conviction by old women, even if we could secure it. What do you advise?"

"Discharge the prisoners," I said, "It'll save time. You'll never convict a preacher in this country; there are too many disguised old women for that."

There was no escape from my logic, and the prisoners were accordingly discharged.

"Well, the poets shan't escape us thus easily, anyhow," said Mark Twain, ominously; "we'll have their blood, or Carman-cita's scalp shall pay the penalty."

Vicissitudes of a Free-Lancer

IT was done—I was my own master, owing obedience to no one, free to sink or swim in the great turgid current of metropolitan literature. I could have jumped for joy. Jumping, however, is not swimming, not even treading water, despite the similarity of motion. Should I be able to keep my head above the flood? At the moment I felt no doubt of the result. My one thought was: To-morrow morning I shall not have to be at the office at 7.30, ready to run all over New York and Brooklyn to find out who hit Billy Patterson. How often since have I wished that I might be given the assignment! For three months I had carried out the foolish orders of an anæmic city editor who thought he knew more than I did, simply because he was drawing fifty dollars a week and I ten. Ten dollars a week! Think of offering that to a college graduate who could read Horace and Virgil with patience and a dictionary, and who had waded through Draper's "The Intellectual Development of Europe." Is it a wonder that I revolted, and throwing caution to the winds, enlisted in the great army of those who live, or die, by their wits?

During the years which have elapsed since then I have managed to keep afloat, although at times my swimming has threatened the result inevitable in the natation of the pig. The main point, however, is that I have not gone under, although I have not yet reached the islands of the blest, where publishers and editors, very properly, form the helot class of society. Others who en-

tered the water after me have gained the islands, it is true, but I have seen so many heads disappear that I begin to prize highly the negative good fortune of not drowning. Swimming came naturally to me, although I now suspect it was in the manner known as "dog-fashion." Still, what is grace compared to safety, or style to bread and butter? I have suffered hunger, but I have escaped starvation.

Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, and every lance its own splintering. Had I foreseen the mishaps and hardships of the tournament, I wonder whether I should have entered the lists. Probably, for I still continue to ride, although rather badly bruised and battered from being unhorsed so often. However, the defeats and triumphs were all in full view of the grand stand, and like other writers, I am not without vanity. And think of the prize awaiting him who wins the tournament!

Ah, the fatal will-o'-the-wisp prize which is ever flitting before the eyes of the free-lance, luring him on to his own undoing, deadening him to the pangs of hunger and thirst, blinding him to the shabbiness and insufficiency of his armor! Kipling made a success, why should not I? George Eliot was nobody in particular before her fortieth year, and I am only thirty-seven. Patience, my dear wife, you shall yet have an account at the Five-Cent Store and be able to run down to Coney Island over Sunday—patience, patience!

Experience teaches me that it is a comparatively easy matter for a free-lance, without vices or undue laziness,

to earn twenty dollars a week in New York. To double this amount is ten times as difficult. In fact, in dealing with such abnormally large sums as forty dollars a week other elements beside industry and sobriety must be taken into account, as reputation and an ingratiating personality. Another most important asset of the free-lance, but one which may easily prove a curse, is versatility. At first blush it would seem an unmitigated blessing to be equally at home in verse and prose, in fiction and criticism. As a matter of fact, this delectable facility is very apt to result in fatal dilettantism. Personally I write prose and verse equally easily and equally badly, and in consequence, perhaps, I have never achieved distinction in either. "We like your prose very much," say one class of editors in effect, "but please spare us your poetry!" Another class give utterance to exactly converse sentiments. I am still seeking the non-existent class who like both styles, although I have found plenty who prefer neither.

But as to the practical side of freelancing. The most important rule is this: Do not become too self-satisfied, do not imagine yourself a genius until you have proved it. Remember you are dependent on editors in a manner they are not dependent on you—*il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*. If you are treated badly by a publication, smile and look pleasant, if possible; if not, go out and pick a quarrel with your best friend, but do not "talk back" to the man in the revolving chair—it does not pay. Eighteen months ago a story which had been accepted by a magazine-editor, to be paid for on publication, was returned to me disfigured by blue-pencil marks and accompanied merely by a printed rejection-slip. I allowed my wife and my just anger to dictate a protest against such treatment, and forthwith I again came into possession of four poetic effusions

whose superlative merit had won enthusiastic acceptance by the autocrat in question. To this day I have not succeeded in selling them. Moreover, my long wait for vicarious vengeance has just been rewarded through the supplanting by a new editor of the vandal who respected neither my manuscript nor his own honor. But who shall guard me in future against the envenomed shafts of mine old enemy, who is perhaps waiting for me in some editorial office where I least expect to find him? Not until I hear of his final translation shall I know perfect security.

Next in importance to ability and good humor is the caution: secure as early as possible the confidence and good wishes of at least two or three arbiters of matters editorial against the day when the lean kine shall have devoured those of greater girth. In such case, even in the days of famine, which at certain turnings inevitably await him who deals in manuscripts and rejection-slips, doles of corn will be forthcoming sufficient to prolong life and hope until a brighter season. Indeed, the nearer the free-lance approaches the condition of the despised slave of a position, the easier will be his rest. Furthermore, the writer who has found a market for the display of his wares has increased twofold his chance of disposing of articles of future manufacture; for a truth axiomatic in literary circles is that editors are endowed in unusual degree with the instincts of sheep which urge them to follow where others have ventured. Therefore, do not disdain the day of small things or the magazine of small payment: in general only by persistency of effort, rather than by sporadic brilliance, is reputation, if not fame, achieved. As a corollary to this, he can hope to survive as a free-lance who possesses the ability to continue indefinitely to produce material for which the demand is

practically inexhaustible. Of course, eventually one is likely to achieve sufficient reputation to counteract the ceaseless fluctuation in public taste and consequent editorial fickleness, but to count on this accretion of acceptability is of doubtful wisdom. Indeed, there are many men writing to-day in New York who, through no abating of their own powers, find it year by year increasingly difficult to earn a living. From this it is seen that the career of a free-lance is by no means without drawbacks and heartburns. Indeed, I know of few other callings, if such it may be styled, from which the wise man should shrink with so profound distrust. Even for the man of considerable reputation it is difficult to earn as an unattached writer an income equal to the demands of metropolitan life. Trebly difficult, therefore, is it for him whose name is without market value or whose effusions do not possess that delightful "mushy" quality which secures the instant commendation of the great class of so-called "good" people throughout the country. Fifty dollars a week for such a writer must be regarded as success; whereas for the producer of "special" articles, or weighty reviews, for the writer without creative faculty, the above sum is about the maximum to which he can hope to attain. There are, of course, a few unattached newspaper men of formidable, though limited reputation, whose income exceeds this sum, but they are to be classed rather with the envied order of writers whose name alone is sufficient to secure eventual acceptance.

In short, the free-lance leads the life of a dog—uncertainty, disappointment, watchfulness for the crumbs from

the editorial table. As a vocation, a means of livelihood, free-lancing is a colossal, unmitigated failure, which no man in his senses should adopt; as a means to an end, as a step toward independent authorship, it may be regarded with some color of toleration, but even in such case the question is inevitable: Do you not think you would find life more pleasant as a shoe-clerk? The pawnshop was invented for the benefit of the free-lance. The adoption of such a profession after marriage should be ground for absolute divorce. Thackeray, Balzac, Hugo, Dumas were free-lances, you urge. Yes, but two of them, at least, lived in a garret, and all of them produced immortal works. If you feel it within you to write a "Vanity Fair," a "Père Goriot" or an "Hernani," by all means rent your garret—even if you can't pay for it—and become a free-lance. Otherwise, get some kind of position, anything, and do your literary work in the intervals when you are not running the elevator.

A number of years ago a story of mine was published in a magazine which has since gone to Kingdom-Come, and which at that time, in the manner of the moribund, sought to defer discussion of matters monetary until after dissolution. A vacancy in the editorship had just occurred through the sudden development of insanity on the part of the individual who had accepted and published my story. Finally, on the occasion of my last visit, the owner of the periodical in question handed me the desired check with these words: "Well, I've just read your story, and I see that our editor must have been crazy some time before we realized it."

A Note on the Novella

A Neglected Source

BY ALISON M. LEDERER

SURELY there has been no period in the history of English literature so much in the nature of an awakening as the Elizabethan Age. Before it there were Chaucer, England's Homer, and Sir Thomas Malory, who crystallized the Arthur legends; but, aside from these names and a few of minor importance, early English letters is as though it had never been, save to the scholar. But the reign of Elizabeth, coming as a calm after the storm and persecution of "Bloody Mary," marked the blowing of the bud. Just as in Hellas, four years after the final overthrow of the Persian invaders, there dawned the Attic Age, so in England with the accession of "Good Queen Bess" and the prospect of peace and prosperity, literature entered upon its Golden Age.

That the drama was the form most successful and most characteristic will seem very natural when we recollect that the movement was a popularization of literature among a people who, in large part, were unable to read, and must *see* their literature acted out for them. Fortunately there was a tradition of the drama, from the performances of the Morality and Miracle Plays and the Interludes, which had been tending steadily toward secularization ever since the Middle Ages. In addition, there was also a form of the drama known to the scholars of the universities,—the ancient classical, principally the Latin of Terence and Seneca.

Tradition and form, then, were ready at hand to be commanded by the dramatists. But as to plots? It is a fact that the playwright comparatively seldom originates his plot. Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides took mythology and legend, shading them to suit their own purposes and tastes; Plautus and Terence and the lesser Latin dramatists retold Greek tales; Corneille and Racine built their stately tragedies on the stories of antiquity; Goethe and the other great Germans drew freely on history and the old traditions of their native land. So, too, the Elizabethan dramatists made little attempt at invention of plot. But as there were no stories of English life suitable for the stage, history might have held undisputed sway in the English theatre had it not been for the opportune introduction from Italy of several vast collections of little stories of every-day life,—the *novelle*.

The political dissection of the Italian peninsula, before the Renaissance, into many small states and republics had developed the personal consciousness of self to a much higher degree than it had reached in the nations which were still strongly centralized governmental units. And this increased interest in the individual life was reflected in literature by "the dramatic narrative of human action,—the *novella*." The earliest known tales in modern Europe dealing with the tragic and comic aspects of daily life were

the "Disciplina Clericalis," of Petrus Alphonsi, a baptized Spanish Jew. These stories, introduced into France, resulted in the *fabliaux*; and, passing thence into Italy, came into the hands of Boccaccio. Through him this trivial kind of literature reached its highest perfection, under the name of the *novelle*. Though Boccaccio is by far the best known of the *novellieri*, he does not stand alone, by any means. Besides the "Decamerone," there were Giovanni Fiorentino's "Pecorone" (1378), Straparola's "Piacevole Notti" (first half of the sixteenth century), Cinthio's "Ecatomithi," Queen Margaret of Navarre's "Hep-tameron," and Matteo Bandello's *novelle* (about 1550)—all prominent in the same field.

But these blossoms might have bloomed in their corner of the literary garden unknown, at least to the people of England, had it not been that scholars and students were flocking into Italy, under the influence of the Renaissance, attracted by the fountain-head of the New Learning. That they should come into contact with the strong current of this contemporary movement in Italian literature and should be attracted by it was inevitable. They brought back home with them the New Learning, in quest of which they had journeyed; but they brought something besides. Immediately there began to appear, in London, translations of the Italian *novelle*, in bulky collections. Probably the first, certainly the largest and most important, was William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1556-7); of which the first tome was republished in 1569, and the whole work again in 1575. In the quarter-century 1565-1590, at least eight of these collections appeared in England, among their authors being Fenton, Fortescue, Pettie, Smyth, Whetstone and Turberville. But "The Palace of Pleasure" was

the first in the whole movement, and contained more tales than all the rest put together. The tone of the original Italian *novelle* was retained, and, as its chief appeal seems to have been through "graceful naughtiness," the translated *novelle* were notoriously salacious. To such a degree did this almost morbid interest in social vice permeate the *novelle* that, even in an age notably lax in manners and to us shockingly plain-spoken, there was a storm of indignant protest against the "Italianated Englishmen," following upon the introduction of the *novelle* into Albion. Good old Roger Ascham, in his "Scholemaster," after condemning the "Morte Arthure" as bad enough, proceeds to attack these Englished Italian novels in no doubtful terms:

"And yet ten 'Morte Arthures' do not the tenth part so much harm, as one of these bookes, made in Italie, and translated in England. They open, not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunnyng, new, and divers shiftes, to carry young willes to vanitie, and young wittes to mischief, to teach old bawdes new schole poyntes, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was hard of in England before, yea when Papis-trie overflowed all. Suffer these bookes to be read, and they shall soone displace all bookes of godly learnyng."

However, that the *novella* took hold in England is proved beyond all question by that most conclusive argument—the great number of translations turned out by the English press in quick succession. That the introduction of the *novella* into England was an inestimable advantage, nay almost a bare necessity, would appear from the following facts:

The very period of the appearance of the Englished *novella*, 1565-1590, was the seed-time of the Elizabethan drama. What direction this dramatic literature would have taken, had it not

been for the new influence, is clearly indicated by Sackville and Norton's "Gordobuc, or Ferrex and Porrex" (1561). This play was distinctly Senecan in its ear-splitting, heart-rending blood-and-thunder melodrama. Some refining influence was needed; and in the *novella* it was found. It seems perhaps paradoxical to speak of the refining influence of the *novella*; but, after all, amours are certainly more gentle, if not more edifying, than open bloodshed and wholesale carnage. Patricide, matricide, fratricide, homicide and suicide is the tale which the early English drama has to tell. Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" is little better than the rest in this respect; indeed, a certain love of gore on the British stage has never been completely eradicated.

But the Italian *novella* wrought a great change. It offered an abundance of plots, new to the audience, and introduced, or rather emphasized, an element inherent even in the old Miracle Plays, the "mixture of tones," sad and gay. While "gorgeous Tragedy in sceptred pall comes sweeping by," we find time and occasion, now and again, to join in the laugh turned on some poor scape-goat; and "tragi-comedy" is accepted. Thus the English drama was freed from stiff classical severity and too tense tragic motive. The gorgeous abundance of plots led the dramatists frequently to incorporate two or three sub-plots in a single play, revolving about the mainspring of the action. In the "Merchant of Venice," for example, we find at least three distinct stories,—the bond with the Jew, the choice of the casket, and the surrender of the wedding-rings.

With Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great" and "Faustus" we mark the first worthy creations in the English drama. Tragic and tragi-comic plots are furnished now right along by the

Italian *novelle*, while the historical plays are still drawn from the contemporary chroniclers, Holinshed, Fabyan and Hall. But the people wanted something more novel, and the plots for these purely imaginative plays must come from another quarter. Had there been an English Boccaccio or Bandello, no doubt the dramatists would have turned to him. But as the English people had not yet arrived at that degree of individual self-consciousness conducive to a prolific school of native story-tellers, the translations of the Italian *novelle* were called into requisition. How well they served the purpose is attested by the fact that about nineteen out of twenty Elizabethan plays have Italian dramatic personæ and are set in Italy; for the dramatists seem to have made this a convention, thus making free acknowledgment of the source of their borrowings.

So great a boon to the English drama as the *novella* could scarcely be expected without some disadvantage. Inevitably it had its evil effect upon the drama which it so materially helped make. All the world knows Shakespeare; many have not heard of Marlowe, or Beaumont and Fletcher; few will recognize the names of Heywood, Peele, or Massinger;—only scholars are concerned with the works of Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries. And if we stop a moment to think, the reason will not be far to seek. Of all Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare alone has reached the universal heart; the rest do not appeal even to the British nation. They also used the *novella*, as did Shakespeare; but they abused it, and had not the master's saving grace of genius. In a way, he too, perhaps, abused the *novella*, and thus failed to make plays which should touch the national spirit of the English people. But, after all, it is a distinct advantage

that his heroes are not British (for they are not Danish or Italian either)—they are men. The men and women of the rest of the Elizabethans are not English, nor are they Italian; they live not in England nor yet in Italy. They are the heterogeneous impossibilities of no land, breathing an unreal but by no means ideal air. They are inspired, or rather inflated, with the most extraordinary tenets of honor and morality: the fearless soldier becomes a pathetic object of ridicule when he boasts of the doughty deeds of his right hand in fifty lines of clanging blank verse; the lover who loves his love even unto death comes under the taint of hypocrisy when he offers to climb into the firmament and pluck a star from out the constellations to prove his love. This is sentimentality, not sentiment. It may be congenial to the Latin spirit; it certainly is not Anglo-Saxon. But, in point of fact, it is gross exaggeration, and so, to all men and women, unnatural and untrue.

Again, the total lack of national English flavor, already referred to, must be charged to this Italian influence. When the literature or the drama of one land is content to confine itself exclusively to the setting, manners, customs, and characters of another, there is certainly something radically wrong. Such a drama or literature is unworthy in itself and cannot contain the germ of immortality. It is conceivable that some particular author or dramatist should know more of the life and ways of a foreign country than of his own. But when the whole body of literary producers are busy writing alien fiction, it is safe to conclude that they are not doing that to which they are best fitted. The picture which we get of English national life from the Elizabethan drama is true only on the comic side, in the five-act farces. Judged by the tragedies—and it is here that the *novella*

influence appears—English men and women of the time would seem incapable of sincere, deep feeling or serious thinking. But it is the reflecting medium which is at fault, not real life. That it appears so is due to the fact that the drama had become so thoroughly artificial that it did not attempt to portray English traits.

Thus the influence of the *novella* on the Elizabethan drama will appear to have been by no means purely advantageous. But while it practically doomed the great mass of that literature which it went so far toward making, it gave us the one great literary figure of that and of all time—Shakespeare, and he is great in spite of the *novella* influence. It has been well said: Hamlet is not a Dane, he is a man. And it is by this touch of the Platonic “universal” that Shakespeare escapes from the baleful influence of the *novella*. His characters are not English, neither are they Italian: they are simply men and women, of every nation and of every time.

And yet that Shakespeare, as well as the other dramatists, owes a large debt to the *novella* is undeniable. Here is the source of the plots which served to kindle his inspiration, which he draped with his own thoughts and wonderful technique.

This sketch has suggested the literary situation in England prior to the new Italian influence:—how the drama was fast becoming an inevitable necessity; how it threatened to develop on the straight lines of history, when this apparently inexhaustible storehouse of plots capable of the most artistic treatment was thrown open, as a consequence of the Renaissance; and how the *novella* set the whole mighty stream of the English drama flowing in a new and wider and grander channel, thus making the Shakespeare of “Hamlet” and “The Merchant of Venice” a possibility.

“The Royal Menken”

BY ROBERT F. RODEN

*Passages from unpublished letters that throw a new light upon a
“Mazeppa’s” meteoric career*

TO the casual mind the name of Adah Isaacs Menken suggests a picture of a finely formed woman, who forty years ago made a sensational success in American theatres in a realistic dramatization of Byron’s “Mazeppa.” Theatre-goers with a more intimate knowledge of the stage also recall her as the woman who later conquered London in the same part, and still later died neglected in Paris, just after a striking success in another melodrama.

To them she is the actress with four husbands, who lived picturesquely and who died miserably. Her name originally was Adelaide McCord, or Ada Isaacs, or Adah Menken, and she was born in New Orleans, in Texas, in the West Indies. So runs the story of her life, as the public know it. Of the real Menken little is known.

A series of unpublished letters of hers reveal much of the real personality of this strange and fascinating figure which for a few years dazzled America, and made so brilliant a début in theatrical and literary London and Paris. In one of these letters, written to her most intimate friend and adviser at the height of her London success, she says: “The excitement here is exceeding. The people seem to me to be crazy.

The Royal Menken is called out at Astley’s four and five times every night. The Prince throws me ten guinea bouquets. The great Fechter is to be present at the reading of my new piece, and I have the patronage of the greatest literary man of England (Charles Dickens), who will revise my poems for me. But I am cold and passionless! And so lives poor Menken, with all her success and the favor of royalty and the love of her one love—a wreck!”

This is the real Menken—not the *poseur*, the sensational actress of many husbands. It is the sincere cry of an anguished and remorseful human soul. The letter quoted from, together with many others, was written to the late Edwin James, an old New York journalist, for many years connected with the New York “Clipper.” Shortly before Mr. James’s death, the letters passed into the possession of the late Peter Gilsey, who jealously guarded them and never allowed any part of the correspondence to be printed. Mr. Gilsey’s interest in Menken was ever great, and his special collection relating to the actress, including these letters and an extraordinary series of photographs, one hundred and ninety-two in number, is without question the most extensive and important in existence.

The first letter in the series is dated May 20, 1862, and was written to James from Pomer's Hotel, New York, thanking him for notices lately written about her in English papers, and referring to an English tour she then expected to make, beginning in June of that year. The other letters are written to him from Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco and other American cities, which she was visiting professionally during 1862 and 1863, and from London at various periods during her two seasons there. James seems to have constantly advised her, and she, on her part, took a deep interest in his journalistic career. Most of the letters begin: "Dear Brother" and close "Your affectionate Sister, Adah." The friendship of the two seems to have been of the most perfect nature.

One of the most remarkable examples of this correspondence is a letter written from Bower's Hotel later in 1862. It shows this extraordinary character at her very best. "In this letter," she writes, "is none of the surface that I show to others, none of the life I am obliged to live. I have gone away down into my old heart and brought out what little of good and the actual there is left of me. You know well that nearly every one we are acquainted with would laugh at this letter and think it a capital joke that an actress and one proverbial for reckless carelessness of all truth in feelings should write so to one almost a stranger. But such is the wild, unsatisfied nature that is mine. With all my longings to find beauty and harmony in others, when found I am almost miserable. When I see what some soul has responded to what mine is always seeking, I cannot help shrinking before it far back into the weeds and shadows of myself, because I find that in me there is nothing worthy of answering to beauty and harmony."

Adah Isaacs Menken was then (very probably) in her twenty-ninth year,

though the date of her birth is usually given as June 15, 1835. No one but herself knew the real date. Her whole family had died of consumption—father, mother, brother and sister. It is not the least strange fact of her curious career, that no one but herself knew her real name. There is good reason to believe, as her third husband wrote, that her father's name was Spenser, and that he was a grandson of the Revolutionary General Spenser, of South Carolina. Her mother, who was born in Bordeaux, France, though she spent most of her life in the "Faubourg," New Orleans, survived at least three husbands, one of whom was a man of low estate named McCord, and another a respectable army surgeon, named Campbell. In one of her letters she evidently refers to the latter when mentioning her father, and her first appearance on the stage was under the name of McCord, yet there can be little doubt that she was born at Milneberg, Louisiana, as far back as 1833, and that neither of these two latter names represents her true paternity. Of her first name she wrote in 1862:

"Adah is a name that nobody gave me. I selected it myself. My father called me Dolores after his mother, but, in the course of time, and because I had spirit and soul enough to work for my mother, the proud relatives of my father refused to own me. Then I would no longer be called Dolores. Adah is indeed my name."

The adoption of this Hebrew affix, meaning "an assembly," has hitherto been a difficult thing to understand. Later in her life she was fond of alluding to herself as "Dolores Adios Los Fuertes." A number of her letters to James are signed: "Dolo," and it is plainly evident that she was called "Dolores" or "Dolo" by the literary set who paid court to her during the last years of her life. This is probably the origin of the title, "Dolorida,"

given to the very Swinburnean verses, said to have been written "In the Album of Adah Menken" by Algernon Charles Swinburne, then the victim of the hysterical criticism flung at the first series of his "Poems and Ballads," 1866. The verses are as follows:

DOLORIDA.

Combien de temps, dis, la belle,
Dis, veux-tu m'être fidèle—
Pour une nuit, pour un jour
Mon amour.

L'Amour nous flatte et nous touche
Du doigt, de l'oeil, de la bouche,
Pour un jour, pour une nuit,
Et s'enfuit.

Swinburne has denied the authorship of "Dolorida," but though he may explain away the verses, he cannot deny the authenticity of the photograph in the Gilsey collection, for which he posed with Menken in 1866. The original manuscript of "Dolorida" is still said to be owned in England, though Swinburne has stated that if there be such a manuscript, it is an impudent forgery.

Menken met James about a year after her desertion by John C. Heenan, whom she had married in April, 1859, within six months of the date of her separation from Alexander Isaacs Menken, her first husband. The latter was a clever Jewish musician, the leader of the orchestra of a company with which she had played leading rôles in the Southwest. She soon left her musician-husband and went to New York, where she met the noted fighter, and married him at a road-house just outside the city.

The actress took Heenan's desertion very much to heart, and in her letters to James continually refers to it as her "crucifixion." That was a melancholy period in her life—months of sickness, destitution and desolation. Alone with

her child by Heenan (a boy, who died in early childhood) the unhappy woman, after vain attempts to support herself by teaching, dancing and elocution, finally gave a reading from Shakespeare and Poe at a Broadway hall known as Hope Chapel, adding to her programme an original speech in her own vindication, against the aspersions of a certain portion of the press. On the following morning the New York "Tribune" devoted nearly a column to the derision of this effort. Ridicule was heaped unsparingly upon one to "whose name, a few months since, was affixed that of a 'champion,' equally distinguished then as now," and the young reader was advised to study grammar and forget "the Bowery" before again attempting to "define her position."

This episode completely discouraged her, and she writes despairingly: "Is that, indeed, my 'position' ? Have I only been dreaming during all my trials and struggles? Can I never be anything more than what the 'Tribune' represents? I am so sorry that I appeared at Hope Chapel, and presumed to be anything more than what the press would have me—a miserable outcast. This is what they seem to point to."

At this time, when she seemed to be truly the child of misfortune she thought herself, she was saved from suicide by the late Frank Queen, the founder of the "Clipper." When she recovered her health, she returned to the stage and took up the masculine parts of "Mazeppa" and "The French Spy." She then obtained an Indiana divorce from Heenan, and in October, 1862, was married to Robert H. Newell, then widely known as "Orpheus C. Kerr." Newell was editor of the New York "Mercury" when she came to New York from the South, and had become interested in her through her constant contributions of prose and verse, among the latter being many of those strange, hopeless, passionate

apostrophes to fate which, under the appropriate title of "Infelicia," were published in London, even while she was dying in Paris.

It was one of the positive provisions and assured practicabilities of this union that, after fulfilling the two or three professional engagements already binding her by contract, she should retire forever from the stage; but weeks of rest from the stimulating excitement and exercise threw her into the lowest reactionary debility. No resources that affection could conceive, or the most liberal effort exhaust, were effectual to avert a new visitation of that terrible hereditary disease, which seemed to await the first cessation of an unloved pursuit to strike her down. All was in vain! An incessant lung fever, banishing sleep and giving no rest from the ghastliest fancies and presentiments; frequent arterial hemorrhages, and days of complete prostration, defied the best physicians of two cities, and caused them to declare unanimously that the life of their patient could be prolonged only by her return to the counter-irritating fever and delirium of the theatre.

The sick woman went back to the stage, because, as she said, it was her "doom." A sea-voyage being recommended, she went to California with Newell in the summer of 1863, and there entered upon a series of dramatic engagements, which, for financial success, were almost unparalleled in the theatrical history of that State. She threw herself into her parts with a seemingly reckless wish to dare and die; and by the very energy of this incipient despair, gained a popular following as unprecedented as it was unexpected. For one hundred performances, chiefly of "Mazeppa," she received the sum of \$18,000, in gold, most of which she threw away with wilful extravagance.

There in that wild, reactionary California revel, began the mad glare and glitter of a public career destined to

culminate in the capitals of Europe, and go out miserably upon an obscure death-bed in a foreign exile. Her marriage with Newell was not a happy one. She soon learned, or made herself believe, that he had married her out of pity, and the knowledge served to precipitate the darkest melancholia. Writing to James from San Francisco, under date of January 29, 1864, she says:

"You know not what a dark heavy cloud casts its shadows over my life. With all my professional success, there is not a day of my life that I do not pass the fiery ordeal of tears and prayers. It is now eight o'clock in the morning, and I am in tears. I have not been to bed all night. I cannot in this letter tell you all the cause of my despair, but suffice it to say that I married a 'gentleman'!"

Her separation from Newell soon followed, and then came her first visit to England. Writing to James from Queenstown, August 15, 1864, in a letter beginning "Dear Ed," and signed "Dolo," she refers to the divorce proceedings she had instituted against the humorist. "I have only time for a few lines," she begins, and then she writes twelve closely written pages. About this time began her attachment for James Barkley, a California gambler of the most picturesque Bret Harte type, but this she thrust aside when Heenan came again to woo, with repentance in his heart. An extraordinary letter of fifteen pages, written to James about the middle of December, 1864, plainly shows that her so-called "reconciliation" with the fighter was as consummate a piece of acting as any with which she graced the stage.

"Lord Carmel (Heenan) is very fond and kind to me," she writes. "He has left entirely the lady he was connected with (Sara Stevens), and she has returned to the West with the express understanding never to write or see his lordship again. He has never loved any

one but me. He never will. There is only one love to one life. Carmel would die for me to-morrow, but it is too late. He has been the ruin of what might have been a splendid life. It was he who taught me to disbelieve in man; it was he who made me callous and unfeeling. He destroyed a beautiful and bountiful nature, and he now seeks to revive that which is dead. Now it is my turn to inflict suffering. I cannot believe again. He killed me and I died. There is no *resurgam*."

"Mazeppa" was then being presented to crowded houses at Astley's vast Auditorium, where Dion Boucicault had recently failed. Menken was the idol of the town. "They have given me a new name at the clubs," a letter to James says. "It has got all over London. Instead of the 'Royal Menken,' I am now the 'Royal Bengal Tiger.' Is it not an engaging title? I rather like it." A little later she writes:

"My carriages and horses are really the finest in even gay London, where everything is beautiful. I have bought a charming villa in Brompton Road, furnished in a princely manner. I called it 'The Lair.' Now the 'Tiger' has a 'Lair.' 'Beware how you rouse the Tiger in the Lair' is an old stage speech. It is said every evening in 'The Child of the Sun' [a new piece by Brougham in which she was then playing]. Lord Carmel revels in the new title. I have everything I could wish for, but I am very miserable. Always remember that in the little coterie in the old 'Clipper' office live the remains of Dolores Adios Los Fuertes, known as Adah Isaacs Menken."

In an earlier letter Menken had written to James that her new friendship with Heenan was only for the moment. "I will throw him off whenever I want. I do not care for him, but that does not prevent him caring for me." Soon after this he passed out of her life, and her attachment for Barkley practically

began. This was one of the brightest periods in her career. Becoming the fashion of literary London as well as of the metropolis, she held literary court. At her suppers she toasted Dickens, Swinburne, Reade, and a host of other but less brilliant lights. "Mr. Dickens is to revise my poems for me," she writes to James, and she asks him to secure a file of the New York "Mercury" and to send to her her poetical contributions of the early sixties, so that they might be printed in book form in England. "Mr. Dickens has promised a preface and permission of dedication through his kind interest. Alfred Tennyson called on me yesterday to read some of my poems."

Barkley now returned to his gaming-tables, and Menken's heart went with him. Writing to James on paper now adorned with a characteristic crest—a horse's head surmounted by four aces, with the legend "Immensabilis"—she vows eternal devotion to the gambler. "He is the best man that ever breathed in God's world. He was my child-ideal. He is now the light of my life."

An Indiana divorce from Newell was speedily obtained and Menken came back to New York for the last time. She repaid Barkley's devotion by marrying him in the summer of 1866, and they lived for a time in "Bleak House"—the name she gave to the New York residence with which he presented her, the upper of the twin brown-stone houses on the west side of Seventh Avenue, between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Streets.

Barkley was her "heart's blood," as she had written to James, but they soon quarreled and "Bleak House" was sold. The actress returned to Europe to conquer Paris, and the gambler went back to California to die. The Menken drama was nearly at an end.

Fechter had paved the way for her Parisian début. A French version of "The Pirates of the Savannah" was

made for her, and on Sunday night, December 30, 1866, she appeared as "Leo" at the Gaieté. Her success was immediate. Menken was soon the rage in Paris as she had been in London. In her hundredth performance, royalty, represented by the Third Napoleon, complimented her. As in London so in Paris the most brilliant men and women swelled her train of admirers. Her hotel in the Rue de la Paix was the rendezvous for men of letters, art and the notabilities of the day.

The elder Dumas made of the American actress a favorite daughter, entertaining her in his costly, never quite finished country house, called after the most widely known of his novels. Two striking photographs in the Gilsey collection recall those days of trans-Atlantic triumph.

The Parisians came to worship in those days of sunshine. But they did not come when she was lying ill in the summer of 1868, suffering from an internal injury caused by the rough riding in "Mazeppa." Her illness grew more serious, and on the eleventh of August American theatre-goers read that Adah Isaacs Menken had died the day before in Paris. The women had envied the splendor of her life and her throng of admirers; the men had worn Menken hats and coats, and "Mazeppa" cravats, collars and handkerchiefs; but they soon forgot the favorite they had recently applauded at the Porte St. Martin. One day Americans read of their countrywoman's magnificence and triumph abroad; the next day that she was dead. And to be dead in Paris means to be forgotten.

Vanished were her friends of rank and distinction. Half a dozen players, a few servants, and her horse, "Gypsy," followed her to her grave in Père la Chaise. There she rested for three years, neglected by those who had praised the radiant creature who dazzled three countries. Now she sleeps

in the Jewish cemetery of Mont Parnasse, beneath a granite monument erected by James Barkley and Edwin James, the last of "her few, few friends." Nearly all her friends are dead now, and Adah Isaacs Menken lives but in the memories of a few people and in the letters and photographs in the Gilsey collection. Her monument in Mont Parnasse bears the epitaph: "Thou Knowest." Her literary monument could bear no better inscription to her talent and her inner self, than her poem, "Infelix," which is pathetically autobiographic.

"INFELIX."

Where is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow?
Ere errors, agonies and fears,
Brought with them all that speaks in
tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers,—
Where sleeps that promise now?
Naught lingers to redeem those hours
Still, still to memory sweet;
The flowers that bloom in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of sorrow and deceit.
I look along the columned years,
And see life's riven fane,
Just where it fell, among the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose moaning sneers
Forever hiss within my ears
To break the sleep of pain.
I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace,
I missed the goal I sought to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls Fame's fever in the brain,
And bids Earth's tumult cease.
Myself! Alas for theme so poor,
A theme but rich in fear;
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A spectre not within the door,
A homeless shadow evermore;
An exile lingering here!

Calling Up Sappho:

A Heart-to-Heart Talk Over the Trans-Stygian Telephone

BY HENRY TYRRELL

UNDOUBTEDLY the trans-Stygian telephone is the most astounding of all the applications, thus far, of Marconi's system of psychic or thought signals through the cosmic ether. It has joined the hither and the beyond. It has broken down the barriers between mortals and the immortal. Last, and supremely, it has opened up a new world for exploitation by Mr. Bok.

Lesbian Sappho, steeped in the golden langours of twenty-five centuries' purgatorial dream, was at first slow to respond. But the call came from Philadelphia, where expense of time did not matter; so Mr. Bok's persevering enterprise was finally rewarded with this message:

"Think not the Lesbian poetess is dead:
She whom the Muses nine have gar-
landed
Escapes the gloom of Hades. Does
earth's fame
Still shine upon the lyrist Sappho's
name?
And who art thou, that from thy dis-
mal sphere
With raucous voice has dared to vex
mine ear?"

It was Mr. Bok, in person, the voice assured her, who wished to make an advantageous (to whom, he did not mention) literary proposition.

"There are, doubtless," he said, "in Hades many souls of former readers and perhaps contributors of mine, who will give you information about the 'Ladies' Chrome Journal,' which I edit. As to my personality—well, really—I'll tell you what: let me connect you with Major Pond, the lyceum impresario—he can tell you all about me."

Major Pond, being called, thus deposed:

"Edward W. Bok? He is the Most Popular Young Man in America, and has been so for the last twenty-seven years, to my certain knowledge. Write me for lithographs and terms."

After that, it was only a matter of settling details.

"What would you like?" asked Sappho, sweetly.

"Oh, any new thing—or old, either, so long as it is characteristic and nice. I want it for my next midsummer number, to back up a cameo portrait of yourself, which is to be tastefully set in a ground of quiet scarlet. We did Minerva that way, recently."

"How did you obtain her consent?"

"Oh, by not letting her see a proof, nor giving her any idea what the picture was to be like," replied the Editor, promptly. "But—I should so like to hear you sing."

Faintly, like a far-off murmur of the

Ægean Sea, came a harp prelude, the the delicious cadence of an Æolic hymn:

“*Νουκινόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα—*”

“Hold on!” cried the Philadelphian. “That’s Greek to me.”

There was a long pause, during which a confused babble of voices buzzed strangely over the trans-Stygian 'phone. At last a man’s voice announced:

“I am Chapman—George Chapman, who Englished old Homer. Our Priestess of Love and Song has graciously decreed that I shall translate for you, as well as may be, the incomparable Sapphic hymn to Venus.”

This seemed satisfactory. Mr. Bok assented. The bard began declaiming in English, but had not proceeded many lines when his listener was frozen with horror at the following stanza:

“I love, I burn, and only love require,
And nothing less can quench the rag-
ing fire.

What youth, what reckless lover shall
I gain?

Where is the captive that should wear
my chain?”

“Stop! cut it out! My goodness gracious! I never heard anything like it. That sort of thing would never, never, in all the world, do for us here. You understand——”

But they did not understand. How should they? They had never read the “Ladies’ Chrome Journal.” Chapman thought the trouble was in his metre; so he had Sappho tune up again, and this time rendered her verses in a scrupulous reproduction of the classic measure, after this fashion:

“All the night, sleep came not upon my
eyelids,
Shed not dew, nor shook nor unclosed
a feather;
Yet with lips shut close and with eyes
of iron,
Stood and beheld me,”

Mr. Bok scanned these lines mentally as they came, and even tried to check off the feet with his blue pencil on a pad, but was obliged to give it up.

“Your metre seems very irregular,” he remarked; “and I don’t quite see how you make *beheld me* rhyme with *feather*.”

“I protest I am right,” retorted Chapman, a trifle sharply. Yet he must have been in an amiable mood that day, for presently he went on, in a tone of infinite patience, to explain: “That is the pure Sapphic stanza, unrhymed trochaic-dactylic—the fine lyric flower of the Æolic school. A native Grecian metre, I grant you; but if unmelodious to your ear, then the English language is to be blamed, not my craftsmanship.”

“Please try again, Mr. Chapman—a plain English metre, with rhymes, such as Shakespeare or James Whitcomb Riley would use,” urged Mr. Bok, pleasantly.

“How is this?” asked Chapman, a few minutes later—and he recited his new version:

“The silver moon is set,
The Pleiades are gone,
The night half spent—and yet
I am alone.”

“That’s better,” was the Editor’s encouraging comment. “The sentiment isn’t exactly what I approve of for the ‘Journal’; but I’ve thought of a way in which the thing can be utilized. Hold the wire a minute—no! I mean, please wait. Miss Walker!”

He touched a button, and a sub-editress appeared.

“Miss Walker, here is a communication from a lady who is troubled with insomnia. Answer it in your department, ‘Some Questions I am Asked.’”

Miss Walker took the Sapphic stanza, and went off to write the following for the next number:

"SAPPHO.—In the matter of sleep, you must be your own judge. Generally, an adult requires eight hours of sleep out of the twenty-four. In most cases, especially if you are regularly employed every day, nine will be better. You know that the heart is enabled to go on with its life-work because it alternates effort with tiny intervals of rest. This should teach us a valuable lesson. It is well not to lie in the same position all night. Turn at least once from one side to the other. The right side is considered the preferable one."

Meanwhile, Sappho herself had returned to the telephone; and she was now heard saying:

"Miss Bok—I beg your pardon, *Mr.* Bok—I should really like to please you. If you are not too busy, I will ask you to hear a few brief specimens of my different styles of poems. How does this thought strike you:

"Evil is death—the gods have so adjudged:

Had it been good, they would themselves have died."

"Too pessimistic," pronounced the Editor. "We want things with sunshine in 'em, and whose influence shall be for the uplifting of woman to a broader, wiser and nobler life. Do you follow me?"

"Yes—but I can't keep up with you. I wish you would give me a concrete example of what you mean—something that has been composed expressly for your papyrus."

Mr. Bok clutched a copy of the current number of "The Ladies' Chrome Journal." Turning to page 47, he read the subjoined quatrain:

"BEAUTY RESTORED.

"If you have beauty to make or beauty to keep,
Wrinkles that are shallow or wrinkles that are deep,

Cheeks that are hollow or neck that is spare,
Remember Griggs' Facial Massage Roller has made thousands fair."

Sappho mused a long time over this; and when she did again emerge from her Stygian silence, it was to recite, in a somewhat tired and timid voice, these lines "To Lesbia":

"Him rival to the gods I place,
And loftier yet, if loftier be,
Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
Who listens and who looks on thee."

"That's more like it," declared the Philadelphia Phaon. "I might address that 'To a Constant Reader,' and make the last line:

" 'Who listens whilst thou'rt reading ME!'

Have you anything else?"

"Only a Reproach to an Unlettered Lady," replied Sappho, wearily.

"Just the thing! Let's have it."

"Well, I shall have to give it in plain prose, as Chapman has gone off fishing with Homer and Aristophanes. Here is how it runs:

"But thou shalt lie dead, nor shall there ever be any remembrance of thee then or thereafter, for thou hast not of the roses of Pieria; but thou shalt wander obscure even in the house of Hades, flitting among the dumb and shadowy dead."

"That's all right," said Mr. Bok. "Never mind Chapman. I can adapt it myself. All I have to do is to tack on:

"MORAL.—Join the 'Ladies' Chrome Journal' circle while you may. Choice of a Dolly picture or a photograph of Mr. Bok free to every new subscriber.
"And now, one thing more, Miss

Sappho. Since you are to become a contributor to the magazine, I wish you'd lend a hand in our current Symposium. Look into your heart, and write—not exceeding a hundred words—your own answer to the question—Which would you rather do, or get married? ”

But Sappho had rung off. The next time Mr. Bok called her up, the 'phone was busy. Finally he left his number, saying that he would await her convenience to have further understanding upon the terms of their mutual agreement.

He is still waiting.

To A Contemporary

BY LOWELL CHESTER FROST

WE both are travelling on the rugged path
Of life: You, in the rarer atmosphere
Of mountain purity, obtain at each
New step broad vistas of the higher truth.
The steep ascent, the conquered precipice,
Arm you with courage to pursue your way
To that far goal which is your destiny.

And I, encircled by the valley's mist,
Grope forward on an unseen path, pursued
And faced by dangers and uncertainties.
Yet when some favoring capricious breeze
For one brief instant parts the circling mist,
I see the goal and you—and then comes hope
Again, and strength for one more onward stride.

“The Twilight of The Poets”

(To Edmund Clarence Stedman)

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

DREAD not the dying of the day,
The day divinely long,
With sunset ashes soft and gray
On fallow fields of Song.

Fear not the silence of the night,
The night with dew impearled;
The seeds of Song shall rise in light,
And bloom around the world.

The One Lyric

BY FREDERICK FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

UPON the great world's shore in song
Like waves the words beat to and fro,—
A lyric tide that sings along
The ways of life wherein I go.

I catch their message in my rhyme
And dream that I may yet find one
That shall endure until the time
When the last songtide is outrun.

I ask but once to touch the dust
Of this old earth to melody:
One perfect lyric I can trust
To live for all eternity.

Longfellow

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

HE did not sound the depths. What need
When on the surface of the sea the sails
Of myriad human-freighted vessels speed
Before the gentle winds and flying gales?
For them his counsel and his sympathy,
The moving music of his minstrelsy;
Not mind, but heart and soul, his creed—
He did not sound the depths. What need?

De Quincy's "Ann"

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HE sought her face thro' London's devious ways,
But never found again that old-time look;
Yet oh, he left her for our loving gaze
Within the pages of his deathless book!

The Test of Greatness

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

YE moil and wrangle still if bard or rhymster he!
And envious that ye are, all claim ye cannot tell;
Enough! He was what ye through Hate can never be,
Thrice more than rhymster, lo, who loved, not hated, well!

Letter from Paris

PARIS, *January 17, 1903.*

PARIS in general has been suffering from a surfeit of sensations during the close of the old and the commencement of the new year. Madame Humbert's capture in Madrid fills all the newspapers and her case is discussed at every dinner table and in every café. The time will come when fines will be imposed for referring to it as was the case during the Dreyfus agitation, but for the present it grasps the attention. There is also discussed the flight of the Princess Royal of Saxony with the mere schoolmaster and "burgess of Brabant," M. Giron. The two are appropriately compared to Gilberte and Valréas in Meilhac and Halévy's "Froufrou," and, as in the case of these stage lovers, it is fully expected that the couple will soon tire of each other's company, even in Paris which the Princess is supposed to love so well. But all these sensations have not checked literary production; the best authors are busy. M. Paul Bourget has out a new story called "L'Eau Profonde," or "Still Waters Run Deep," the title of Tom Taylor's comedy adapted from the French. The proverb was in M. Bourget's mind in writing the book and he refers to it in his introductory chapters, which are devoid of dialogue and are full of those philosophical reflections for which M. Bourget was once regarded with a sort of awe by his readers long ago, but which seem too didactic and pedantic to the newer generation. When you

tions, M. Bourget, you will find, gives you a good story. He does not break fresh ground. It is all eternal Paris over again. We have the Bois, the clubs, the big shops, the paddocks of Longchamps and Auteuil, all places with which we have been familiar from youth upwards. In the evolution of the story M. Bourget finds an opportunity for describing that part of the Latin Quarter near the Pitié hospital as it is to-day, yet his description reads exactly like that of Balzac in "Père Goriot." For the purposes of the story recourse is had to the anonymous letter trick, which plays so important a part in novels and plays, as well as in real life. M. Bourget does not, however, merely introduce the anonymous letter, but he analyzes its effect on the husband who is first inclined to burn it with disdain, and is then constrained to re-peruse it until the words are burned into his mind. There is hardly any doubt that this story will cause an immense amount of society discussion, although there is nothing absolutely new about the central mystery. But an author "in vogue" is quite at liberty to work up old themes in a new way. He is sure to find readers so long as he chooses to cater to them.

There are those who hold that M. Bourget is repeating himself in his latest books and that he has done the psychology of Society "snobisme" to death. Anyhow, he is still as interesting as ever he was of old.

Anatole France's newest work of fiction will be out by the time this letter reaches New York. The "Histoire

Comique" is not equal to M. France's previous productions, but it will repay reading, and it is easier reading than a good deal of what he has given us before. We have a comedian who is supposed to have committed suicide, but who has been killed by a jealous lover. The friends of the comedian have a good deal of trouble in getting the authorities of the Church to allow him Christian burial. Permission is given for the religious service, and M. France takes the opportunity of describing a mass for the dead, by introducing fragments of the old familiar "Dies Iræ" and of the Latin prayers. We are also treated to a description of the church of St. Etienne du Mont. With all this are interspersed Doctor Trublet's reflections on suicide, madness, the theatre, cookery and life in general. This doctor, who talks something like Monsieur Bergeret, is also called "Socrate," and he has a fine disquisition on "cassoulet." This is a favorite dish in Toulouse, which is famous for it, as Marseilles is famous for its "bouillabaisse." The younger Dumas put into one of his plays a receipt for making a certain salad. M. France now reminds us how a good "cassoulet" is made, not the "cassoulet" of Carcassonne, mere bits of leg of mutton with haricot beans, but the "cassoulet" of Castelnaudary which is the same as that of Toulouse, and comprises bits of the thighs of geese, well-whitened haricots, fragments of bacon, pork and a few sausages. All this has to be cooked on a slow fire. The cookery is introduced after a funeral and meditations among the headstones in Montparnasse Cemetery. Doctor Socrate describes the dead men as the masters of the living ones: "Nos maîtres sont sous ces pierres. Voici tous les artisans de nos connaissances vraies ou fausses, de notre sagesse et de nos folies. Ils sont là, les chefs inflexibles, auxquels on ne désobéit pas. En eux est la force, la suite

et la durée." After this it is time to lunch off a "cassoulet."

Paul Adam's story, "Au Soleil de Juillet," now a serial in the "Revue de Paris," takes us back to the days of Charles X., when so many old Napoleonic veterans were shouting in the streets of Paris for the young Duc de Reichstadt, whom they wanted as Napoleon II., but who was destined to die in 1832. Paul Adam's pictures of those lively times are vivid, and everything is presented in a vigorous style. It reminds you something of old Dumas, but you feel that Adam is the greater literary artist of the two, and that with all the movement, color and brilliancy of the older romancer, he is giving you finished pictures in faultless prose. His descriptions of the scenes of occasional fighting and continual carousing which took place around the Bastille column and in the Faubourg St. Antoine during the days of Polignac, make you believe that you are actually back in the time when some of the French were rejecting the direct Bourbons for the Orléans family, and when the Imperialists were making futile efforts to bring a consumptive Napoleon back.

Georges Ohnet returns to Paris life for inspiration, and gives us all the old familiar background. You cannot help liking M. Ohnet in spite of the critics. The chapters flow smoothly along from his facile pen and he possesses the secret of grasping your attention. His "Marchand de Poison" brings readers to the "Echo de Paris," a newspaper which has marvellously developed of late. M. Ohnet describes a new generation of young Frenchmen—that which gives itself up completely to sport. His types are young fellows who have been divorced or who are in the hands of trustees. They keep away from other things in order to devote themselves to sport of all sorts, to athletics and to motoring, eating, and drinking abun-

dantly all the time. This new novel by the author of "The Ironmaster," and so many other popular works, takes its title from the name applied by one of the characters, Christian Verneuil, to his own father, who is a wealthy manufacturer of a popular liqueur. Christian drinks of this in winding up a drunken orgy with his companions, during which he flings decanters and plates about, falls under the table, and when ill at home and being upbraided by his father for his bouts of drunkenness turns on his progenitor and calls him a poison-merchant.

Whoever takes an interest in the French army will read with some pleasure "L'Aube Fraternelle," by an obscure writer, and "Citoyen et Soldat," with a preface by the brothers Margueritte, who insist on keeping two t's in their peculiar name. The first book mentioned is supposed to have been the work of a young soldier who died of consumption. He was an accomplished scholar and went straight from the university to the barrack-room. These books on the national army and navy by literary people who have served as soldiers, sailors or marines, throw curious lights on the two services from time to time. A noteworthy book also is M. André Beaunier's "Les Trois Legrand ou les Dangers de la Littérature," which reminds one of Taine and of Anatole France. Two of the Legrands, father and son, try to become literary men but they fall back in the struggle. Disgusted and disappointed they keep a public-house with Madame Legrand, the mother of the younger failure, as cashier. M. Beaunier in writing his rather bitter book had evidently in his mind Voltaire's advice to a young man whom he warns against the thorny path of letters: "If you are unfortunate enough to be a mediocrity, which I do not think you are, you will have remorse for life; if you succeed, you will make enemies. You

are in fact walking on the brink of an abyss between disdain and hatred."

Abel Hermant is writing a highly interesting "Confession d'un homme d'aujourd'hui," and he has also taken over the dramatic criticism of the "Gil Blas," recently bought and transformed into a thoroughly literary newspaper by Périvier," formerly co-director of the "Figaro," and by Ollendorff the ex-publisher.

Francisque Sarcey after having filled a preponderating place in Paris journalism and in the theatrical world, is dead, but his son-in-law M. Adolphe Brisson is very much alive. When M. Brisson's "La Jeunesse de Sarcey" is published, I think that it will attract many readers. It is now appearing in fragmentary form in Sarcey's old paper, "Le Temps." It is chiefly valuable because it furnishes admirable sidelights on the lives led at the famous Normal School long ago by some of the best men of France, who were Sarcey's fellow pupils in the great institution in the Rue d'Ulm. The greatest of these was Taine. About and others came after him. In May, 1849, the Normal School was divided into two camps—the Catholics and the Voltairians. Sarcey, About and Taine were among the latter. Taine was their "Cacique," and he had "Systems" for everything. "He studies unceasingly," writes Sarcey, "Aristotle and Spinoza; he plunges into them up to the chest, he finds them full of *esprit*, of imagination. Much good may it do him. I prefer to think so rather than to look for myself. They are rather inclined to laugh at him at the School, but I don't, for I like to hear him unfold his theories. He speaks with fluency, clearness, elegance, although slightly cold and monotonous. He was laughed at around the stove for his systems, but it does not prevent him from being the very best among us. He tries to grapple with everything—mathematics, phi-

losophy, history, French and foreign literature. He knows everything, he works quickly and he writes remarkably well, in spite of a little pedantry."

From Sarcey's remarks on Aristotle, Spinoza, and Taine's appetite for universal knowledge, one suspects he was not destined to become either a great professor or a great writer. He did not care for teaching, and he writes in his diary: "Twenty years of the Professorate are the death of a man. You get old very quickly in the university. I don't mean in body, for most of our professors are fresh, strong and straight of limb. I mean the head, the intelligence. All that becomes tired and fritters away. You go to bed a man of wit and wisdom and you get up a *ganache*. Nothing makes you so silly as teaching." It was no wonder that Sarcey threw up the ferrule, and, after having passed a few years in the provinces at Chaumont as a college tutor, returned to Paris and threw himself into journalism. The man who was brought up in the Normal School and who might have risen to high academical rank was satisfied to be a journalist, and a journalist he remained until the day of his death, which was brought about by his insisting on attending first nights in the theatres, so that he might write conscientiously his weekly half page of dramatic criticism for the "Temps." M. Adolphe Brisson is following in his father-in-law's footsteps and is one of the most interesting writers for the press in Paris.

Among the new books are Albert Keim's "Rédemption de Nini"; "Chouchou, or Experimental Love," by Charles Merki; "Les Ronces rouges," by Asson-Yvelines; "Bagatouni," a story of the Marseilles slums, by Valère Bernard, originally written in Provençal, and "Un Homme à l'amour," by Jacques Duchange. Rather

more interesting than these is Ernest Daudet's "Conspirateurs et Comédiennes," the story of Madame Riflon, an adventuress something like Théroigne de Méricourt, Lady Hamilton or the more modern Princess Radziwill.

A good deal has been written about Pierre Laffitte, the successor of Auguste Comte, who has lately died. Attempts have been made to represent Pierre Laffitte as nearly equal to his master the great philosopher of Positivism. On the other hand it is reported that Comte himself said of his faithful disciple that he would never be anything more than a dilettante having just energy enough to gain his daily bread. And Anatole France, when Pierre Laffitte was nominated a professor of the Collège de France, ridiculed the "temple" of the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince," wherein the Positivists met. Since according to the Positivist calendar, Pierre Laffitte died in the month of Moses, in the week of Theseus and on the day of Ulysses, he will take a high rank among the Positivist saints.

In the theatrical world we have had besides Hervieu's "Théroigne de Méricourt," Maurice Donnay's "L'Autre Danger," the corrected title of that author's new play. Paul Hervieu's play has been attacked by the Royalists because he lauds a Revolutionist. Republicans, on the other hand, enjoy Théroigne and like to quote her reasons for joining the Revolution — because she belonged to the degraded and oppressed classes so long ground down.

Maurice Donnay's success with "The Other Danger" has been remarkable in spite of the commonplaces with which it abounds and the repulsion which the healthy-minded must feel at some of the situations. The dialogue is excellent, especially in the third act. Donnay has a great future before him as a dramatist.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

MR. Edmund Gosse has written an introduction to a volume of selected poems by Mr. Madison Cawein, issued in England and in this country. The title of the volume, "Kentucky Poems," is an index of the book; it is the poetry of American nature to which Mr. Gosse has evidently wished to call attention.

As the contents of the collection has already appeared in separate volumes, the book does not strictly come under the head of new poetry. Mr. Gosse, however, has several noticeable things to say about the fortune of verse in America, and about Mr. Cawein's poems in particular.

After remarking that serious poetry in the United States seems to have been passing through a "crisis of languor, since the disappearance of the New England School," he continues, "Perhaps there is no country on the civilized globe where, in theory, verse is treated with more respect and, in practice, with a greater lack of grave consideration than America. No conjecture as to the reason of this must be attempted here, further than to suggest that the extreme value set upon sharpness, ingenuity and rapid mobility is obviously calculated to depreciate and condemn the quiet practice of the most meditative of the arts." And again, "Whatever be the cause, it is cer-

tain that this is not a moment when serious poetry, of any species, is flourishing in the United States."

Now, is this true? And if it is, what is the reason for the temporary decadence of poetry? I fancy no one will seriously contend that the present time is productive even of tolerably good poetry, to say nothing of poetry of eminent significance and power. I suppose there has never been a time in the past half century when books of verse were less in demand. While the faithful "remnant" is always to be found, eager to receive and encourage what is new, sensitive to all artistic beauty and appreciative of delicate originality, the mass of readers care very little for any recent invention of the Muse. Considering the quality of most of such inventions, there is no reason why the average reader should care for them. But why is the level of poetic production not higher? Why does no man write poetry that compels attention and interest?

The answer must still be that art is a natural product of the intellectual garden, and springs up in the right soil as readily as mushrooms of a morning. You cannot get poetry out of an unpoetic people. There may be something in Mr. Gosse's hint that our mercurial wit and restless eagerness are too completely en-

grossed in other affairs to flower successfully in verse. It only remains for us to bide our time with what patience we may, and believe that the period of materialism will pass and an age of ideals and intellectuality return. If there is no great poetry, it is because there are no great people. Art is the voice of a nation, and when that voice becomes obscured or faint, it means that the nation is perilously near to shame. When Mr. Gosse says, "Where is American poetry?" we cannot reply. If he should ask, "Where are American ideals?" he might come nearer the root of the matter, and we should have just as much trouble to answer him. There is a foolish notion commonly accepted that art and poetry are in no way the vital product of a civilization, but are at best esoteric amusements—avocations for the leisure class. Such an idea in itself argues the utter absence of any noble regard for things of the mind and concerns of the spirit. The truth is that the decay of American poetry means the decay of American ideals—if there is any decay.

Pending the decision of such curious questions, however, the publication of books by contemporary poets continues. Miss Edith Thomas with "The Dancers," and Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald with "Tangled in Stars," will add to their established and growing fame. Miss Thomas's pleasing style and lucid expression made her acceptable to the magazines from the first, and will be found unimpaired in the present collection. It is so graceless a task to criticise any worker in a craft in which one may have made efforts oneself, that I hesitate to be specific in speaking of such books as this.

One question there is that has often occurred to me. How long can a writer contribute to the magazines without detriment to his art, or rather I should say, without stifling his inspiration? I do not mean to imply that the magazines are inhospitable to originality. On the contrary, I think they are as hospitable to it as could reasonably be expected. The magazines form a ready forum for new poets; and if, after a fair trial, a man cannot get a hearing in one periodical or another, it is safe to conclude that his

work lacks certain qualities which all good writing must possess. However able and new and penetrating a poem or a story may be, if it merely expresses its author, and makes no appeal to the public, it is only half great after all; for all the best art must be both expressive and impressive in an equal degree. Serial publication offers an easy test of the latter requisite quality in writing, for which our aspirants ought to be grateful, though I doubt if this aspect of the case very often occurs to them.

But after our stripling has won his first laurels in the magazine field, when he has achieved a certain power of self-expression, a certain facility which ensures him a ready hearing (not to mention a ready market), what then lies before him? How is he to grow? What influences will help his genius to unfold? The truth is that after a man has achieved a degree of excellence which makes him always welcome in the columns of our periodicals, when he is sure of his audience and sure of his cheque, he is in a more perilous position than before. There will be no inducements to him to grow, no influences helping him to develop. All the pressure will be in the opposite direction. Editors will want him to repeat his first success. Some passing phase of his growing fancy will be held up to him as the standard pattern for all future contributions. And he is in danger of consciously making all his work conform to the type of excellence and execution which his editors demand. To do that, evidently, is to cease to grow.

In other words it seems to me that the magazines are an excellent influence on the exuberance of a young writer up to a certain point; but after that point has been reached, they exert a pressure which is far from beneficial, and tends to flatten out genius rather than to foster it. But perhaps I am all wrong after all, and one ought not to look for popular poets to grow into elemental and prophetic bards.

KENTUCKY POEMS. *By Madison Cavein.*
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50,
net.

Some Books for Girls and Boys

BY MINNA SMITH

CHARMING is an overworked word, but is the first one suggested in connection with this delightful tale, "The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus."

Nobody can assert that this story is about a make-believe Santa Claus, instead of the historical St. Nicholas. To be sure, it does not tell about the life on earth of that Bishop of Myra who was sainted, patron of children and travellers, and whose December feast-day came near enough to Christmas for him to combine his personal festival of loving-kindness with that of the Master of it who wished all little children to come unto Him. Nicholas of Myra was born in Lycia, a Levantine land of great, deep forests, and the authorities say distinctly that its history cannot be traced. Who, therefore, shall dare deny, even if he did for a while go bishoping among men, that he was also the one and only Santa Claus, described in this story, and was adopted in his early mortal infancy by the wood-nymphs of the forest, and given by them, because of his love for little children, the Mantle of Immortality?

There is a definite and convincing directness in Mr. Baum's manner of writing. Men and women read children's books with renewed pleasure in these young days of the century, and children demand an added something in their books, a certain sincerity even in fairy lore, such as is in this book. You read of the life of Claus in the forest, cared for by his foster mother, the wood-nymph Necile, a favorite of her queen and her companion nymphs, approved by all the little people of the forest and smiled upon by the Master Woodsman, by whom,

when he grew to manhood, he was taken forth invisible to see the cities of men, and learned that he was of their race. He always loved little mortal children—at first, only the poor and helpless ones. Afterwards he came to bring joy into the hearts of the children of the rich when they also were desolate. He went to live in Laughing Valley, and all fairies and ryls served and loved him. The story is neither fantastic nor strained. It is all very real, and there is cause for regret that the colored pictures which abundantly accompany the text should be so feeble: the drawing is not at fault, but the color is weak and washy, impossible even in a World of Pretend.

These "Lovable Tales" are sufficiently delightful for perusal by a "grown-up," but only in reading them to a little child is one led into the fulness of their fun and fancy, their charm and cheer. There is added grace and rhythm in this author's work and a living spirit of love. Children who have been in this world but two years, or five, or seven, and whose trailing clouds of glory are still perceptible, accept with shining-eyed joy the wonders and delights that attended upon the daily life of "Janey and Josey and Joe." Such opulence of pleasure is but part of the freshness of the dream—the life of little folks. Many of those who are now old enough to read these tales for themselves learned to read in this writer's earlier books, because they knew her stories by heart, literally. In the future there will be as many pretty anecdotes to tell of infantile affection for the "Lovable Tales" as for the other books from one of which Ruth Cleveland, at the White House, named a pair of pet ponies

"Arabella and Araminta"; and a tiny son of royalty in England declined for some weeks to go to sleep nights until "the little American boys" "Roggie and Reggie" also reposed upon his pillow.

To all this tender and fond audience this new book makes sure appeal. Probably the only adverse criticism made by any child will be about the picture—fascinating and spirited like all its fifteen companions—which illustrates the circus parade given by Janey and Josey and Joe. Two famous little girls are shown riding in a yellow cart, yet it says in the story that Janey's guests, Arabella and Araminta, rode in a little red cart. The discrepancy between color and text, however effective artistically, will provoke from many lisping lips the world-old query—"Why?"

A girl can drive a nail straight, and strong, and true! Verily the world sweeps forward into light. "What a Girl Can Make and Do" is a treasure-box of a young girl's present and possible activity in work and play. It tells of hundreds of things now quite within her province. The modern girl is born free. She is never called a tomboy, as her mother or grandmother would have been, had they undertaken to do some of the things set down in this fascinating manual of fun and usefulness. The word tomboy is no longer heaped in ignominy upon the head destined to wear the mortar-board for a tiara; the American girl may be encouraged, as in the present volume, to play basket ball in her gymnasium suit, when in the country. But this is by no means a treatise on athletics. Out-door games have their place in its pages, that is all. The spirit of simple and unquestioned freedom is in it, however, and the growing modern appreciation of the beauty, value and æsthetic culture of the use of one's hands. In this book of nearly four hundred pages, liberally sprinkled with cuts and diagrams illustrative of things a girl can make, are directions for arriving at accurate, delightful, concrete results, from a piazza chair to a Santa-Claus fireplace, from Easter-egg operaglasses to home-made fireworks, from moving toys to monotypes, from baskets to new friends.

The chapter on Christmas decorations is especially interesting, and enters a protest against the perennial Christmas festoons, wreaths and stars. Open the book at page 245, and see the evergreen portière—with the girl coming through it—and any latent intention to give the book to some girl will be converted into action. Of course the Christmas chapter is but one out of thirty-one, but it is excellently demonstrative of the newness of the ideas, or of their adaptation. The key-note of the book is in its opening pages of directions to girls for hitting a nail on the head. The days of fumbling and futility are to be fewer than of old. There are occasional slips in the Anglo-Saxon of these coöperating authors. For example: after we have gone with the girl of trained fingers through her workshop, and have seen her make a hooded chair for the piazza even to its foot-rest, we hear her told that on this foot-rest "one may stretch oneself out luxuriantly." Many women will feel a half-envious delight in realizing, as they turn these pages, how much the girl of to-day, heiress of all the ages in the foremost files of time, can make and do. Many will experience the emotion expressed in a line of the sonnet "Return" by Lilla Cabot Parry,

"I would not be a girl again, and yet—"

The poppy-garlanded infants on the cover of this large and engaging volume, "The Princess Kallisto," will hold the attention of any child to whom the book is presented. Glancing through it with the interested child critic beside you, you especially perceive that this is one of the most fascinating of new picture books. The illustrator has technique and a sympathetic fancy. The tail-piece, after the "Foreword to Elder Folk" (which assures the seeker for children's books that the text herein is both moral and in good taste), is enticing, the decorative table of contents and list of illustrations bewitching. *And then come the Tales.* The first tale relates how the Princess Kallisto found her place at last among the stars on high. The next how a small sea-maiden and a little earth-girl changed

places, and the moral is pointed in the text above a dear little girl mermaid with the point of her tail curled in; she is playing on the seashore sands with Patti-kins, the earth-child restored to her own. Next comes Kron the Mighty, the story of a magician, with illustrations that comfort the eye like all those which follow in the admirable stories of "The Prince with the Noble Heart," "The Princess of the Rainbow," and "The King of the Gnomes." There is lofty sentiment and fine sincerity in these tales; also a useful inculcation of definite ideas of industry and other virtues, the author evidently grasping the spirit as well as the body of the kindergarten idea.

"The Queen of Little Barrymore Street" is a story for little girls of seven years and upwards, until their first teens, and is quite different in style from the same author's nursery books. Without being in the least degree "goody" this is a good book in its moral effect. The author is too much of an artist to intrude her purpose, but it is a happy and helpful one. The character delineations are clear and effective. There is a decidedly Dickens-like touch in the picture of Mr. Betts eating bread and molasses in the arbor while untangling a financial problem. This book is hurrying into repeated editions, and possesses the qualities that lead to popularity.

Miss Winslow's honest sympathetic personality, in "Concerning Polly and Some Others," is inherited by her "Polly," an orphan girl from the slums of Boston; she is received into the house of a tender-hearted old farmer who lost his own little girl years before, is welcomed by his wife, and grows up in sweetness and light instead of hunger and woe. She is well-scrubbed to begin with, and is made to declare "That vigorous dose of soap and water was the first thorn in my bed of roses." Such naïve figures of speech are due to the author of her being, not to Polly. To Miss Winslow must be credited also the virtues and the luck that attend upon this girl, and her love of nature, her deep sense of religion and duty. Polly studies art and spends a season in a successful woman's studio in New York; then, on inheriting a fortune,

she goes back to the country, and in her own big house welcomes several children from city slums to happy home life. Her Uncle Caleb is as good a study in New England character as has been written. He is almost a literary hit.

"Lost in the Land of Ice" is a lively and sensational book of adventures written in extremely colloquial style. A boy is rescued from imprisonment in a cold-storage warehouse by another boy, and together they start in search of treasure, the boy who has been living in a room at a temperature of thirty-five degrees being especially well adapted to travel in the region about the South Pole where their permit takes them. The narration teems with hair-breadth escapes and startling events, incidentally conveying much information concerning the Southern Polar region.

The moral of "Bob the Photographer," in this modern dime novel for boys, is set forth in the author's introduction: Success comes when one "pitches in" and "sticks to it." It inculcates also the virtue of patience acquired by "snapshotting." A modern and colloquial manner is employed in telling the story. Those of us who are old-fashioned might call it slangy, and would rather see a boy reading a reprint of some enduring old yarn of adventure written in pure English.

Here is a story of distinctive quality, one that deserves a place on the bookshelves of any young maid of the years of "Mayken." She was Marie, daughter of William of Orange; and was placed in the regent's palace at Duchess Margaret's side by her heroic father, to be to the lonely woman as her own child. Another child, Jeanne of Egmont, was Mayken's companion and friend, in close attendance upon the regent. It is amusing to read of the frolics of the children in the splendors and glories of the palace, about whose walls the storms already surged that later were to sweep the Spanish power from the Netherlands. The historical picture of the time is excellent, the romance beguiling and the book has the grave charm of the living, loving, little girl whose story of responsibility and faithfulness it tells. It is written

with dignity and a fine sense of the value of good English, but a tendency to smart phrasing is sometimes noticeable.

Any little girl would like "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party" at any time of the year. All children of Cambridge, where this story was written, will understand every reference, even to the least known classics of infantile literature. Books are their diet in the shadows of Harvard. But most of these people who come to Miss Muffet's party are familiar also to children everywhere. Little Bo-Beep, Red-Riding-Hood, Dotty Dimple, Lord Fauntleroy, Agamemnon Peterkin, Wynken, Blynken and Nod have friends from the Atlantic to the Lakes, and to the Pacific sea. And far and near this charming, fanciful story should be henceforth found in the homes of people who know genuineness and charm in print and in pictures. Dr. Crothers appeals to older readers, as well, by some sly and subtle satire upon child study, and upon literary and social customs, tricks and manners, aided by the wit and fancy of Miss Long's fifty well-drawn pictures. But why does he make Stevenson's Child in the Garden of Verses sing about thinking in such Cantabridgian fashion? That child was "sure," yet Dr. Crothers actually makes him say "I think we should all be as happy as Kings."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SANTA CLAUS. *By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by Mary Comles Clark. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.* \$1.00.

LOVABLE TALES. *By Gertrude Smith. Illustrated in color by E. Mars and M. H. Squire. Harper and Bros., New York.* \$1.30, net.

WHAT A GIRL CAN MAKE AND DO. *By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons.* \$1.60.

THE PRINCESS KALLISTO, AND OTHER TALES OF THE FAIRIES. *By William Dana Orcutt. Illustrated in color by Harriette Amsden. Little, Brown & Co.* \$2.00.

THE QUEEN OF LITTLE BARRYMORE STREET. *By Gertrude Smith. Fleming-Revell Company, New York.* 75 cents.

CONCERNING POLLY AND SOME OTHERS. *By Helen M. Winslow. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Lee and Shepard, Boston.* \$1.50.

BOB THE PHOTOGRAPHER. *By Arthur M. Winfield. A. Wessels Co., New York.* 90 cents.

MAYKEN. *A Child's Story of the Netherlands in the Fifteenth Century. By Jessie Anderson Chase. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago.* \$1.20.

MISS MUFFET'S CHRISTMAS PARTY. *By Samuel McCord Crothers. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.* \$1.00.



SHAKSPERE AND HIS FORERUNNERS. *Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and Its Developments from Early English. By Sidney Lanier. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 2 vols.* \$10.00, net.

BY EDWARD FULLER

THE debt of Shakspeare to his predecessors in English literature has usually been very imperfectly comprehended. The advocates of the great man theory insist that he is supreme out of his own soul, and that external influences had small share in shaping his art; while those who refer everything to the time-spirit make him less a man than the culmination of an epoch. Probably the truth lies in the golden mean. It is futile to consider Shakspeare either as an isolated figure holding his solitary way, or as but one of a crowd swayed by impulses none comprehends. Even admitting, however, that he was at once apart from his age and of his age, and that to understand him he must be studied in both his individual and his social aspect, there remain two diverse, and at some points contradictory, theories regarding the identity of his predecessors. Was he, was the Elizabethan drama, the development of crude native forces, or did this rich flowering of genius find its root in the Italian Renaissance? And here too a simple affirmative or negative will not answer.

In the fascinating if not always accurate lectures of the late Sidney Lanier, collected into two handsome volumes and accompanied by rare cuts and other illustrations, the importance of a knowledge of old English to the student is insisted upon with much force. With all that Mr. Lanier says of the shameful neglect of the earlier English writers it is easy to sympathize. Quite possibly no poet before Shakspeare except Chaucer is ever read by others than students, and it may be doubted if real familiarity with Chaucer is not the exception among intelligent persons rather than the rule. There are difficulties of language, but these are not insuperable. With a very modest glossary a poem like "The Kingis Quhair," for example, can be perfectly comprehended by modern readers. Even if we go back to "Layamon's Brut" or to "The Body and the Soul" we find that comparatively slight modernization is requisite. Caedmon, of course, needs translation; so does the nameless author of "Beowulf." If it be said that the immediate predecessors of Chaucer have little else than an historical interest—and certainly such lyrics as "Alison" are infrequent enough to be accounted oases in a desert—the same thing is not true of "Beowulf" or the sacred poems of Caedmon or the "Christ" of the semi-mythical Cynewulf or such a poem as "The Wanderer," true product, like the Scottish ballads, of the Northern imagination. And all this noble body of work, let us remember, was in existence long before a single other modern European language had any literature at all. English writers borrowed enough afterwards. Now it scarcely needs to be argued that some acquaintance with the native ancestors of our modern English classics is highly desirable. Their speech is at least the warp, if not also the woof, of ours; of such stuff as their potent fancy provided are our dreams made; and no alien strain can disguise the honest native blood.

It must be frankly admitted that Mr. Lanier's additions to our knowledge are sometimes inaccurate. He often has more enthusiasm than information. He makes many misstatements that a more careful critic would not have been led into mak-

ing, and he occasionally draws rather wide conclusions from very slender premises. Some of these imperfections are no doubt due to the fact that the author never revised the work. The book is printed from the manuscript practically as he left it; the editor confesses only to selection and arrangement, and he has not corrected such obvious blunders even as misquotations. Furthermore it was a great mistake to introduce into the earlier pages an incomplete discussion of the technique of verse. The subject is important, no doubt; but it is hastily abandoned with the remark that it can all be found in the volume on "The Science of English Verse" made up previously from these lectures. What is left is interesting enough, although the connection traced between poetry and music is not always so obvious as Mr. Lanier would have us believe. Yet it may be said with truth that Mr. Lanier's work gains as well as loses by its form. The discursive manner of the lecturer is not without its charm; and an instinct for style is the best assurance that unrevised writing will still be agreeable. Nor should too much emphasis be laid upon the small defects in scholarship which annoy the student, but after all do not lead the general reader so very far astray. Mr. Lanier was a poet, and his ear is finer than that of more exact and scrupulous commentators. The essential thing in such a case is the capacity to appreciate, and the wit to admire.

Yet the unskilled reader who pins his faith to Mr. Lanier will fail to appreciate—perhaps to understand—one fact which is of the utmost consequence in any study of the first of English dramatists. It has been said that Shakspeare and his contemporaries of necessity owed something to the Old English writers who made the genius of the language what it is. Mr. Lanier draws some interesting comparisons, and cites many passages bearing upon this point. But nothing is farther from the truth than to regard the Elizabethan drama as the development of the crude mystery plays and moralities which preceded it. Scarcely a trace of that influence remains, not only in Shakspeare and Marlowe but also in Greene and Peele. The Elizabethan drama was

the most conspicuous result of the Italian Renaissance on English soil. Shakspeare is the descendant of Caedmon only because he is of English blood; the intellectual kinship is remote. Faint and futile analogies can be discovered, of course, by those who choose to hunt for them; but they do not go to the heart of the matter. We have but to turn to the Italian novelists and dramatists of the sixteenth century and the whole mystery is explained. Here was the fount of inspiration; here we find those elements of the existence of which there is no trace in the rough performances that pleased the groundlings. It would be an exaggeration, of course, to say that Shakspeare and his great contemporaries were copyists; if there is one thing that is not open to dispute it is their originality. But the impulse came from Italy, though in the working out it was modified and conditioned by the English environment. Nor was it in the drama alone that Italian influence predominated. The sonnet was an Italian form imported by Wyatt and Surrey and adapted easily to the requirements of English verse. The sonneteers were many and of various merit; Shakspeare was one of them. In Mr. Lanier's hands their work yields no small illumination; and we can forgive errors in detail for the sake of the fine insight and quick discrimination.

Mr. Lanier has used Shakspeare and his contemporaries to illustrate the life of the time. This is one of the most valuable portions of his work. It is to be feared that the prevailing condition on this subject is sheer ignorance. The two chapters on music are excellent, although they do not by any means exhaust the present stock of knowledge. Mr. Lanier says truly that everywhere in Shakspeare's plays are evidences of his love and appreciation of the "concord of sweet sounds." The chapter on "The Metrical Tests" will enable the uncritical reader to understand something of the growth in technique which was so characteristic of Shakspeare's art and to appreciate the correctness of the conclusions drawn by scholars from the structure of his verse. In the discussion of "Man and the Supernatural" and "Man's Relations to Nature"

there is much that is suggestive and fruitful; and it may be said in general that in dealing with Shakspeare from the poetic point of view the author is singularly successful. To many persons this will be a sufficient compensation for various errors in detail and for some assumptions which investigation would not justify.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. *By Hutchins Hapgood. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.35.*

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

IF there are people who suppose the Jewish quarter of New York "to be a place of poverty, dirt, ignorance and immorality—the seat of the sweatshop, the tenement house, where 'red-lights' sparkle at night, where the people are queer and repulsive," as Mr. Hapgood suggests, their absurd notions will be dissipated by his book: they will know much better after reading it, but they will not be altogether enlightened. In fact these foolish suppositions will be substituted by impressions far removed from the real and vital life of the Ghetto. Readers who have no other means of knowing will be left with the idea that the Ghetto is made up of freakish talents, eccentric geniuses, homeless poets, submerged scholars, loud-mouthed actors and crowded cafés, where all these assemble to hear themselves talk and to tell their grievances and describe their greatness to Mr. Hapgood. One would imagine that all this life is made up of these strange beings and of realistic sketch writers' problem plays, turbulent agitators and ostentatious intellectuals. These phases of intellectual life, characteristic enough if rightly understood, have been so accentuated and intensified and the larger, the regular, the normal elements of existence have been neglected. One must get at these, grasp the "gray evenness" of things to embody the spirit of the Ghetto—if this is at all possible, for in a wider sense there is no "spirit" but many contending spirits.

The whole work is painfully superficial. It represents many quick and in-

telligent glances, but not the patient studies requisite for such an undertaking. It has all the marks of done-while-you-wait newspaper writing and padding. It indicates the aptness, the adaptability, the cleverness of the American journalist in his way, but it shows palpably the limitations of his method when applied to more ambitious work. It is like a task done in a day that required many, many years—for an outsider. To the Jew all this knowledge comes natural, and yet there are phases in his complex ceremonies, recondite elements in his rituals and subtleties in his traditions which he does not always understand. But when a Gentile, a total stranger to the life, comes along and talks glibly and hastily about Yiddish literature without being able to read a line of it; about Hebrew poetry, without knowing the least about the holy tongue; about the Yiddish stage and Jewish customs, without understanding them, the result can easily be imagined. To outsiders the book will be interesting and will, on the whole, serve to give them a better conception of the serious side of the Jewish Quarter than they have hitherto held, but to insiders, to us who have lived the life, the work is a nervous irritation, and even the evident sincerity and strong sympathy of the author cannot make up for the painful feeling that it gives. It is all so inadequate, is such a faint, feeble utterance of the intense, many-sided and feeling-full life that it attempts to portray.

The literary and artistic estimations are necessarily based on guesses, interviews and conversations with the people concerned. They are seldom correct, but very often amusing. These sketches of the literary workers are utterly out of proportion. Some of the finest talents are overlooked and much prominence is given to several mediocrities. Mr. Hapgood's method was to let these writers blow their own horns, to tell how great they are and then to tone them down a bit, regardless of accuracy. Writers are usually fond of their work, and as it happens he has found a number of people willing to speak very highly of their creations, and others who admitted that they were suppressed geniuses. Eliakim

Zunser, the marriage-clown and commonplace rhymster, is eulogized and compared to Rosenfeld and Wald, simply because Zunser said he was a poet. One of the most remarkable singers of the East side was altogether ignored. Winchevsky, a poet and humorist of great talent, was relegated to the rear and likened to Sorausky, a man of very limited ability. Coupled with such blunders are some startling conclusions. We are told that there is no sensuous beauty in Yiddish poetry, and then the author remarks, "A Hebrew Keats is an impossibility." Is a Hebrew Heine possible? How about the poems of Bovshover and Bloomgarten? But Mr. Hapgood has not read them. He has not read anything in Yiddish. He has only written about that literature. In the papers on the stage, the author has done better, and, considering his disadvantages, he has managed to grasp and explain many things quite well. Mr. Hapgood's style is simple and straightforward, but not distinguished for any particular, lasting quality. The book, which is mostly made up of published magazine articles, altogether lacks order and unity in arrangement, and there are too many collisions between chapters, repetitions and explanations. Mr. Hapgood is an apt student of Ghetto life, capable of understanding much.

OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM. *By W. J. Ghent. The Macmillan Co., New York.*
\$1.25, net.

BY HERBERT CROLY

THE great majority of Americans will be surprised to learn that they are relapsing into a condition of bondage, comparable only to that of the Middle Ages. Such is the thesis of Mr. W. J. Ghent in his book on "Our Benevolent Feudalism." It seems that our economic, social and political life is being gradually but irresistibly organized upon a plutocratic basis. The millionaires are to prescribe for us our bread, butter and cake, our laws and their interpretation, our philosophy and its practice, our manners, and even our ideals. Owing to a

thorough going control of the sources of production, and the machinery of distribution, they will be able to fix the status of almost every individual in the community. Each man will be bound by the strongest economic fetters to his particular job, just as he was bound formerly to the land; and the bonadge will endure, because the Barons will do their best to remove all gross causes of complaint. The people will be bribed, lectured and coddled into the belief that their democratic institutions and social ideals are not impaired by this benevolent capitalistic feudalism.

It will be noticed that the critics of Mr. Ghent's prophecy of American social reorganization are safely provided for in advance. They are in the position of the adversaries of the German philosopher, and cannot refute the supposed error without becoming entangled in the meshes of its truth. If I should assert, for instance, that Mr. Ghent was issuing about a million dollars' worth of watered inference on a basis of ten thousand dollars' worth of cash-fact, Mr. Ghent could immediately write me down as one of the baronial retainers, whose peculiar place it was to inject intellectual narcotics into his fellow-bondsmen. But if he thus disqualifies his adversaries without a hearing, he can hardly blame them for refusing to discuss his thesis very seriously. Mr. Ghent has, indeed, his reasons and his facts, which have been collected from many sources and are shrewdly set down; yet since he has loaded so vast a conclusion upon so restricted a foundation, he must pardon his critics for believing that this conclusion is more a matter of personal faith than impersonal demonstration. He should omit the "Our" from the title of the next edition of his book and call it "W. J. Ghent's Benevolent Feudalism."

The truth is that Mr. Ghent has made an interesting and readable book out of a clever analogy. No doubt the benevolent millionaires would like to organize their fellow-countrymen in some such manner as that described, but at present a few somewhat doubtful tendencies are the only indications that they will succeed in doing so. The American millionaire is

still a social and economic experiment, who may survive and who may not, but who, in case he does survive, will probably have his hands tied and his class influence neutralized by the political and intellectual leaders, who, there is every reason to believe, are destined to come to the front. A society that is both thoroughly national and sincerely democratic cannot but react against class preponderance and the social stagnation that would ensue, for its very life depends upon a certain coördination of function and vitality of circulation. The form of organization which Mr. Ghent outlines, presupposing as it does that American industry is to become irretrievably servile, and American intellect systematically hypocritical, would not survive for a single generation the stress of international competition.

LITERARY VALUES. *By John Burroughs.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.
\$1.10.

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

GOOD sense, geniality, sincerity, absolute fearlessness of speech, are the principal virtues of Mr. Burroughs' present work; but we think that, generally speaking, it is the voice of experience rather than of insight; that it supplies no fresh viewpoint from which to regard life and letters; that it shows vigor, but is deficient in accuracy and grasp.

"Literary Values," while a very entertaining book, serves, indeed, but to emphasize the somewhat axiomatic position that a rough diamond is better than the most highly polished imitation. It holds up the Whitman banner, let us say, as against the Milton forces; and, whichever may be the writer's true opinion in that regard, his pages assuredly give us the impression that he ranks the former far above the latter poet. He thinks that Milton conquers us by his art, his building-up of beauty rather than by emotion or by any force of his personality; he seems not indeed to be cognizant at all of the vital lyrical significance of "Samson Agonistes," of the rude elemental

humanity of Satan, of the tenderness of Eve, and the tears that lie behind the verbal and metrical perfection of "Lycidas." He classes Milton in a general way with Poe, while he phrases Whitman with Shakespeare, and he seems not to be sensible of any discord in those classifications. The author's meaning is clear enough—the supremacy of Nature over artifice—but we deem his enlightening parallels often singularly unfelicitous. And after we have journeyed with him we are not aware of being in any land of unexpected fertility or promise.

"Literary Values" gives us nothing fundamental—nothing to compare, for example, to Matthew Arnold's "Criticism of Life," or Carlyle's "The Heroic in Speech"—nay, or even to Pater's (and the writer condemns Pater for uncreativity) "Curiosity and Love of Beauty." Mr. Burroughs is in this case himself not creative, or, to say more truly, creative only in detail, by way of a surprise. He gives us no new system, nothing on which to build the modern temple of justice. He says, "you shall" and "you shall not"; he shows us the mistakes in the temples of old, he indicates the drift of modern desire, but he holds before our vision no design, nothing that we can snatch from his hand and say, "We have found; let us to work!" His sentences are rich; they often contain veritable gold, but even gold is of secondary value where there exists no system of currency. Yet the virtues of the book are many.

It is not the work of a catalogue-man, of a text-book hack; of a carpenter-critic who has hammered together all the odds and ends lying about other men's construction; it has an atmosphere, an individuality, a manner of authority; it has life. Now and then the author wanders completely from his subject; and at those times—especially if he be talking of blue-birds, or earthworms, or bees, or currants—he has the power to make us forget the printed page and to roam with him over breathing acres fresh with tillage. Not the least charming of his chapters are those two devoted to retrospect and the meditation of life and happiness. We think the book misses genuine greatness, but on the other hand it is the only re-

cent contribution to criticism where we have believed it worth while to look for that quality. Animation, truthfulness, something of largeness and importance, a certain distinction rising out of commonness and manly fervor—these give it value and unusual vitality and interest.

THREE YEARS' WAR. *By Christiaan Rudolph de Wet. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50, net.*

BY FRANK B. TRACY

MEN of war are proverbially not men of letters. Yet there are many exceptions to the rule. Cæsar wrote good and clear Latin, and Grant's *Memoirs* is one of the most simple and liquid specimens of literary art in its perfection that we have yet known. Now, in the twentieth century, comes a general who has produced a book which, although in form and method inexcusably bad, is in vivid expression and conviction-bearing assertion vital, powerful and moving. The discriminating reader may detect evasions of fact and inaccurate shading of statement, but for the most part we may be sure that we find here a reliable account of the great war in South Africa.

General de Wet does not assume to tell a complete story of the contest, but only that which he saw. Consequently our knowledge is limited almost wholly to the Orange Free State, of which the author was a resident and in which he fought. Without the merest shred of an introduction and in total disregard of the vast army of genealogists, the general plunges in with the first sentence, stating bluntly that in September, 1899, he was ordered to hold himself in readiness for war. Such is his style throughout. The chronological idea is followed with severe simplicity. He glosses over nothing important except possibly his own promotions. He began as a private burgher, but in a few months was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Orange Free State Forces. The story of his marvelous rides, victories, tricks and escapes is now history.

The English correspondents, generals

and historians constantly dwell upon the superior advantages which the Boers enjoyed in knowledge of the country and adaptability to the climate and customs. But we learn much from de Wet as an offset. There was practically no discipline among the Boers. Often when ordered to charge a majority of the force refused. Had the order to capture a train on one occasion been obeyed, Lord Kitchener would have been a prisoner of the Boers! The burghers persisted in taking with them their heavy wagons, against de Wet's command and entreaty; and thus they lost one of their chief elements of strength—mobility—and thus time, lives and property were uselessly sacrificed. Not only were the Boers disobedient, but many of them deserted and even became traitors, among whom was General Piet de Wet, the author's brother, who was in the war's latter days a National Scout, in the employ of the British in trying to drive his brother into a hole! Those who remained loyal to de Wet showed the most astonishing courage, shrewdness, endurance, vitality and marksmanship. Though at times they would lose their heads, they invariably rallied under his superb leadership. The world has never known better fighting men.

De Wet was unconquered in person and spirit to the very last. In the final meeting of the national representatives at Vereenignig on May 29, 1902, he spoke strongly against submission, although he does not tell us whether he was one of the four who on the last vote stood out against the fifty-six for surrender. The appendices are among the most important and valuable portions of the book. The verbatim reports of the meeting just alluded to and the conferences of the Boers and Lords Kitchener and Milner at Pretoria on the days which led to the drafting of the peace proposals will be most priceless records for the future.

One lays down the book with the thought, after reading of de Wet's remarkable, almost miraculous and superhuman achievements, For whose benefit? This one man prolonged the war for at least fifteen months, and what was gained? Nothing, and how great was

the cost. It has been a great drama, this story of the South African Republics, as well as an awful warning of the evils of an uncompleted work. This story will be read with vivid interest by coming generations, and among the chief bases of the unbiased and accurate history of the encounter with which it closed will be this stern, velt-like tale of the hardy, God-fearing paragon of ability and courage, Christiaan de Wet.

AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE. *By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.40, net.*

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

WHEN some of our dear old missionary friends come back, after years of labor among the heathen, they usually write elaborate volumes on their experiences under some such title as "Through Darkness to Light." A similar title might be suitable for a criticism of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's new book—a title such as Lanier's line, "Sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain." In this work the poet has at last found himself. Here is the most delicate fancy, the sweetest poetic thought and tender sentiment unmarred by any taint of impurity. Hitherto, the writer of "The Book-bills of Narcissus" and "The Quest of the Golden Girl" has constantly clipped the wings of his Pegasus just as he began to soar, by some touch of weakness. One never knew where he would find something ignoble—a suggestive idea, an unwholesome thought—the flesh always overshadowed the spirit. The writings lacked moral strength and so lacked the true touch of art.

But in these simple annals of an idyllic life of a young husband and wife, with their two children, in a quaint, old English house, there is nothing that is not sweet and lovely. Perdita and her husband find, after long search, an ancient brick house in Surrey, with a garden of clipped yews and great trees, with velvet lawns and—a finishing touch—a sun-dial. They take joyful possession and discover

such delightful things as underground vaults where wine once was stored, long disused apparatus for home-brewed ale, a cupboard for powdering the hair, a closet for simples, and, in a mouldering garden-house, a forgotten library of rare folios and first editions. In the garden they build a little study in a tree-top. In this home they live and work and play; Perdita gathers simples for the cupboard and prepares, from old recipes, jars of "Wine of Marigolds to Inspire Love," "Water-lily Roots to Cool the Affections," and "Sprigs of Yew, slivered in the moon's eclipse"; her husband, who is the chronicler in these pages, writes for the sun-dial the motto:

"Shadow and sun—so, too, our lives are made.

But ah! how great the sun, how small the shade!"

"If anything," he writes, in an exquisite chapter on sun-dials, "can be more fascinating than a sun-dial, it would be a moon-dial—the veritable clock of lovers." One constantly comes upon such word-pictures as "The embers in the log fire in the hall opened a drowsy eye occasionally, like a sleeping hound."

Mr. Le Gallienne is always a master of English style and he is at his best in these pages. His use of words here is a delight and the pages glint with delicate imagery and fancifulness. They are written by a poet in his most genial mood and the reader is lured on from chapter to chapter, held in the spell of the beauty of English country life. There are pictures of domestic episodes which are simply idyllic. One sees the various rooms in the old house, the restful, sun-shiny garden, dreaming of by-gone days, and reads of quaint, homely incidents and festivals glowing with the life touch.

The writer is, undoubtedly, a natural critic of English literature and a lover of books. He is a bookman in the best sense of the word. He has not yet convinced us that he can write a novel for he is essentially a poet—a minor poet but a true one. His best work has been either in verse or in poetic prose, and though he achieves nothing great, few living writers

can discourse upon literary themes so gracefully as he. In "An Old Country House" his best work is revealed. It is not virile nor masterly, but the writer has, in these simple annals, presented a captivating picture of home-life, fragrant with sentiment and beautiful with the grace and purity of a gentle art.

OMAR KHAYYAM, THE SUFI. *Sufi Interpretations of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyam and FitzGerald.* By C. H. A. Bjerregaard. Quarto. Pp. unnumbered; designed and rubricated. J. F. Taylor and Company, New York. \$5.00.

BY STANHOPE SAMS

MR. Bjerregaard, in a beautiful quarto that suggests some of the exquisite ornamentation of Persian manuscripts, has given to the myriad lovers of 'Umar Khayyám a new point of view from which to revere the unrivaled weaver of quaint and undying quatrains. This new disciple does not hesitate to hail 'Umar as a high priest of pantheistic religion, which sees God not only in the clouds and hears him in the wind, but sees him, also, in the blowing rose and in the beaded bubbles of the wine-cup. "A spirit of mysticism has fallen upon our people," says he, "and the occult is clamoring for revelation." Those who want to study 'Umar from all of his many sides—and he is almost as many-sided as Goethe—can not neglect this book.

The splendid paraphrase of FitzGerald, "Large as the sun that cast it," is printed on the left-hand pages, while on the opposite pages are grouped similar thoughts selected from Shabistani, Jami and other Sufistic writers. It is very interesting to have the reverential occult thought of the East thus set over against the free Western agnostic interpretation of 'Umar by FitzGerald. But the author, who reveals little, if any, familiarity with the Persian original, is in error in accepting FitzGerald's quatrains as a translation of 'Umar's rubá'iyát. The thought in FitzGerald is as apt to be derived from Jami as from 'Umar, or,

perhaps, it is to be derived from no Oriental thinker at all. The English quatrains must be regarded as an English masterpiece, tintured by, but not reflecting, 'Umar's mind. It should be remembered, also, that 'Umar wrote his rubá'iyát as detached poems, each rubá'i a single poem, like an English sonnet. He never planned any order or sequence for them. All arrangements of them are by collectors of the scattered rubá'iyát, and the order followed in the Bodleian MS., used by FitzGerald, is known as the *diván*, or the one in which the rubá'iyát are strung together according to their final rhyming letter. For instance, the first rubá'i ends in the Persian letter Alif, and then follow other verses in Alif, and then on through the alphabet. There can be no scheme or sense sequence in such an arrangement. It is a curious, fantastic method, adopted for convenience of quotation—nothing more.

Mr. Bjerregaard sees true Sufism, however, in every line of FitzGerald's paraphrase. The wine-cup and the tavern, equally with the blowing rose whose yellow breast the nightingale wants to incarnadine with red wine, convey to him profound truths of religious philosophy or philosophical religion. He even makes shift to transpose FitzGerald's fiery questioning of the supposed divine order of things—

“For all the sin wherewith the face of
man
Is blackened—man's forgiveness give—
and take”—

so as to make it a righteous protest of the devout Sufi to “Iblis, the betrayer.”

This, it must be frankly confessed, is a new, but an interesting 'Umar. FitzGerald, who attained nearer to the heart of the Persian singer than any other interpreter of him, makes a jest about the “Sufi pipkin” and “the loquacious lot” of Sufis; and, somehow, we feel that the jest is entirely 'Umaric and in 'Umar's best vein. Most of the good 'Umarians have, indeed, had a very different opinion of the old poet of wine and roses. He seemed to be a man in whose “plot of dust and soul the vine had struck a fibre;”

who really longed for a material “jug of wine and loaf of bread” and some sweet-bodied singer beside him in the garden; who was always ready to “take the cash and let the credit go,” and would not heed “the rumble of a distant drum” of sober morality; and who loved to “lose his fingers in the tresses of the cypress-slender minister of wine.” This is the 'Umar for whom so many of us have turned down “an empty glass;” and for us, this is the 'Umar who still lies in his rose-covered grave by “some not unfrequented garden-side,” and above whose head many a commentator and interpreter has tramped, “but can not break his sleep.”

But if Mr. Bjerregaard has discovered for us a new 'Umar, an 'Umar clad in the *súf* and uttering words of pure morality under the guise of delicious wine-songs and exquisite ravings of beauty in woman and roses and love, he has done something for which all true lovers of 'Umar will be profoundly grateful.

Several errors mar the fine beauty of the book. The author uses “Islam” and “Islamite” as meaning a believer, whereas the correct word is Muslim, or Muhammadan. “Islam” signifies the creed, not the devotee. And not Matthew Arnold, but Dean Swift, is the creator of the immortal phrase, “sweetness and light.”

THE ROADMENDER. *By Michael Fairless.*
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

BY A. LENALIE

IN “The Roadmender,” we find one of the most innately beautiful prose productions of the last decade assuredly—perhaps longer. The little book is a Rhapsody of Attainment impelled by the essence of Resignation, as indicated by the first sentence: “I have attained my ideal: I am a roadmender——”

From this, and from all information given forth until recently, the public was left to infer—though in England there are women who break stones by the roadside—that the author was a man: a young University man, so it was related, on whom consumption had set its fatal seal.

We were also told by the English publishers that the author was dead in his youth; was dying when he wrote it, but lived to write one other work which, though written last—almost with his final hour's breath—was published first, "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius."

Now it is discovered that these books were written by a woman, whose Christian name was Fairless, during the pain and suffering of the last stages of her life, which were spent in Chelsea and in Sussex.

She was, as her writing shows, a woman of rare artistic power and endowed with unusual intellect. Her poverty was voluntarily embraced, her Franciscan love for mankind and all creatures being especially characteristic of her personality, and she devoted the major portion of her short life to her work among the poor; so that this book is, in the main, a recital of her real experience, the genuineness of which forms its essential element of pathos.

"The Roadmender," which was written in the first certainty of the near end, bears, more than the other book, the seal of that spiritual insight into the inscrutable Beyond, joined with that conception of this world, which is gained only by the impersonal onlooker, alert to every outside impression through suppression of self.

From the stone-breaker's seat opposite the "white gate," trailed across with vines, completing the empty travail of "filling up the holes some other fool has made," the writer watches the filing throng of Ishmaelite and peasant, and holds converse with old and young that wend along the "white road"; and finds in it all but a perfect symbolizing of the passing of the human soul over the long, white earth-road that leads to the white gate of the Soul's release. And the exceeding joy of the vision forms the sublime, purifying pathos of this book that spells no tragedy, save that we have ever with us, "the brain-sweat of the few" for the many who live in idleness; and those for whom "ignorance, hunger, terror and the exhaustion of past generations have done their work."

Such rare beauty of thought—broad,

pure contours of humanity, and spiritual wisdom are seldom voiced with such perfect simplicity of expression, and unstudied style.

All the simple things of daily life are noted and loved, not unlike Stevenson, of whom it is said, "He was a Roadmender—ay—and with more than his pen, when he inspired the chief to make a highway in the wilderness." With that great kinship of nature, such as is found in "The Story of My Heart" of Richard Jefferies, the author revels in the beauty and joy of living, and descends with trusting undismay the final slope "which is to lead into the great silence."

Whoever opens this book with careless hand will close it with the reverence he gives to the sanctified dead—e'en as he would the casket of the dead, kenning that the book brings a holy message for those who are ready to receive it. For the roadmender's creed is the true religion of life and death:—Life holding no bitterness, Death no sting, and the Grave no victory. So, as the dying one clasps hands with the Hereafter, smiling she turns to simply say: "At the Gateway, then, I cry you farewell."



THE CAPTAIN. *By Churchill Williams. Illustrated. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.*

A DISTINCT advance upon that promising first novel, "J. Devlin, Boss," although wrought upon entirely different lines, has been made by Mr. Churchill Williams in "The Captain." From the venal and self-seeking politician he has risen to the portrayal of one clean and sympathetic figure, central and dominating, who, although never mentioned by name, is readily recognized as Grant. It is with a portion of his career during the Civil War that this story deals. Opening in 1854, it shows him first at his farm in Missouri, and depicts the man rather than the soldier. Thence the narrative traces his career to the outbreak of the War, follows it through his application for military employment, his disappointments and the harsh injustice of his superior officers,

and leaves him, just after his successful investment and final capture of Vicksburg, speaking in friendship to his faithful horse:—"Come, Jeff! there is plenty ahead of us to do." There was much to do, in truth, and it is a point of present disappointment with the book that so much of the greater part of "The Captain's" career has been left for a possible sequel. But, so far as it goes, there are, in this story, many things to commend, and few to criticize.

One expects that a story whose unmistakable protagonist is one of the great figures in our national life should set forth his complete achievements. And in this respect it is incomplete. Then, this same protagonist is not an intrinsic part of the story itself. He knows and is the friend and mentor of the two heroes of the double love story that makes the fictional interest, but he is not *of* that story. The love matters are not influenced by him; the two sections are separate, and do not make parts of a homogeneous whole. But this is probably due to the character of Grant himself: a man of few intimacies, reserved and self-contained, one whose influence upon his associates would not be other than indirect. The love stories of the two couples—Northern and Southern, inevitably—are told delightfully, and the characters themselves are worthy of the highest regard. Beatrix and Lee, the "Rebel Girls," and David Ford and Boone Hadley, the Union Soldiers and their lovers, work out their own salvations to the reader's complete satisfaction and remain very charming figures in the memory.

As a novel, this is far better than the author's first book. It is, besides, a careful and sincere character study, and shows in that respect only the limitations of period that are self-imposed. It will be well worth this writer's while to continue the story of his hero's later and more glorious career; one that he has shown that, from every point of view, he is well equipped to accomplish. Just let him endeavor to blend more intimately his study and his story, and something of real moment in the line of historical fiction is likely to be the result.

S. D. S., Jr.

A STUDY OF PROSE FICTION. *By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.*

THIS book, by the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," is intended principally for the classroom, and is therefore made with all the unattractive insignia of schooling, such as sub-headings and footnotes, preface and appendix, even questions for self-examination or for the teacher's aid. There is the regular exhaustive text-book index, in glancing over which we encounter nearly every word known to art or literature, from "Iliad" to "Mr. Isaacs," from "Genius" to "Gibson-girl." Such an academic arrangement is, of course, in place in a work that purports little in the true domain of letters, and is mentioned only from the fear that certain readers who have been bored by volumes similar in appearance, should be shy of purchasing this one; yet Mr. Perry's book has really good qualities beyond its bread-book essentials—qualities that ought to appeal energetically to that most promising corps of young writers which does not feel that it natively and necessarily, because of some unexplained inborn impulse, knows everything that is to be known of literary construction and æsthetics. The writer brings out very few new ideas; he does not even express the old ones in a new way, but he gives us an orderly, thoroughly coherent, tasteful and sincere resumé of his subject—clearly a favorite one—and we have no hesitation in calling that resumé successful.

C. N.

THE CITIZEN IN HIS RELATION TO THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION. *By the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00, net.*

SIX lectures given by Bishop Potter at Yale University have been published in book form. Every thinking man and woman in America will find this book of absorbing interest. Starting with a history of industrial conditions, the writer quickly reaches the problems of to-day. He touches every phase of the question, and deals with his sub-

ject from every point of view, boldly and impartially. Neither capitalists nor working-men nor consumers can claim he is espousing their cause. He is stating conditions and giving plain reasons for the present ill feeling between the rich and those who are dependent on them. The evil results of the modern tendency to crush the individuality of millions of men and make of them mere machines are clearly shown. The inevitable effect of the ever widening separation between employer and employee in the enormous industrial combinations is plainly stated. All the fallacies of socialism are laid bare. All ways in which the corporation seeks to get the better of the investor or "consumer" are exposed. Bishop Potter says plain things in plain language. Fair play is the keynote of the work, and fair play is the remedy proposed. "We must not only affirm the brotherhood of man," he says, "we must live it." One cannot help feeling that the writer stopped too soon. Even as the power of reasoning is our highest intellectual quality, so is our sense of justice our highest emotional one, and neither is possessed by more than a fraction of mankind. Only a small minority want "fair play." Who will be the man to show us how to teach the majority to want it? Whoever can do this, has solved not only the problem of the industrial situation—he has solved all questions that trouble us, he has solved the problem of life.

M. H. F.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT. *By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.*

THE dominant note in this narrative is one of sadness. The hero has lived, he has struggled for scant reward, he has known the literary life in all its gutter sordidness and Grub Street hopelessness, he has made his breakfast and dinner of the traditional dry loaf, he has been an attic-creature, a chum of Poverty, an unregarded solitary in the dense world of London. Henry Ryecroft has known Smollett's pride and Otway's hunger; he has felt with Dr. Johnson that the only

true suffering is bodily suffering, that the tumbling of ideas, the inevitable disenchantment and disappointment of youth, are but reactions, secondary and mostly imaginary; and so vivid is the writer's experience, that in recounting certain episodes of his garret years, his accustomed voice of sadness is inflamed into genuine bitterness. We spoke of narrative—yet here there is no real narrative. Henry Ryecroft tells not of his experiences, but of their effect on him. There is no love interest, no dramatic episode,—the pages are devoted to meditations and opinions. The tone is reminiscent of emotion, not of action. The hero stands alone; for besides the narrative there are but one or two characters in the book and these are like shadows on the wall of memory; no more.

He has always been a lover of solitude. Ryecroft's nature is to shun the common crowd; which, in its noisy march and strife, in its hearty pains and pleasures, arouses in the bosom of this confessedly introspective man a vibratory repulsion amounting almost to apprehension. Like Addison he admits being merely a spectator of humanity; like Addison he seems never really to love nor to be loved; but unlike Addison, he is in a measure unsolaced by labor and by faith. Yet Ryecroft has a strong soul: with despair at his elbow, he thinks not of capitulation, but takes up the heavy pen and toils on in servitude all day and much of the night, with sickness and detestation of the almost menially dependent vocation he had once supposed so free. Above the portals of his house of experience he has rough-hewn, even embellished the letters of Dante's "Lasciate ogni speranza"; he would above all things warn and restrain; he would say, "Look at me, sad and solitary; go not over the path I have gone."

Were the book insincere, were it shallow, did the hero—or shall we say the author?—in any part seem to take the rôle of a public mourner, to weep for the great gallery of the world, it were somewhat depressing. Mr. Gissing is very much above all such melodrama and affectation. He is something of an egoist, but he dwells no longer than is necessary on the

egoistic point; he is never trivially tearful nor tawdry in his sentiment. Though the study of self is his avowed occupation, he is far too large for the ready pitfalls of vanity and selfishness, and the style is of such wholesome maturity and beauty that the book is—if only for that reason—a very rare treat indeed. Sometimes there is a touch of humor, as when, for example, he discourses of English beef, even of gravy; but in general the tone is serious to the point of solemnity.

J. S. D.

THE ROMANCE OF MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. *By Madame Edmond Adam (Juliette Lambert).* D. Appleton and Company, New York. \$1.40, net.

MADAME ADAM'S autobiography has all the interest of a mischievous peep into matters you have no business to know about. Lightly and skilfully—you can almost hear her amused little laugh as she does it—the writer depicts for you her romantic grandmother, her full-blooded animal of a grandfather, her unpractical father, her sourly jealous mother. Of the last, her daughter cheerfully observes, "It was impossible to discover a more fascinating creature to look at and one of less good humor." Scolding an eighteen-months old baby into convulsions from which it died was one of the maternal exploits of this "fascinating creature."

The history of Juliette Lambert's early years seems to have been made up of a series of violent and bitter family quarrels in which the child acted alternately as bone of contention and as peacemaker. The qualities of Latin temperament which make it possible to quarrel thus without wearing out in the process, and to tell about it afterward, are incomprehensible to minds Anglo-Saxon. Obviously, Madame Adam tells all this to account for her own characteristics, which, as obviously, she agrees with other people in considering marvellous. She is proud of her childish skill in managing refractory older people, proud of her precocious learning, proud of her leadership among her school-friends, especially

proud of her political enthusiasms in the stirring days of 1848. It is a beautiful book, with a charming photogravure portrait of the young Juliette Lambert for frontispiece. Its English abounds in French idioms and badly involved sentence-structures. It has the merit, however, of being vivacious and vigorous, and of seeming to express the forceful personality of Madame Adam, the great lady of the only real "salon" of our time.

J. K. H.

THE SEEDY GENTLEMAN. *By Peter Robertson.* A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. \$1.50.

HALF a dozen different kinds of a philosopher is "The Seedy Gentleman." He is by turns genial, pessimistic, a misanthrope, a lover of his kind, a man of many moods, a "human various," to misapply an applicable description. He is a shabby old fellow who drops into his club of an evening, and there, to a select circle, including The Candid Man, The Practical Man, The Cynical Man, The Fellow in the Corner, and a few others who furnish a running commentary to his dissertations, he monologues upon a variety of subjects. He just lets himself talk about anything and everything that may be uppermost in his mind at the moment.

Mr. Robertson has made no startling discoveries, but his "Gentleman" rambles along in desultory fashion, easily and fluently, often with a good deal of common sense, sometimes with needless severity. But he is a man of the world and a cultivated gentleman, and is generally very pleasant company. He thinks the thoughts that have occurred to many of us, unformulated, perhaps, but recognizable when given expression. And he has the stimulating advantage of an appreciative audience—which most of us lack. The book is one for dipping into at a casual hour, for the starting of trains of thought that may lead the reader to different conclusions at times, but not often to serious disagreement with a very agreeable companion.

S. D. S., Jr.

MY LIFE IN MANY STATES AND IN FOREIGN LANDS. *Dictated in my Seventy-Fourth Year. By George Francis Train. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.*

HARDLY any man has had a more varied and extraordinary life than Citizen Train, as he delights to call himself—a life so full of enterprise, of enormous activities, and venturesome undertakings. From his early youth he was determinedly ambitious and indomitably persistent, never taking “no” for an answer when he wanted “yes.” All this he sets down in interesting fashion in this book which he has just dictated in his old age. The book is thoroughly entertaining, and the portion of it which deals with his life up to 1872, when he announces he was declared insane by the State, though reading like a romance, is undeniably true. From that time to the present the book is less entertaining and is far more eccentric; so eccentric that it would cast the shadow of doubt on the whole except that the early undertakings and successes are known to be facts.

As a “human document” the book is worth reading as well as a history of certain aspects and methods of modern life. The reader is disappointed not to learn how and why Mr. Train was reduced from a Newport villa to a Mills Hotel—but even so frank a confessor as Mr. Train has his reserve.

J. W. H.

TWENTY-SIX HISTORIC SHIPS. *The Story of Certain Famous Vessels and of Their Successors in the Navies of the United States and of the Confederate States of America from 1775 to 1902. By Frederic Stanhope Hill, late United States Navy. With an Introduction by George Eugene Belknap, Rear Admiral (Retired), U. S. N., LL.D. Fully illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50 net.*

FEW are more competent to write upon the old and new navy than Frederic Stanhope Hill, who has several excellent sea stories to his credit. A journalist of long experience,

he knows how to select the best possible material, and having been an officer in the navy he knows when it is accurate. His “Twenty-Six Historic Ships” is sure to become a standard work, and will be no less interesting to the general reader than to naval men, although the sailor in Mr. Hill appears strongly at times in the lavish use of technical terms. It is obviously impossible to find much new material for such a work; but it clearly has required years of careful study to produce such a comprehensive volume; in this respect the book is unique—no other so well covers so many famous ships. The story of the old Hartford at New Orleans and that of the Mississippi squadron are bits of personal experience and are exceedingly well told. The ships whose histories are given are the Alfred, Ranger, Reprisal, Bon Homme Richard, Hornet, Wasp, Enterprise, Constitution, Constellation, United States, Essex, Fulton, Lawrence, Saratoga, Hartford, Monitor, New Ironsides, Kearsarge, Maine, Olympia and Oregon. The Confederate ships are the Sumter, Alabama, Merrimac, Arkansas and Tennessee. As most of them had several successors, there are stories of perhaps one hundred ships rather than twenty-six. One idea that is kept prominent throughout the work is that the man behind the gun always has been, as he is now, largely responsible for the great naval victories of the United States. Rear Admiral George E. Belknap contributes a graceful introduction and some additional facts to the volume. Indexes and illustrations add much to its value and attractiveness.

F. L. W.

IN ARGOLIS. *By George Horton. Illustrated from Original Photographs. A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.75, net.*

IT is in such a book as this—pure causerie—that George Horton is at his best. He is manifestly ill at ease in a novel; he seems incapable of tying himself down to the requirements of connected plot and character building. “Like Another Helen”—that stirring, tragic, yet scattering and illogical tale—

shows this very plainly. Restless, impressionable, enthusiastic, he must set down his impressions and enthusiasm as they come; he is not one who drinks in slowly until his whole spirit is saturated. Saturation of the spirit is necessary for a really powerful novel. But "In Argolis" is admirably suited to his light and lively temperament. In form it is almost a diary; chronicling not events, but people and pictures and feelings. It is the story (if story it may be called) of an idyllic summer holiday on an isle of Greece; and something of the delight and merriment of this "happiest summer of his life" George Horton imparts to his readers. A large part of his enjoyment came from the freedom of his intercourse with the simple, primitive islanders, and many of their quaint and curious customs and superstitions—harking back to the days before St. Paul told the story of the Unknown God—were observed by him and noted when impressions were fresh and vivid. These are woven in with Grecian sunsets and the "Kyria's" household perplexities with all the charm and flavor of intimate conversation, though never intrusively personal. The observations are always keen and human, but never pedantic. The viewpoint is that of an eager poet, not of a painstaking scholar.

S. B. S.

THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR. *The Strange Adventures of a Motor Car.* Edited by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Henry Holt & Company. New York. \$1.50.

WE have been conducted through many lands on donkey-back, in house-boats, afoot or on a wheel, but it remained for the ingenious authors of "The Lightning Conductor" to guide their adventurous heroine and altogether successful hero on a trip in a motor car through some of the loveliest regions of Southern Europe.

"The Lightning Conductor" is more than a rather impossible love story—it is a very charming book of travel. The quasi chauffeur has journeyed often through these same countries, and acts as

willing guide to his "goddess" and her fussy old aunt. There are many misadventures to lighten the descriptions of towns and castles, but one has sometimes a suspicion of Baedeker, especially when the hotels are described in glowing colors. It will prove a most diverting story to the ardent amateur chauffeur.

One of the most delightful bits of description is that of a trip through the Landes, a little-known and seldom traversed region of Southern France, and the first glimpse of the Pyrenees and Spain. Molly's rapture is by no means overdrawn and gives the spice of reality and local color to the descriptions.

The book is a series of letters, most admirably managed. Altogether, in spite of some rather long descriptions, the book is a charming love story, with much humor to relieve some impossible situations, and is a bright, alluring book of travels.

E. H. J.

THE PAPAL MONARCHY. By William Barry, D.D. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.35, net.

THIS is one of a series of historical studies intended to present the stories of the different nations that have attained prominence in history. The feudalistic state of every government is interesting so far as it brings about conditions which prove to be the embryo of the great states of to-day. Dr. Barry has given in "The Papal Monarchy" a complete history of that mightiest government on earth during its prime, from the time of St. Gregory the Great (590) to Boniface VIII. (1303). The quotation from Cicero in his preface forms the key-note to this book: "Above all things let writers bear in mind that the first law of history is never to dare to say that which is not true; and the second, never to fear to say that which is true; lest the suspicion of hate or favor fall upon their statements."

The Papal Monarchy is treated here not only as a political body, but as the theocracy which it was, and the democracy which it is. Dr. Barry gives facts gathered from no ordinary sources. His

study is complete, and the studious reader wonders whether he is a Protestant or Catholic theologian. His thoroughness almost inclines one to the belief that he is a Catholic. In truth, he is a pupil of Cardinals Franzelin and Tarquini, and also of the famous Perrone. No less than sixty of his essays are distributed among English periodicals, yet he has written but few books. His works are mostly historical, critical and metaphysical, and he is one of the few English theologians who is genuinely and unprejudicedly interested in social Christian enterprise. Dr. Barry understands the present condition of the Catholic Church so thoroughly that one cannot help but enjoy the freedom with which he treats his faith in the truth of the apostolic succession. He freely admits that the Temporal and Spiritual Power in the fullest application of the word has passed away; also that the task allotted to the papacy has been fulfilled.

Dr. Barry has not omitted to relate the terrors and trials that the Church has passed through, nor to mention the pontiffs who were not worthy of their station, speaking of his chronicle as a "tragedy and a romance." As the author was present during the Vatican Council and the taking of Rome in 1870, we may perhaps look forward to another book which will deal with the last link in the chain connecting the Roman pontiffs with Temporal Power.

C. L. M.

HIDDEN MANNA. *By A. J. Dawson.* A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.50.

MR. Dawson's latest story is notable as a serious attempt to portray Moorish life and character in the trappings of fiction. The book is permeated by a subtle, indefinable atmosphere and color which carry the conviction of truth, to the mind of the "Unbeliever," at least. The intrinsic evidence is strong that the author has made valuable contribution to the knowledge of this strangely stationary nation, who are to-day as "they were in the hey-day of a people whose end is obscured by the mists of antiquity—the Phœnicians."

We are led not only to knowledge of their customs, but also to an understanding, in part at least, of their point of view, and that, of course, is the beginning of all real knowledge of other people or peoples. All this Mr. Dawson has done with sure touch and vivid pen, and hence he has produced a book worthy of respect and admiration. There is, however, another consideration in estimating a work of fiction and one more essentially germane to the subject—what is its merit as a novel pure and simple aside from any fortuitous ethnological value? Measured by this standard, "Hidden Manna" is likely to win less unreserved praise than as the study of a noteworthy people whom we know but scantily. The basic interest of novels of the higher order lies in the revelation of character; but in order that this interest may not flag it is essential that the actors in the imaginary drama be governed by motives and standards whose potency we instinctively recognize. It is inevitable that a tale of the intimate Moorish character of "Hidden Manna" should suffer in general estimation from the lack of sympathetic comprehension in the Christian mind, of Oriental civilization and methods of thought. It is impossible to feel the same intimate personal interest in the political intrigues and love-making of a young Moorish "shareef," or saint by the right of descent, as we experience in the adventures of our nearer spiritual kin. For those, however, who are willing for the nonce to forego this conventional pleasure of the novel-reader and who desire, vicariously, to behold new lands and new customs, there lies a potent source of gratification in this unusual story of the heart of Morocco.

W. W. W.

UNDER THE ROSE. *By Frederick S. Isham.* The Bowen-Merrill Co. Indianapolis. \$1.50.

AN historical romance of the time of the emperor Charles V. The scene is laid primarily at the French court, where the undiplomatic monarch, Francis I., is painted in luxurious colors,

which set off artistically the more sombre hues of the austere conqueror of the age. A third princely element is introduced in the person of Louis of Hochfels, a robber baron of the first water, who boldly wins the hand of a princess by pretending he is the Duke of Friedwald, her affianced lover, whom she has never seen. This character brings in a feudal element, an atmosphere of moats and molten lead, a mediæval aggressiveness and barbarianism, which give the story momentum. We like this unnatural son of the Hochfels and are sorry when he has to fall for his misdeeds before the Excalibur of the hero; which, like the steel of all heroes from Achilles past Ivanhoe, is a little too magical for a fair fight. It would of course spoil the story to have the hero beaten, but nevertheless our sympathy has been alike with Hector and the fierce Templar. One of the best heroes in latter-day romance is the Sieur de Marsac; and we will give Mr. Isham the compliment to say that he too has given his chief personage individuality. Adventures are on every page, suspense is rife; the heroine is a wilful jade, whose beauty sets all agog from King Francis to the king's dwarf Triboulet, a *plaisant*, whose envious and malignant spirit is one of the principal sources of action in this novel of constant change, where a motif may easily be started by a look, word or gesture.

The writer has, we think, depicted the various familiar scenes rather superiorly; the court of love, the tournament, which is to be as gallant as that of Ashby de la Zouche, the struggle in the dungeon; the drugging of the keepers; the hero's escape a-horseback in company with the imperious heroine; the ride through the forest of dangers; the standard climax of the fight for life on the stairs of the cut-throat inn, where everybody turns out to be somebody else. The book is bristling with retorts, surprises, ambushes, hazards, stabs; the dish of romance is served up with plenty of cayenne pepper from beginning to end; it is romance, romance and all the time romance, and therefore precisely what we want in certain moods when reality is the one thing fictional we wish to avoid. Mr. Isham's present work

is readable, promising, and a fair candidate for six figures on the selling list.

J. S. D.

THE EGREGIOUS ENGLISH. By Angus McNeill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

WHEN the Unspeakable Scot and the Egregious English cross swords in a journalistic war, the gory horrors of Flodden Field pale into insignificance. Such desperate onslaughts can only prelude the disruption of the ancient and revered British Empire. Let the Irrepressible Irishman but join the *mêlée*, and continental Europe may dance at the obsequies of her insular enemy. Already the situation is grave. Mr. Crosland has bellowed, frothing at the mouth, that the Scotch are a race of canting, thieving hypocrites without one vestige of manhood or moral character. And now Mr. McNeill, no less vehement and cock-sure, declares the mental, moral and physical degeneration of England; and not a leg is left for the Anglo-Saxon to stand on.

Seriously, it is all very amusing until it becomes too serious. So long as Mr. McNeill keeps his tongue in check he is genuinely, if broadly, humorous. He thrusts stoutly at the "broad-shouldered, genial Englishman" as sportsman, soldier, poet and man-about-town, and his points are none the less laughter-provoking because they apply for the most part with equal force to his own beloved Scotchman. And occasionally he makes a palpable hit, as when he scores the English complacent reverence for "institutions," the English abiding respect for "law and order." But occasionally, in defiance of the code of this journalists' war, he forgets that he is playing a part and becomes earnest. Then he waxes abusive and humor no longer abides with him. It is a pity that, in this international interchange of compliments, such hereditary enemies as the Scotch and English should have been paired. It would be instructive as well as entertaining to have an honest, unglazed opinion of the Scotch from some qualified

Frenchman (say Pierre Loti) and of their Southern neighbors from our German-American Professor Münsterberg. Mr. Crosland and Mr. McNeill are too completely opposed; they kill each other.

E. C.

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD FOOL. *By Roswell Field. William S. Lord, Evanston. \$1.25.*

A PRETTIER love story than this the most fastidious critic could not desire; and being the offering of a new author and a comparatively new publisher, the recommending of it is a pleasure. It is an unpretentious little volume, and it might easily escape notice amid the flood of books.

The "old fool" is a middle-aged bachelor, and his folly is the old folly of falling in love. It all comes about because he grows tired of the companionship of "Bunsey the novelist," his cynical friend, and of the ministrations of his gardener and his housekeeper.

The charm of the story cannot be conveyed in a review. It lies in the quiet humor which illumines every line of the narrative, in the grace and delicacy of the style. "The Romance of an Old Fool" is an example of the simplicity and naturalness which are rare and difficult of attainment in literature.

U. S.

MEMORIES: A STORY OF GERMAN LOVE. *By Max Müller. Translated from the German by George P. Upton. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$2.00.*

THE best description that can be given of this old favorite in a new dress is found in the translator's preface. "'Deutsche Liebe,'" it says, "is a poem in prose, whose setting is all the more beautiful and tender, in that it is freed from the bondage of metre, and has been the unacknowledged source of many a poet's most striking utterance." The same can well be said of Mr. Upton's translation, which preserves the beauty of the original giving not only an idiomatic translation, but a well written bit of English literature as well.

The story in itself is scarcely more than a sketch or an embellished diary, and gives but a few glimpses into an episode, full of great tenderness and pathos, supposedly of Max Müller's own life. Love does not proclaim itself on every page with blare of trumpets, as the sub-title might suggest, but runs as an under-current, unexpressed, unknown almost, until at the end it breaks out in a whole-hearted burst of melody, that is calmed in the solemn minor-chord of death.

The book is a beautiful specimen of the art of book-making. The cover design is artistic and appropriate, and the illustrations, although lacking grace in their figures, are eminently fitted to the subject, and lend an additional charm to the volume.

H. H., JR.

DISCORDS. *By Anna Alice Chapin. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

QUITE different from the average short story is each of the tales comprised in this volume. They are not of the most cheerful character, though none of them is morbid. Each has some tragedy to relate, sometimes actual death, sometimes the moral or mental suffering that is harder to endure. Each of them tells of the discord between what is and what might have been. A princess escapes from her duenna and knows, by chance, one day of pure but hopeless passion. A young Cuban perpetrates an enormous swindle, has one "golden week," then pays the penalty. A boy with a beautiful voice lacks the soul with which to make his singing effective, but when the aid of love is invoked he proves responsive to another than the woman who had lost her heart in trying to inspire him. These are but brief indications of some of the uncommon themes. These and the rest have upon them the distinct mark of originality. None of them is trivial, and they are all worth telling. And they are very well told, too, with power, with grace, and with very full understanding of the human body and soul.

S. D. S., JR.

ON FORTUNE'S ROAD. *By Will Payne.*
Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co.,
Chicago. \$1.50.

THE world of business as a field for literary endeavors has in recent years been much exploited by essayists, yet little explored by story writers, and the reason is not far to seek. The business man turns in aversion from such a book as Mr. Payne's "On Fortune's Road," unwilling and unable to find recreation in thrilling accounts of bank failures and stock deals, and the layman, bewildered by "longs" and "shorts," and "bulls" and "bears," finds keener enjoyment in the more easily comprehensible language of the helmet and lance, and the more romantic adventures of the "goodlie knyghtes of longe ago."

There is a fascination, however, in the tense, drawn face of the banker, seeing with every jerk of the tape through his fingers prop after prop fall to complete his ruin, which is comparable to that of the tortured man of romance, watching the flickering flames leap ever higher and wilder about him—and it is a fascination that Mr. Payne has reproduced vividly in his pages. He speaks as a business man, sharply, tersely, with no essential word omitted, and no unnecessary one put in; as his characters speak, when a fortune hangs on every syllable.

A volume of short stories such as we have here cannot be branded either good or bad. The opinion of the reader must be governed entirely by his own disposition and view point, and he may consider the book intensely interesting or hopelessly dull.

H. H., JR.

THE DISENTANGLERS. *By Andrew Lang.*
Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co.,
New York. \$1.50.

IT might seem as if a long joke, as Poe said of a long poem, was a contradiction in terms; yet it is nevertheless true that Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Disentanglers" is a good joke in twelve parts and four hundred pages. Its basic idea has been put to more serious, but not to more effective, uses. The disentanglers are a society of respectable

semi-Bohemians in London, who, under the leadership of two lively and impetuous, but well-connected, young men make a business of disentangling families from the meshes of undesirable marriages. It can be imagined what a rare opportunity this idea offers to a vivacious and amusing story-teller.

Mr. Andrew Lang is certainly nothing if not vivacious, but he is so much in addition to this that his literary and scientific versatility is even more amazing than any of the adventures of "The Disentanglers." He is not only a translator of Homer, and an authority on folk-lore, but he is a voluminous writer on Scotch history, a specialist in ghosts, and a stout critical defender of romantic fiction. When a man with so many serious engagements comes to write fiction, it is natural that his imagination should run loose and take some fantastic flights. Such indeed is the case with the present book. The adventures of "The Disentanglers" are ingenuously, entertainingly and inexhaustibly impossible. But there are method and material behind Mr. Lang's fluent imagination. The method appears in the way that he makes the adventures increase in interest and importance until the end, and finally result in the triumphant entanglement of all the principal disentanglers. The material is derived from the vast stores of miscellaneous information, which Mr. Lang has acquired in other pursuits. In conclusion the book may be described as an original mixture of Stevenson's two different manners in "The Wrong Box," and the "New Arabian Nights," and it may be stated without qualification that not since those books were published has such an amusing piece of foolish and fantastic fiction appeared.

H. D. C.

BOSTON DAYS. *By Lilian Whiting.*
Little, Brown & Co. Boston. \$1.50,
net.

MISS Whiting has put a great deal of literary history into the 477 pages of this book. The volume is divided into four parts: "The City of Beautiful Ideals," "Concord and Its

Famous Authors," "The Golden Age of Genius," and "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." All is a glorification of Boston and its famous writers, thinkers, and idealists, its "salons," "movements" and "isms." Naturally there is no new light thrown on any of the subjects treated, for none of the material, save the latter part which is mere newspaper comment, comes first-hand.

That the material of the book is perfectly familiar to all well-read, or half-read, people is not the author's fault; the contents of such a book must necessarily be familiar. But it is the author's fault that the entire volume is marred by careless repetitions, inaccuracies of statement, extravagances of expression and inelegances of language. The book, however, is interesting and valuable for the public for whom it was written, and it certainly does contain a great amount of suggestive information in a comparatively small space. The space, by the way, would be appreciably smaller and the reading better if seven-eighths of the adjectives were omitted; especially "unique": it is disconcerting to be told that at least fifty persons or things are "unique" for the same qualities.

J. W. H.

ESSAYS HISTORICAL AND LITERARY. *By John Fiske. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.00, net.*

THE late John Fiske's qualifications as an historian were numerous and remarkable. He was a man of broad culture, of vast learning, and of great literary skill, and all of these qualities combine to distinguish the two volumes of essays which are now published. The literary and philosophical essays, which appear in these volumes, are related to that part of his work which antedated his published investigations in American history; and they give a good idea of the generous philosophical culture and point of view, which he brought to his historical writing. That training and point of view had the misfortune of being too exclusively Spencerian with the

result that this bias somewhat disturbed the fairness of his historical outlook, but even his Spencerianism was unconsciously modified by certain positive ethical and political interests. His studies in American history consequently are shaped by ideas and enriched by exhaustive investigation. They are instructive and entertaining as well as faithful to his subject matter.

The historical essays in these volumes have a peculiar interest, because they supplement his longer historical works. Several of these, such as those upon "Thomas Hutchison," "The Boston Tea Party" and "The Influence of Connecticut on the Constitution," throw into high relief interesting particular incidents in our history, which could not be properly emphasized in a continuous narrative. Others, and these belong to the larger class, sketch the main headings of an important part of American history, not touched upon in his longer work. The essays upon Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, the Whig coalition of 1840 and Daniel Webster give a sufficient indication of his method of approaching this formative period in our national life. The indication is all the more correct, because Mr. Fiske uses the same method in these detached essays that he would in a continuous narrative.

What interests him in Jefferson or Webster is not the psychology of the men. Indeed, he is almost obtuse in the way he entirely overlooks the fascinating and tantalizing complexities which the characters of these and several other important American statesmen present. He confines his attention exclusively to their relation to the ideas and events of their time. It is a pity that he had not more power of individual characterization for this particular epoch, as it is one in which personalities played a dominant part. But Mr. Fiske's historical method was never in the least biographical; and these essays, which might have been bald miniature biographies, are really brief sections of a general history. They ought to obtain a good many readers, for whatever else Mr. Fiske is, he is always and pre-eminently entertaining. Part of this readable quality is due to his delight in

telling a good story, and telling it well, but that is not all. The mixed simplicity and vivacity which he can bestow upon the most abstruse discussions and most involved narratives is due to a sort of broad-shouldered intellectual vitality that enables him to toss with majestic ease what would be a heavy load to another man. In reading his essays, we have to remind ourselves continually that his scholarship is not so unimpeachable nor his ideas so unexceptionable as they are made to appear; but we would rather have him as he is—cocksure and entertaining—than cautious and dull.

H. D. C.

COUNCILS OF CROESUS. *By Mary Knight Potter. Illustrated by W. H. Dunton. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.25.*

IN "Councils of Croesus" Miss Potter has written a lively and pleasing story of New York society life. The half dozen principal characters are cleverly drawn, and an interesting double love story binds them together. Towards the end of the book there is a note of tragedy in the love interest which is very well handled—indeed, in this part of the story Miss Potter is at her best. Despite the heroine's name Laura Lorraine, and the absurd illustrations, the book is not old-fashioned, but "up-to-date" in scene, and modern in thought and treatment.

J. W. H.

VIVE L'EMPEREUR. *By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00.*

IN "Vive l'Empereur" Mrs. Andrews is honest. Not that she is either accurate or truthful; but she has stepped from the realm of historical fiction to that of fictitious history with such open-hearted candor that one quite forgets to sigh that another group of dead and gone celebrities has been dragged before the literary footlights, and chuckles instead with quiet content. The daring of the author is refreshing, and though

she oversteps her bounds occasionally, as in the Marshal Ney legend, which is an entirely unnecessary strain on the reader's credulity, her intention to write romance and not history is so evident that no one can think of taking her seriously.

The story, which is short, is cleverly told, and carefully written. The descriptions are vivid, terse, and to the point. The characters, which are interesting and worthy of careful delineation, are strongly drawn and are well suited to the story. Those of Norah and Talleyrand, the heads of the opposing interests, are well developed, and accurately pictured under different conditions to reveal their manysidedness. In depicting her heroine, Mrs. Andrews has succeeded in avoiding several pitfalls which a character such as she has drawn would be peculiarly prone to offer. She has made her wild, vivacious, fascinating, yet still not hoydenish, and has given her just enough resemblance to her great father as the story needs, making incidents rather than words convey the likeness.

H. H., JR.

NATURE AND THE CAMERA. *By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Illustrated from photographs by the Author. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. \$1.35, net.*

MR. Dugmore's book cannot fail to fill a long-desired place in camera literature. "Nature and the Camera" is not alone a text-book of photography, but is at the same time a simple and attractive guide for the student of nature who seeks to make photographic studies of birds and their nests, animals, wild and tame, reptiles, insects, fish and other aquatic forms, flowers, trees and fungi. From the first chapter, which treats of "Photographic Outfit and Manipulations" to the last, which tells how to photograph trees, shrubs, flowers and fungi, the book holds the attention of the reader—especially if he is interested in the art of picture-making. Mr. Dugmore's photographs give an added charm to the volume.

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Give me your hand, O comrade, I am slipping from off my perch,
For the Lodtop here on the other side keeps giving a terrible lurch;
Oh, the curse of our race is this miserable fat, and the running to avoidupois,
Though it seems to have nothing whatever to do with the eating of girls and boys.
I have eaten but thirteen boys this week, with portions of maiden stew,
And yet I am getting so terribly fat that I do not know what to do.

CHORUS

Oh, it’s *heigh* for a steak from a jolly plump boy!
And it’s *ho* for him made into duff!
Now, I find that the good little boys are the best,
For the bad little boys they are tough.

Keep hold of my hand, O comrade, for if I should fall to the ground,
I am sure I would burst with a loud report, and the fragments would never be found;
But, alas, I have five little Lodtops at home who’re dependent on me for food,
And if I should burst who would bring them a boy or a sweet little girl to be stewed?
I have grown so fat in my latter days that I only can hide in the grass,
And grab at the heels of the girls and the boys as the dear little innocents pass.

CHORUS

So it’s *heigh* for a steak from a succulent lad!
And it’s *ho* for a chop from a maid!
I’ll invite you all round to my house to sup
When the bluebells are heard in the glade.

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THE READER

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The Reader

VOL. I

MAY, 1903

No. 6

Writers and Readers

Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama

THERE has been no April issue of **THE READER**, and this May number, published at an earlier date than previous issues, concludes our first volume. It was always the intention to make our publication day some time before the end of the month, but a printers' strike held back our first number. It is only with this issue that we live up to our original intention.

IN the majority of instances the illustrations we publish are exclusive to **THE READER** and nearly all our photographs are taken especially for us. This is not true, however, of our frontispiece-portrait, for which we have to thank Mr. Riley.

NOT even the extraordinary success of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has surprised us more than the non-success of Mr. Frederic Remington's novel "John Ermine of the Yellowstone." Mr. Remington's story surpassed in virility and interest any other tale of Western life published in 1902, yet it is not included among any list of the most popular books.

THE books of the Spring that everybody ought to read are Mr. Sewell Ford's "Horses Nine"; "The Filigree Ball," by Anna Katharine Green; "Italy and the Italians," by Edward Hutton; Mr. Coslett Smith's volume of stories; "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Under the Rose," by Frederic S. Isham; "The Better Sort," by Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Youth." This month has been unusually productive of good reading.

WE consider it a compliment that "Pearson's Magazine" has adopted the type used in **THE READER**. The unreadable type used by many of the magazines is inexcusable. The first number of the "New Metropolitan Magazine" edited by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is full of good things, but its type is confined and not easy to read. The new picture magazine "The Burr McIntosh's Monthly" begins publication this month. Next month will be issued "The American Connoisseur."

CHARLES Wagner, the popular evangelistic preacher, whose portrait as well as that of his little son, Pierre, is given opposite, has written many books that have extensively influenced French thought; he stands for morality, simplicity, education and humanity. Orator he is, essentially, by virtue of the vitality of his thoughts, by spontaneity of expression and by an extraordinary gift of inspiration, such as wells inexhaustibly from the eternal fount.

He was born in a hamlet of Vosges, at Wibersville, on January 3, 1852. In 1869 he took his degree of B.A. in the Sorbonne, and inscribed himself as a student of theology in the University of Strasbourg. Being an Alsatian, he has been moulded both by French and German influences. He is one of the most active members of the "Union for Moral Action," of which, with Desjardins, he is one of the founders.

His personal appearance is well described in the biographical sketch written by Grace King, as a preface to one of his most important works, "The Simple Life," "He is best seen in his pulpit—a tall, broad shouldered, commanding figure, a Bismarck in size, with a massive head that in its strength looks as if it might have been cast of iron."

From his talks, lectures and personal experiences with his parishioners, he has drawn the material which he gives forth in his series of books: "Justice," "Jeunesse," "Vaillance," "Le Long du Chemin," "Auprès du Foyer," "La Vie Simple," "Sois un Homme" and "L'Ame des Choses," all of which, as he says in one of his prefaces, "only describe and interpret the changing reflection of life." His creed, simple and broad, briefly stated is as follows: "To love life and humanity under all forms, and fret not the soul about miracles, dogmas and forms; be sane, be human, love mankind and love nature." In a

country where the people have refined the final essence of conventionality to the point of losing all relation to nature, it is natural he should have found so large an audience.

In his latest book, "The Better Way" (published by McClure, Phillips & Co.), Charles Wagner applies his doctrines more intimately to affairs of the mind and soul than in any of his former ones. In it, through a series of imaginary conversations, eighty-six in number, between a sort of Socratic Demon and the human Ego, weak and sinful, is presented a wonderfully tender "Gospel of Fatherhood," dedicated to this little deceased son, Pierre, whose child influence evoked it. From the great sorrow which falls upon the father, when death so soon stays the unfolding of this young life on earth, he draws the sublime faith that "to live is not all; to die, still less. The essential is that the Spirit shine forth through life and death alike"; and so, from the gray ashes of grief and desolation comes a soul-resurrection.

In order to estimate properly these "Conversations" they must be considered critically by those very methods of analysis which the author most disapproves and disregards. But "L'Ami," or "The Better Way," as the title is translated for the American edition, is the testimony of a Christian conscience, and neither criticism nor theoretical dialectics can destroy such testimony.

Mr. Wagner's philosophy, given in clear-cut, concise utterance, as in the following isolated bit, often takes the shape of an axiom:

The Criterion

Do not conclude that a man is modest because he lowers his eyes before eulogy: nothing is more common, easier or more fallacious.

Observe rather whether he holds his head high before just criticism. . . .



THE EVANGELIST IN HIS GARDEN



PETIT PIERRE



CHARLES WAGNER

MR. Edward Hutton, whose portrait faces this page, is the writer of "Italy and the Italians," a review of which appears in another column.

He is about 28 years of age, and is a Yorkshireman, whose idiosyncrasy it is to consider himself a man of Devon. As a matter of fact his family, when he was too young to be consulted, settled in Devonshire, and he himself was brought up in the country of "the good red earth" and the famous cream. His school days were passed at "Blundell's," one of the famous grammar-schools of England, in Tiverton, the Old World town in which his father had acquired a picturesque, rambling, typically English country house, set round with tall trees and framed by garden and paddocks in such wise as to suggest the open country rather than the near neighborhood of even a country town. Of Blundell's there are glimpses to be caught in Mr. Hutton's first published book, "Frederic Uvedale," the opening chapters of which are set in Devonshire amid the surroundings familiar to the writer's earliest years. When the day came for the choice of a profession, Mr. Hutton elected to be a publisher and served a quasi-apprenticeship to that trade in the offices of two successive masters of the craft. But he discovered, after his second trial trip had lasted but a short while, that successful publishing had not necessarily any close connection with literature, and, aghast at the unwelcome disillusion turned to journalism which he pursued for a short time, but without the necessary enthusiasm to carry him to success. Then, being still young and venturesome, he married. Whether it was the new sense of responsibility, or whether the character of the lady who joined her fortunes with his supplied him with a quality of balance that he had heretofore lacked who shall decide? From that time, however, his

work acquired new strength. He had written poems, stories, criticisms, essays unending. Being possessed of a competency he had even printed and privately circulated little collections of one sort or another; poems, essays, apologies of which he was not wholly ashamed.

But after his honeymoon in Italy, where he had already travelled extensively, he settled down steadily to work and produced his first real book, "Frederic Uvedale," a romance. This appeared with the imprint of the old and high-standing publishing house of William Blackwood & Sons, and was immediately acclaimed as the work of a new man who would "count."

Frederic Uvedale is best described as a combination of "Marius the Epicurean" and "John Inglesant" in modern guise. The evidences of Mr. Hutton's idolatry of the author of "Marius" are on every page. The experiences of the hero are as plainly the experiences of a John Inglesant of the nineteenth century. But it is impossible to accuse him of plagiarism. He has simply absorbed the spirit of two writers whom he admired to an extreme degree, and given it forth in new form.

"Frederic Uvedale" has not, as yet, won the suffrages of the American public to any extent, but one American citizen has been so captivated by it as to make Mr. Hutton a handsome offer for the original manuscript of the romance. The author, however, would not be tempted.

Following "Frederic Uvedale" came a little volume of "Studies in the Lives of Saints," which displayed afresh Mr. Hutton's keen, critical appreciation of the mystical side of the Catholic faith. This book is one that any student of the inner lives of such world-influences as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, or St. Catharine of Siena must of necessity make himself



Edward Hutton

MR. EDWARD HUTTON

acquainted with. But equally of necessity it is not a book in which the casual reader will find congenial pathways, for to appreciate it requires not only special knowledge and special training, but a particular habit of mind, a particular outlook on life.

With Mr. Hutton's contributions to periodical literature much space might be occupied, but in connection with the appearance of his "Italy and the Italians," it is sufficient here to refer to his illuminating article in "The Monthly Review" upon Gabriele D'Annunzio and his works, which was described by "The Academy" as the most discerning criticism of the Italian dramatist that had appeared in the English language.

After several years spent in Italy, the Riviera, the Thames Valley and other places, Mr. Hutton fixed on a Suffolk village as a permanent residence, and there, in a pleasant home, half cottage, half farm-house, with extensive gardens and a clear sweep over eight miles of country to the sea, he makes his home.

Any one who knows Mr. Hutton only by his books could not imagine him as a diligent gardener with an enviable rosery, though they might be prepared for his splendid collections of French and Italian paintings and engravings, and his rich mediæval embroideries and carvings.

Mrs. Hutton, who is one of the most gracious hostesses any one could wish to be presented to, is tall, stately and sweet-mannered and suggests an Italian lady of the Renaissance stepped out of her canvas to give vitality to one of Mr. Hutton's word-pictures, for his art is the welding of beautiful words into a kind of musical mosaic.

THOSE who remember to have read that attempt of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," to discover the North of Ireland for Eng-

lish readers may recall a slight figure that appears once for a little while in the Cushendall and Cushendun chapter. The book is called "An Unknown Country," a title that was not popular in the places described. Those who have not read it may think it worth while to search for the character mentioned above through the not too brilliant pages. The original of the "girl on the chestnut mare" was Moira O'Neill, whose "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" has the great lyrical qualities that keep poetry alive in the world. It is a pretty picture that Miss Mulock draws of the writer whose features and identity are unknown to her many readers. "We were confronted by a lovely apparition in the shape of a young girl on a chestnut mare. What a beaming face it was! Involuntarily I thought of Moore's lines to his Irish girl." This was Miss Higginson, whose home was at Rockport in the County of Antrim. Even at that day she was full of the lore of the countryside and alive with sympathy for the Irish peasant, and Miss Mulock's pages bear witness to the charm which legend and reminiscence had for her. The author preserves a story told her by Miss Higginson which may have been the germ of her own powerful lyric "Sea Wrack." A few years after Miss Mulock wrote "An Unknown Country" Miss Higginson married Mr. W. S. Skrine and they went to the Canadian North West, where for some years Mr. Skrine engaged in ranching on the beautiful plains at the foot-hills of the Rockies. Last year, however, they returned to Ireland, having sold the ranch, and for the future will reside in the neighborhood where Mrs. Skrine was born.

WE shall print next month a new portrait of Mr. Sewell Ford, the author of "Horses Nine," reviewed in this number by Martha McCulloch-Williams.



ZOLA'S HOUSE AT MÉDAN

WHILE the whole literary world is weighing Emile Zola's last novel, *Vérité*, in the crucible of criticism, his widow is sadly realizing the many changes consequent upon her sudden bereavement: especially is she unconsoled at the prospect of parting with their fine country-seat, at Médan, —which we have reproduced above.

It was here, about fifteen miles from Paris, that the famous series of stories, assembled under the title of "*Soirées de Médan*," were first outlined and written by Zola, Guy de Maupassant, J. K. Huysmans, Paul Alexis, Henry Céard and Léon Hennique.

Alas! that memorable places, about which hover the exiled ghosts of epoch-making days and presences should, like kings, so soon be relegated to the dust of unrecognized distinction!

THE publication of a French edition-de-luxe by the "*Librairie Française des Etats Unis*" is a new departure of notable character in

the book-world: it will be distinguished as the first instance of such an output by a purely French firm in America. One hundred copies, printed on the finest Japan vellum manufactured in that country, will be issued late in March. Simplicity and perfection of book-making will be the desired attainment of this publication entitled "*Propos d'Art*." Only one illustration will be used, but this is an etching of a famous painting in the Luxembourg, which has never been reproduced before. Under the pseudonym of the author, Henri d'Arles is concealed the personality of one of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic diocese.

These "*Propos d'Art*" are the reflections of a dilettante, sometimes given as causeries, or, again, in the shape of personal reflections.

"*The Nude in Art*," — art and "Idealism" in its highest form, furnish some of the themes that are delicately and forcefully elaborated therein.

OF the four book-plates reproduced this month, two are American, one Scotch and one English: they are those of Messrs. Andrew Kay Womrath and George William Beatty (New York), James Murray (Glasgow) and Mr. Charles Christopher Blore (London). They may be classified, generally, as belonging to the "Pictorial" group,—those which are intended to convey their meaning through the medium of symbols that most often relate, either to the favorite books, text, or authors of their owners, or emphasize their individual tastes, or perhaps treat allegorically, of ancestral historical events.

In the plate for Mr. Womrath both architectural and fanciful treatment are combined, while those of Mr. Beatty and Mr. Blore are "cartouche" plates, symbolistically rendered; the latter, containing the blank space which was formerly so much used for numbering the books,—but which is now seldom introduced,—indicates its owner's classic literary taste and choice of authors.

George William Beatty's plate, in its artistic execution, which is concentrated, well-balanced and most pleasing, seems suggestive of the designer's personal taste as well as a token of its owner's literary proclivities.

The plate of James Murray, containing a Masonic emblem by way of personal suggestion, figuratively embodies the running text that margins it, and seems to typify that peace and harmony of spirit which proceed from wisdom and understanding.

As a matter of general interest to book-plate collectors and designers we append the following important system, which is that used by the greatest German authority on Ex Libris, Graf zu Leiningen-Westerburg, and applies to any and all nationalities. His collection of book-plates, which is the largest on the continent, consists of

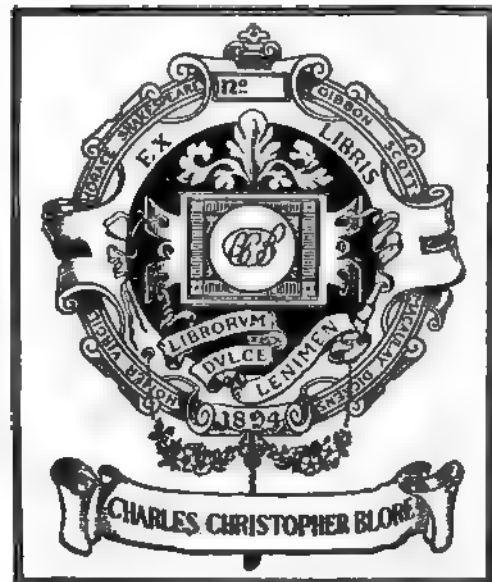
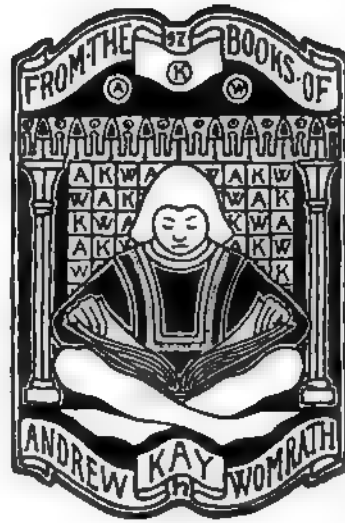
25,800 examples from all countries, from 1472-1902, and will never be sold. After his death it will be bequeathed to the Germanic Museum of Nuremberg:

- | | | | | |
|-------|--|-----------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| I. | 1400 | 1500 | 1600 | (ohne Geistliche (Ecclesiastical). |
| II. | 1600 | 1700 | | (ohne Geistliche und Rococo). |
| III. | 1700 | 1800 | | (ohne IV, V, VII, & VIII). |
| | a. | Fürsten & Grafen | (Princes, Dukes, Earls, Counts, etc.). | |
| | b. | Freiherrn & unbetitelte Edelleute | (Barons and untitled nobles). | |
| | c. | Bürgerliche | (Burgers or citizens). | |
| | d. | Unbenannte, Unbekannte. | (Unknown.) | |
| IV. | Geistliche, Klöster. 1500 bis jetzt. | | | |
| V. | Rococo mit den Unterabtheilungen wie bei III. | | | |
| VI. | Bayerische Hof — & Staatsbibliotheken. 1600 bis jetzt. | | | |
| VII. | Bibliotheks-Räume. | | | |
| VIII. | Allegorien. | | | |
| | | a. | mit Büchern. | |
| | | b. | mit Figuren, Landschaften, etc. | |
| IX. | Neuzeit. 1800-1870. | | | |
| X. | Neuzeit. 1870 bis zur Gegenwart. | | | |

The following is a recent publication accepted as one of the most authoritative books on this subject: "Heraldik in Diensten der Shakespeare Forschung," Selbst-Studien von Alfred von Mauntz, published by Mayer & Muller, Berlin.

The American edition of "The Book of Book-Plates" will hereafter be issued by the A. Wessels Company. In the current volume it is intended to survey, however briefly, the field of modern book-plate designers. English, German, American and French book-plates successively, with their special characteristics, will form the chief subjects for consideration in the four numbers of Volume 3.

To all book-plate collectors the twenty-seven examples of the work of Jay Chambers in this line, published in book-form for the Triptych, by Randolph Beam, will afford genuine interest. It forms a comprehensive exhibit from his earliest maiden efforts, which are unusually mature for so young an artist, down to his most recent productions. His work bears the impress of Albrecht Dürer's influence, as also that of his teacher, Howard Pyle, but his own distinctive sense of artistic proportion preponderates.



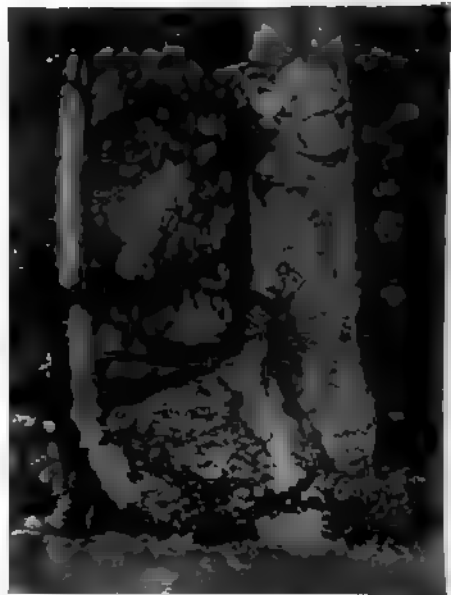
A Walk to Swanston

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

IT was hardly in the spirit of a worshipper looking for some new shrine that I started out one afternoon from Princes Street to look at Swanston, where Robert Louis Stevenson used sometime to abide. Swanston is less the scene of any early escapades of "R. L. S." than the home of John Todd, the roaring shepherd, and Robert the gardener. Whatever faint memorials there may be of the author are smothered by the imaginative life that he has given to those two old friends of his, the one who walked the hills herding sheep and the one who tended his fragile charges rooted in the parterre of the cottage garden.

I was anxious for a breath of the Scot's country and weary for a moment of romantic, beautiful, austere, decorous, self-satisfied Edinburgh, where one (if one is a traveller) always comes from the ridge of the old town where all the buildings seem slashed out of rock by a dull claymore, to Princes Street. And back of Princes Street there are those smug, cockney squares and rows with their statues of King George IV. and Melville, the greatest political wire-puller of his time. After a while one wearies of the contrast and desires something that is undivided in its allegiance—either to the past or the present. But Swanston was not such a place.

Above it, in the Pentlands, were the haunts of the Covenanters and the moors and hill-slopes looked as bleak as in their day. The old Farmhouse,



ROWAN TREE. INITIALED BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

at one time the grange of Whitekirk Abbey, stands dour and stiff as any ancient protestor against the powers and principalities. Its windows, few and shrunken, seemed intended less to admit light than to give a restricted view of the world. But over against all this ancientness was the new cottage of the Lothianburn golf club, and the knolls and hollows of these foot-hills of the Pentlands were become hazards and bunkers and putting greens.

Even the Stevenson cottage, for it is often so called, was but a new thing and consorted ill with the cotter's rubble hamlet and the stern ashlar walls



THE ROARING SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE AT SWANSTON

of the Farmhouse. Then of the two human beings that I saw at Swanston one belonged to the past and one to the present.

As I left the golf links behind me and approached the entrance to the farmstead down a rough lane open to the hills I met the past. This was of a certainty "the oldest man that ever wore gray hairs." He was a tradition; thin as light, and as frail as shadow. Surely the wind moved through him unobstructed and troubled him not at all. He dragged from his shoulder a large branch of an ash tree that swept the ground behind him. He was of one color with it, and it had been dead and weather-beaten for a long time. He felt at the gate with a stick, and when I opened it for him he passed through without a word, incurious. He seemed blind, deaf, dumb, and there seemed in him only power enough to drag himself and the ash branch.

The present I met in a hill-field in

front of the cottage. He was a shepherd, but none of John Todd's breed. He was of the Scot's tongue, but I had grave doubts that he knew anything of the Metrical Version, or was aware that he was upon historic ground. Well, as he has a word to say for himself let us test him by later standards. Does he know "R. L. S."? Yes, to be sure, that was a name that brought some few idle folk thereabouts. But what did "R. L. S." stand for? Ah! that he did not know. He knew that he wrote books, but he had never read any of them. "Are they any good?" he queried, and asked for the name of the best for his case, and took a note of it in a note-book, presented by the makers of a celebrated whiskey, against the long winter evening that might find him with a resolution to prop his eyelids open.

I was sorry for his ignorance. For a moment or two I was Stevenson himself, and laughed it off bravely, to go



THE FARMHOUSE AT SWANSTON

masked and find myself unknown in my own country. Then I felt the weariness of an ambition slighted, it would have been health itself to have known that a little, battered copy of "Travels with a Donkey" or "Kidnapped" or "Weir of Hermiston" was kept warm under a frieze coat on the heights of the Pentlands, to be read in some fold of the hills with the leaves turning of themselves in the bright air. But then the next moment I was myself, with hope springing up for Stevenson and his darling ambition. Perhaps I had consorted with the wrong shepherd!

For the rest, elect or unelect, he had an honest face, red with weather, and one thumb split through like a goat's foot. Let these be his badges in memory.

That day the air was filled with a haze and Caerketton and Allermuir, the two hills that begin the Pentlands,

were but outlines from Edinburgh. A nearer view gave no impression of the dignity of sternness which perversely enough, perhaps, one has associated with these hills. They are pastoral elevations, they have an exquisite charm, a lovely fullness of atmosphere and outline, but no sense of largeness or austerity.

Allermuir has a growth of small trees that look like the fell of a southdown thrown upon its shoulders. Caerketton is but a step to the height of Allermuir, and is an accessible hill, round shouldered, gently sloping.

You gather, from the fact that every little coign and corner has its name, that the land is weary with human association. With us no farmer has his house on the map, and his cross-roads called with names of high and romantic sound. But there, Fairmilehead is but a house in the trees; Bowbrig is a culvert with a trickle of water below; the



SWANSTON COTTAGE

trickle is Lothianburn, and it is the same as far as you may wander.

In the distance is the well nurtured landscape, hay-ricks spiked like tents, buff on the lush green of the aftermath, little groups of cottages with deep thatches and roses twinkling at the eaves, the gradual slope of meadows going down to the level of Lothianburn, and rising again to the gaunt Farmhouse at Swanston. Everywhere the color is mild and suave and mellow like the tints on the canvases of the old masters. It is through such a landscape that you walk to Swanston and over to Colinton Manse, where lived Stevenson's grandfather.

In the wood beyond the Manse you will find a memorial of "R. L. S." in the rowan-tree he carved with his father's initials, "T. S.," the date, "1874," a sun-burst and below, his own, "R. L. S."

We would call Swanston Cottage a "double house"; it is roomy and

planned for comfort. It faces the south and all day takes the sun that shines on the slope that leads up to the heights of Caerketton. The garden is yet the old-fashioned enclosure that Stevenson described. There the wall-flowers and roses and dahlias are perpetuated and the privet hedges, and the ivy rounding the fence-tops luxuriantly. There the cabbages and onions ("the rose among roots") still breed in a long descent from the earliest cultivators. They sustain the memory of Robert the gardener, being all like him "lowly and peacemakers and servants of God."

On the long sheep-trodden slopes of the hills I found no such suggestion of John Todd. But August was not his season. Mayhap his spirit might also inhabit the inclement hills if one visited them in December when the air was thickening, and night breaking in snow-clouds over the head of Allermuir.



ALLERMUIR, THE PENTLANDS



COLINTON MANSE

Hermann Sudermann

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

THE young Emerson asked of an eviscerated generation, "Shall we conquer our nature or obey it?" His thought matured with the years. Setting the slughorn to his lips, he sounded a call to arms that shall reverberate unto the furthest day. Transcendental egoism was the rod that touched the human corpse, and it sprang upon its feet. Its message was imperative: Let us have done with conformity; the individual shall no longer skulk and shamble through life; there is a light within, and where its rays fall you may follow.

Norway heard the call and breathed the breath of life into Ibsen, the Odin of individualism. Germany was roused from her metaphysical torpor and once more touched *terra firma* when Nietzsche, Sudermann and Hauptmann swept into the arena. They were to deal with the problems of human destiny. Hegel's Absolute, with its basic postulate that Something was Nothing, and Fichte's theory, that the human soul was an incubator that had hatched a universe, were swept aside; they were important—if true. The age had become concrete. Mighty problems were calling for solution. The Sphinx had planted herself in the middle of the century, and whoso did not answer her questions she threatened with annihilation. The romantic debauch in art, philosophy, literature and politics was about at an end. In 1848 Europe emerged into broad daylight. Thence-

forward the proper study of mankind was to be man—and monkey.

In literary Germany Schopenhauer and Nietzsche rule as opposing philosophic schools, and their influence is apparent throughout all of Sudermann's work. Schopenhauer, going back to the philosophy of the Indian mystics, enunciated the doctrine that the greatest evil that could befall any one was a desire to live. Desire, endless, formless, purposeless desire, is the metaphysical substratum of each act. The individual, tossed into the world without his consent, is doomed from the cradle to the grave to go the Ixion-like round of wants and cares that constitute man's daily task. At the end of each day there lies an endless series of to-morrows in ambush. Each day we empty the spiritual chalice of its holy fires, and from the embers there rises the mirage of hope. Like Tantalus, in the Greek fable, the waters of life are daily rolled to our lips, and then withdrawn. Life is progress from want to want, and when it is not it is an oscillation between boredom and boredom. The peaked and drawn face of Care is ever by our side, and Fear dogs our steps like our shadows.

In Schopenhauer's view, self-exploitation was the one great sin. To abolish self—the little I, the microcosmic distillation of the cosmic winepress—by a constant negation of all earthly desires; a gradual abolition of the individual ego, and final reabsorption of the

denuded soul in the All, where even the possibility of rebirth was at an end, was the final goal at which the philosophy of this great dreamer aimed. Repression, self-sacrifice, acceptance, non-resistance, led to the *summum bonum*, and life is best when life is least.

Nietzsche's philosophy is diametrically opposed to Schopenhauer's. Agreeing with the German Buddhist, that the motive for every act is a need, that each movement of sentiency, however humble or sublime, from the aimless gyrations of infusoria to the molecular combinations that gave the world Hamlet and the theory of gravitation, is the aim of the World-Spirit to realize itself in Space and Time, he held it imperative to follow, and a crime to renounce, the urge—the "proccant urge" in a larger sense than Whitman used it. No matter to what abysses they lead, follow your instincts—and intellect in its widest orbitings is but subtilized instinct, a phoenix that springs from the cinders of dead passions. The grand passion that you stand in fear of—that is your deeper, nobler self calling for birth. The dream of power that visits your pillow, and you put aside as evil, that is the grandest dream you will ever know.

Society, morality, religion have mutilated you. Go forth and do battle with whatever impedes your development. Else remain the tailings of primeval, elemental force. The gods of life ride the whirlwind; the weaklings stay at home and simmer in the teapot. All pity is evil because it helps to perpetuate the weak, and there is nothing a strong soul should fear so much as a weaker opponent. Strong men make room for strong men. There is naught holy but the law of your own nature. Strife is the natural state of man and self-exploitation the only righteousness. Renunciation, self-repression, asceticism, Nietzsche teaches, are the fruits

of Christianity. *Ecrasez l'infame!* he exclaims with Voltaire.

Sudermann's sceptical mind wavers between these two architectonic theories of conduct. Like Hamlet, he stands at pause. The culture of a wonderful century has seethed turbulently in his mind, and his art cannot be said to be bondservant to any one cult. As between Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, he perceives the elements of truth which both philosophies contain. The critical instinct in his nature senses the danger of pursuing to the end any one dominant spiritual tendency to the exclusion of another. His mind seems at times to be a battleground of contraries, where opposing beliefs struggle for mastery. He cannot reconcile the rights of the individual with the rights of organized society.

Man is ever that Laocoon who does battle with the serpents of Social Expediency. Instinct and Intellect are at war. The will is everywhere thwarted. *I would* must forever confront the menacing *Thou shalt not*. The promethean fire runs from the fennel-rod and is dispersed in vapors. The babe comes into the world an arsenal of instincts. Myriads of past lives are locked in that tabernacle of clay. As a child he pursues his ends and never dreams of conforming except to his own instincts. King of the instinctive world, he can do no wrong. But the shades of the prison house close gradually around him, and the glory and the dream melt into the light of common day. At manhood's threshold he relinquishes himself bit by bit. Custom, society, beleaguer his soul, and levy their tributes. He slips into society's ready-made, often second-hand, clothing, and is sent to the right-about. A resistant nature will at first show fight, but sooner or later he slinks into abeyance, and in silent agony lives out his days a mere social automaton.

In "Dame Care," Sudermann's great

novel, the slow decomposition of such a nature is traced with unerring touch. The German novelist accentuates the horrors that attend self-stultification. Paul lives for others, and others live on him. He takes upon himself the burden and sins of his family, and the years snow their cares upon him. The very springs of life dry up. A mere pack-mule, saddled with the trappings of those bound to him by an accident of birth, he reaches manhood lamed and crippled in soul and body. A victim of self-exclusion, a mere ghost of a man, he emerges from prison, in the last chapter, and falls into the arms of the woman who had waited for him through the years.

This concession of Sudermann's to German sentimentality is the one thing that mars this otherwise great book. Romanticism has never lost its hold on Sudermann. It is his ability to fuse the dream with the reality, to be artist and at the same time analyst, that puts him in the very first rank of contemporaneous dramatists.

Over against the dream of an emancipated individual stands the world of fact; the practical world, with its iron laws and drastic discipline. If the individual revolt against the emasculation of himself and pursue his ends, grasping the good within his reach, daring all penalties and defying the social manes to the end; if, standing upon the validity of his unalterable instincts—like Magda—he proclaim in the face of all opposition, I am I, and I cannot do otherwise—he flies into the face of an enemy whose rights are as firm-rooted in the past as his own.

Society is an organized instinct. It is, paradoxically, a mode of perpetuating the individual by sacrificing him to the needs of the race. Social Law is the potter that stands at the cradle and moulds the wet and plastic clay of individuality in its own image; and not from an idle or a shallow thought is the

soul shaped to the potter's end. Society is the treasure-house of the race and the repository of all its wisdom. Untrammelled, aggressing individuality would destroy the temple in which it lived, and, like Samson, Self would lie deepest under the ruins. On the other hand, the continual and unresisted aggression of Society on the individual would destroy the race by destroying the units that compose it.

Self-sacrifice is only to be commended when it is a mode of self-development, when the altruistic is dominated by the egoistic instinct; self-exploitation and self-development, when they involve something of self-sacrifice; when self-love, sowing itself on every wind, blossoms in a thousand souls wherein we see our higher selves reduplicated.

Even the brutal philosophy of Nietzsche has its altruistic side. He, too, had his nauseous Ideal. From the death of the spiritually weak and the physically underfed, on the ruins of social systems and moral codes, done to death by elemental instincts, there is to come forth the Overman, a transcendental, superhuman creature whose god-like nature shall repay the world for the labored agonies of his birth.

This eternal conflict of the individual with the forces that would blast him is outlined in "Honor," Sudermann's first drama. Robert, the workman's son, and Lenore, the capitalist's daughter, are in love. But there is Caste, antique, cobwebbed Caste. The Past, with its absurd notions of honor; the lichened Past, atrophied in body and soul, stretches forth its finger in an admonitory Nay. The playwright is in deadly earnest in this drama. There is no honor that comes not from within. Honor, in the last analysis, is self-respect. Accept your nature and rise to the level of your instincts. Fling wide the door that leads to freedom. Let Society look to her rights. Robert and Lenore love. That is sufficient. The

gilded, galvanized mummies that croak "honor" and "pride" at them are but the stale cadavers of an outworn social system. There is an honor that is not gold-glossed, that is in no way dependent on time and place; the lovers go forth into the world to seek it.

"Magda" we know well. In this play two antagonistic laws apparelled in flesh stand for combat. The dead, ice-locked past; the restless, seething present; a grinding impact of force against force; the final equilibration of death: such is the story of Magda.

In "The Joy of Living" the woman pays. The retribution that overtook Beata von Kellinghausen was greater than that which struck down Magda in a mighty grief, because the former had long before the opening of the play renounced the right to be herself. Beata's thirsty nature sought out the good but socially forbidden, drank deep of the fountain of love, and with a woman's intuition of the wrath to come cut loose from her lover, and buried herself thenceforth in the commonplace love of a commonplace husband. With the ebb of her emotions her nature wilted. Her soul, denied its proper outlets, belted and buckled in by the taskmaster Conformity, turns upon itself, and life, day by day, escapes through unseen apertures. When the crucial moment has come and outraged Society—Society, the divinized malign—in the person of her husband confronts her, she kills herself. Renunciation triumphs over self-assertion, and a proud vessel filled to the brim with an old Greek vintage rejects itself and runs to waste in confined silences. There are few modern plays wherein the universal conspiracy to preserve the *statu quo* is so clearly defined as in this play of Sudermann's.

It is in "The Cat's Bridge" that the influence of Nietzsche is most clearly felt. Here there is no wavering between opposing philosophies. The

German dramatist takes his place on the side of outraged human nature, and deals heavy blows at the conventions. What a daring creation is Regine, the heroine of this book! Untutored, loyal, self-sacrificing, capable of savage joys and profound sorrows, she stands in sharp contrast to the other female character, the pastor's daughter—fashionable, prudish, anæmic in soul and body, a very pattern of model marionette. She is the last refinement of a decadent civilization, as Regine is its first, underlying principle.

The balked will—this is the one theme of Sudermann. And he has but one method of treating it. Herein lies his limitation as a dramatist. The situations in all his plays are essentially the same. "Honor," "Sodom's End," "Magda," "Johannes"—who raises his voice to rage against Herod and is struck dumb in his fulminations by a vision of the Man of Galilee—"Johannisfeuer," "The Joy of Living"—all are climaxed alike and balanced on one pivot. The younger generation of German dramatists who follow in the footsteps of Sudermann, Hauptmann and Ibsen are superficial when compared to the masters. They shine with a borrowed light. The Germans have drunk deep of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche; but it is Sudermann and Hauptmann alone who know they have been drinking naphtha. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche!—world-shatterer and world-regenerator—the two most tremendous figures of modern times. They who are initiated into their mysteries never smile again.

Sudermann has solved no problems. He sets down life as he sees it. There is a Nemesis who wields the sword and scourge. For the rest he is a sceptic.

"What do I know?" asked Montaigne; and his essays are the immortal record of his ignorance. "What do I see?" asked Sudermann; and "Magda" is the immortal record of his vision.

Autobiography of a Manuscript

BY HELENA SMITH

WELL, here I am again on an editor's desk. For months I have been battledored from editor to author—from author to editor until, actually, I am ashamed to look an editor in the eye.

Travel is said to be improving, but really it has worn me to a frazzle. When I started on my career, I was a very dainty piece of "copy," but now I am only a dog-eared tramp, begging at every editorial sanctum for a seat at the table of contents. In fact I occupy in literature a position similar to that of a poor relation.

One can't be rejected fourteen times without becoming aware of the fact that one's failure isn't due to a conspiracy on the part of the powers-that-be to down an unknown genius. One begins to suspect the scribbler and sympathy is transferred to the editors.

At first, I admit, I was inclined to agree with the young woman who wrote me that all editors were porcelain-lined individuals filled with cracked ice. Then I met an editor who opened my eyes to the other side of the question. He was an awfully nice chap and better looking even than my hero. He seemed to be sorry he couldn't keep me.

"Another from Elsie Kensington Scribbler," he said. "Poor deluded girl. Keeps trying in spite of all discouragements. This is a little better than usual—quite well written, too, but——"

I knew what that "but" meant. One

editor said there was too much tabasco-sauce wit and blood-and-thunder plot for anything but family story papers. And I was sent to exclusive publications. How surprised some of those editors would have been could they have seen the person responsible for my existence. With a face like her's, she should have written poetry,—pretty things about quaint old gardens filled with roses and mignonette and things,—or about people going away to sea and never coming back. But Elsie wrote nothing of the kind. She called her stuff "advanced realism." Though I thought it was rather horrid I never held her responsible for the vagaries of her pen.

Where was I? Oh, yes, I was telling you about the young editor. He wrote a kind note to chaperone me home but Miss Scribbler tore it up, threw it into the waste-basket and called the writer "a mean old thing." But then, she had never seen the editor.

Next I landed in the office of a great syndicate. There I was given a mechanical sort of examination by a brisk young woman who made no bones about hustling me into another envelope and sending me back. For travelling companion this time I had a little printed slip which said that the editor had read me with much interest and regretted I was unavailable for any of his publications. Moreover, that the return of a manuscript was no reflection on its merits. My writer didn't even read the regrets. I was a bit wrinkled, so she

copied my first page neatly and thus freshened up I was off on another jaunt. The persistency of that girl!

This time an old man, white haired, tired faced, was forced to do the honors. He sighed as he glanced at my opening paragraph.

"Rot," said he, and tossed me over to an assistant. This time I dreaded to face the poor girl who wrote me. I never exchanged a word with the haughty slip of thanks that was inclosed.

I found myself in her mail with several other legal-size envelopes. Evidently the supply of her manuscripts exceeded the demand. There was a scene when I returned; there is no rest for the weary. Off I went again. It must be a great thing for the postal department to have so many struggling scribblers in the country. The department did a land-office business on my account alone. As I said at the beginning, here I am again on an editor's desk, surrounded by snowdrifts of manuscripts. Some of the offerings are out for the first time,—*débutantes*, conceited and sure of being among the successful candidates. Others, like myself, cynical and asking nothing better than to be allowed to find a quiet grave in some tenth-rate publication,—a literary cemetery.

Gracious goodness! The most horrible thing has happened. I am a ruined man—uscript. My heroine and the hero of a story that I have often met in editorial sanctums, have discovered that they are affinities. Their authors are accused of ruining their lives by disposing of them without even asking their consent. As these two young people are both very interesting, cultured and altogether charming, and as

they both belong to smart set stories, they will probably elope.

They have.

A flippant breeze was beguiled to furnish transportation. The nefarious plot worked brilliantly. The zephyr whisked from the desk right into the waste basket the two pages devoted to a description of my heroine and the three concerning the personality of the hero. They declared they were going to die together. Bah! What remains for me is the question. I am like a bank deserted by the cashier. In political phraseology I am a dead issue.

This is the last chapter. I was sent back to Elsie. When I arrived I was taken into the library by a maid. Elsie and a man were sitting before the grate fire. At sight of me the girl gave a cry of disappointment.

"Oh, oh! Again?" she sobbed. "It was my pet story,—the best one I ever wrote. I am completely discouraged. What a fool I was to think I could write. I have even sacrificed my happiness to my ambition!"

"Elsie, you don't mean—will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Elsie.

Dear, dear! The scene that followed was more sentimental than a manuscript I once met that had been written by a fifteen-year-old boarding-school girl. What do you suppose that wretched Elsie did to me, *me*, her best literary effort? She tossed me into the fire with a gay little laugh. For the last five minutes she and the man have been watching me curl up in the flames. Perhaps it is the reflection that makes Elsie's face so pink. In another minute my ashes will flutter up the chimney. No stamps sent for return this trip, so—goodby.

The Child in Literature

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH

ONCE upon a time," the child was born in literature and art. It was long before our time but it remained for our modern writers to create the child as a personality.

This is the age of children. The main duty of a child used to be

"Speak when you're spoken to,
Do as your're bid,
Shut the door after you
And you will never be chid."

These negative virtues are rather reversed at the present day, and our ancestors would be surprised to see the books, the main interest of which centres in children.

Certainly children play an important part in the literature of the twentieth century. Whether this is due to the fact that they are no longer repressed and kept in the background, or because writers are more fully realizing what true art is, is immaterial. The fact that child life is a distinctive influence in the present literature is undisputed. The pictures of child-life are a boon to both old and young, and women writers in particular have been largely instrumental in giving to the world sweet visions of childhood.

Can life lose its brightness and men and women look at it with weary eyes if it is gladdened with the faces and voices of childhood? Poets and painters unite in doing honor to children. Early in the ages the painter learned

the beauty of child-life and Raphael showed the world the loveliness of infancy.

There are few things more difficult than writing stories about children. There is the danger of being too stilted or too child-like, but with men and especially with women of genius there seems a sort of intention with which imagination helps to paint the picture. To make the stories of children a life work is a new thing, yet many of the foremost writers of the present day not only write of children but for them.

The child in literature is here and will remain. We wonder now that he was ever absent in earlier writings. It is the natural child which is seen in modern books. The child at play was seen by Homer, but the pulsing, throbbing, loving, natural child did not appear. It was the vision of helpless childhood without the attributes of a live, life-loving child.

Chaucer tells one or two stories of children with exquisite pathos, but they appear as lay objects of pity, rather than beings of flesh and blood. In ancient literature children seem to form an effective setting to some picture of home life. They are not, however, active principals. They are occasionally met with, as when Medea murders her children, but they are secondary characters even there. Homer tells us of Hector's infant and Goldsmith shows a perception of the child in "The Vicar of Wakefield," but these cases are cold

and inert in view of the present thoughts of childhood. In these days the writer who can make children move and talk naturally will not lack readers. It is well known that literature which deals with the life of children has an enormous sale, and children's joys and sorrows brighten pages that might otherwise be dull.

It is women writers who have assured the popularity of children in fiction. Women note more carefully the characteristics of children because of the interest of motherhood and wider opportunities for observation. George Eliot is unsurpassed in the reality with which she depicts child-life. One of the most perfect pictures of a baby is given us by Mrs. Browning:

"The light upon his eyelids pricked
them wide.
And staring out at us with all their
blue,
As, half-perplexed between the angel-
hood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence, —
gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting
it.

In change for heaven itself, with such
a smile
As might have well been learnt there,
—never moved
But smiled on in a drowse of ecstasy
So happy (half with her and half
with heaven),
He could not bear the trouble to be
stirred,
But smiled and lay there."

Poets in particular centre their best gifts, imagination and love, upon child-life, for they are prone to look on childhood as a season of unclouded beauty.

We are apt to look for everything in Shakespeare, but in the matter of children he is meagre. Scudder accounts for it on the theory that stage-

room was limited in those times and girls were not allowed to act. People did not care to have children the centre of attraction. The change has been of gradual growth.

In the closing scene of "Titus Andronicus" Lucius calls his boy to his side, to view his dead grandsire:

"Come listen boy: come, come, and
learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandsire
loved thee well,"

and Lady Macbeth, in spite of wickedness a woman and a mother, cries:

"I have given suck and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that
milks me."

In "King Richard III." Tyrrell recounting the dreadful deed done to the innocent princes in the Tower ends thus:

"We smothered the most resplendent
sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she
framed."

Other passages which touch on childhood, are found scattered through the plays. Desdemona says:

"Those who do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy
tasks."

The Arthur of "King John" shows child-life, but the pictures are stilted and unnatural.

The word child is seldom found in Milton's verse, owing perhaps to stern puritanism, and the little ones were of small interest, even in "On the Death of a Fair Infant."

Jeremy Taylor shows some sympathy with childhood in his "Life of Christ," and Withers, a poet of that time, has a cradle song, beginning

"Sleep, baby, sleep: What ails my dear?

What ails my darling thus to cry?

Be still, my child, and lend thy ear
To hear me sing my lullaby.

My pretty lamb, forbear to weep:
Be still, my dear: sweet baby, sleep."

Even the old bachelor, Dr. Watts, wrote a similar hymn.

"Sanford and Merton," published in 1783, was almost the first book to give prominence to children. To-day the characters would seem priggish. Our fathers and mothers enjoyed Miss Edgeworth's stories about children and Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home," but the talking is so different from the present mode of conversation that one wearies of it, finding it forced and unreal.

Gray, in the succession of pictures he paints in his "Elegy," gives this beautiful one:

"For them no more the blazing hearth
shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening
care:
No children run to lisp their sire's
return
Or climb his knees the evening kiss to
share."

Wordsworth was the one to immortalize childhood.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," he sang; and he sees in childhood thoughts and emotions which are miniatures of mature life. His own daughter drew forth the "Characteristics of a Child, Three Years Old." His immortal "We are Seven" shows how well he understood child nature. In the "Excursion" occur the lines:

"From his sixth year the boy of whom
I speak
In summer tended cattle on the hills."

De Quincey declares:

"God speaks to children, also, in dreams and thoughts that lurk in darkness."

In French literature the story of "Paul and Virginia" is an effort at representing childhood as an ideal human life. The pastoral life of the two forms a rather sentimental philosophy.

Captain Marryat has rollicking boys in his books. In the "King's Own," Willy is a power in the ship-life.

Dickens portrays children, and their tendencies and weaknesses are the material on which he skillfully works. He holds a high place among writers of the past century who have made child-life attractive. The beauty and pathos of Little Nell makes a never-to-be-forgotten picture, whether true to life or not. Paul Dombey, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield and the Marchioness are familiar characters, but Dickens' children have a morbid tendency and leave a feeling of sadness in their train. The brother and sister love of Paul and Florence Dombey is a touching pen picture.

The child from the time of Dickens seems permanently introduced as a factor in literature. It was from his incentive that writers of all sorts began to model their small people. No male writer has given so many child-characters as Dickens. Thackeray has given us a few incidental touches and George Macdonald writes gracefully of youth and its pleasures.

Maggie Tulliver stands out as one of the real children of everyday life, though George Eliot depicts her as a genius. It is the moral influence of the child that her woman's perception sees and to which she tries to give utterance.

Mrs. Browning has been called "the poet-laureate of childhood." That

passionate soul-throb, "The Cry of the Children," "The Deserted Garden" and many other poems attest this most abundantly.

Lord Tennyson's "The May Queen" and "In the Children's Hospital," show he too can write on the beautiful and inspiring theme of childhood.

Victor Hugo has written fully of the young. His suggestions are, many of them, supposed to be derived from his own family.

Thackeray, in his delineation of Rawdon Crawley and Becky Sharpe with their infant son, has given one of the truest touches of nature. This realistic tendency of fiction gives ample opportunity to depict child-life. Emerson and Bryant touch on child-life, and Whittier has his portrait of "The Barefoot Boy."

Longfellow is associated with "The Children's Hour," and "The Hanging of the Crane." "Hiawatha" is bright with child-life, while in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" Pearl plays an important part. It is the personality of the child that all of these later writers recognize.

Balzac was a sensitive child, little comprehended by his parents, which accounts for the fact that few writers have so well depicted the feelings of childhood. One notices this in "The Lily of the Valley" and "Louis Lambert."

Robert Louis Stevenson understood children and excels in depicting them. Eugene Field's name calls up immediately visions of child-life and child pleasures, which he shows us so beautifully in his inimitable children's songs.

No picture of life which does not include children can be true to nature in the wide view of the elements which make up humanity. Both art and literature have felt this. Childhood is, or ought to be, full of delight to all of us. It possesses unknown possibilities of pleasure. Women produce faith-

fully what men often regard as trivialities.

Mrs. Burnett has given to the world real pictures of child-life. Her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a wonderful success. The truth is, we admire a boy who stands fearlessly and says: "Are you the Earl? I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

In John Strange Winter's stories children are an important factor.

Madame Sarah Grand, in "The Heavenly Twins," draws the picture of the two incorrigibles. They edify the Prince with the following song: "Pap—Papa—Papa," they sang, "Papa says—that we—that we—that we are little devils; and so we are—we are—we are and ever shall be—world without end"; "I am a chip," Diavolo trilled exquisitely; "I am a chip." "Thou art a chip—thou art a chip," Angelica responded. "We are both chips," they concluded harmoniously—"chips of the old—old block; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, amen."

Scores of other names will occur to the mind of every reader of current literature—names of writers who have left pen-pictures, sweet or quaint or queer in countless stories and songs of child-life. No list should lack the name of Ruth McEnery Stuart, while Kate Douglas Wiggin and her "Birds' Christmas Carol" will live as an exquisite book of child-life.

In the words of a recent writer, "The child has been added to the *dramatis personae* of modern literature and plays an important part." Literature of this kind has a distinct and new form. The writers of to-day have found a deeper sense of life and a fine perception of the value of common forms. Literature in which conceptions of childhood are embodied must necessarily stay, for child-life is part of the universal nature.

Howard Pyle

BY CHARLES HALL GARRETT

SAID Mr. Howard Pyle, "It is a bad sign when you are thoroughly satisfied with the work of your brush. It means your ideal is not higher than what you have accomplished. The few illustrations by myself that have best satisfied me have always proved the least popular. If you are dissatisfied with your best efforts, there is some hope for you."

Mr. Pyle, whose illustrative art has been familiar to the book-lover and reader of the most prominent magazines for over a quarter of a century, like Abbey, received little art education and that not in the ateliers of Paris, but in Philadelphia. Yet it was the influence of the Old World that nourished him. His parents in Wilmington, Delaware had wished him to fit himself for a collegiate course, but his mother discerning by his discouraging school reports that he preferred covering his slate with drawings instead of algebraic figures and spending the long winter evenings lying before the wood fire, poring over the illustrations of back numbers of "Punch," suggested to his father that his one natural bent be fostered. So it was that young Pyle went to Philadelphia and for two years studied under Van der Weilen, an artist of no small repute, who had won a gold medal at Antwerp, and afterwards injuring his eyes, had come to America to instruct.

"That was all the art education I ever received," said Mr. Pyle, "except

a few weeks at the Philadelphia Academy, where I worked in the life class at the end of one pose.

"The hardest thing for a student to do after leaving an art school, is to adapt the knowledge there gained to practical use—to do creative work, for the work at an art school is imitative. That is why so many go into portrait painting. When I left the art school I discovered, like many others, that I could not easily train myself to creative work, which was the only practical way of earning a livelihood in art. Nor was there anything like the present field. Not discouraged, but being offered a position by my father in his leather business in Wilmington I availed myself of it and during my spare time created illustrations, stimulated my imagination and worked assiduously on drawings I never submitted.

"In 1876 I had the temerity to send a little verse called, 'The Magic Pill,' with some outline drawings to 'Scribner's Magazine' which afterwards became the 'Century.' It was accepted, and that was my start. Encouraged, I wrote a short fairy tale, and with it sent a silhouette drawing to 'St. Nicholas.' They also were accepted. Then I went to an island off the coast of Virginia, where roamed at will a breed of half-wild ponies. Once a year they were corraled and branded. I wrote an article about them and made some pencil drawings, which were redrawn; and

on its publication I felt my art was of some practical use. This was confirmed by Mr. Roswell Smith, who advised me through my father, who had dropped in at Scribner's to inquire if an article of mine were acceptable, to come to New York. I took with me many letters of introduction. One was to Bayard Taylor, but I never used them, preferring to test my own ability without influential backing.

"In a little room in a boarding-house on Forty-eighth Street, which was then far uptown, kept by a Quakeress, I began. I devoted my time to odds and ends, wrote comics and fables and did pen and ink sketches. In a year I gained some foothold and then rented a studio in Thirty-second Street next to the Union Dime Savings Bank. 'A Wreck in the Offing'—picturing the warm interior of a life-saving station, a man bursting in with the storm to report a wreck, and men in south-westerners—which covered a double page in 'Harper's Weekly,' really launched me. I asked Mr. Parsons for more work. From then till now I have had more than I can do.

"I do not believe in an artist taking a holiday—he loses something of application and steps from an atmosphere that is necessary to keep him up to the mark to one of idleness that, say what you will, leaves a derogatory impress. During the summer I work at Chadd's Ford near the battle ground of the Brandywine, an historical and rural spot."

It is there that most of Mr. Pyle's pupils followed him, to work in a barn or in the open air, and to gain from contact with a master, encouragement and advice. And here we have a story which shows the very human side of Mr. Pyle. He believes in encouraging American art. For a number of years he snatched a few hours a week from his work to criticise and instruct a large class at the Drexel Institute in Phila-

delphia. Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green, Miss Charlotte Harding, Miss Sarah S. Stillwell and a score of others who studied under him, as well as at the Academy of Fine Arts have since distinguished themselves and are known as Pyle pupils.

"But the journey to Philadelphia took too much of my time," said Mr. Pyle, "and the class was too large to give me satisfaction. I conceived the idea of helping young men of talent who could not afford an art education. To do so without pauperizing some, while taking money from others, I rent to twelve young men at a nominal figure, three studios adjoining mine in Wilmington. They pay me nothing for instruction, and I visit them twice a day; before I go to my studio and after lunch hour. Of course they must be able to pay their living expenses in town. Generally after two years they become self-supporting. Often publishers send me work to distribute among my most capable pupils. I supervise such work, but they must conceive, and they themselves do the illustrations. Every year I receive from two to three hundred letters from those desirous of attending my school. It matters not how far a pupil is advanced, when he comes to me he must begin at the bottom. My close criticism is apt to leave the impress of my style, but I do not desire this. I make every effort to encourage individual vein and peculiarity, and generally in a short time a pupil develops his own method of treatment, which, if practical and artistic, always lends a charm to an artist's work.

"Discouragement? There is lack of satisfaction in every picture I do. In the first sketch, I take an infinite amount of pleasure. As I realize I cannot attain, what I vaguely imagine, discouragement sets in. Then, also, I lose much of my enthusiasm in painting an illustration over three, four, sometimes half a dozen times, as is my custom.

My procedure is tedious but necessary to conscientious work. To me my first sketch is most important. A subject lies fallow in my mind often for three or four weeks. Gradually it takes form. Then before me appears my full conception. It is then I do my first sketch, from which I make it a rule never seriously to depart. It would mean nothing to another—a line for a piece of drapery, or for a wave of hair—but to me it presents the full illustration. Before selecting a canvas, I may make a dozen sketches. A model is a last resort. I never work up an illustration from a model. It is only to be true to certain lines which it is impossible to carry in the memory, that I use a model at all. But the veins on a hand; the light on a finger-nail; the falls of a cloak from the shape of a

form, can only be positively accurate through the use of a model. After that I discard the model and refer entirely to my sketch.

“Art is illusive. But it is a chase worth undertaking, and is delectable employment to one whose mind, heart and eyes delight in the artistic and beautiful. But it is a mistaken idea that the life is an easy one, obedient only to inspiration, for as I have stated, to build up a picture means thought and work and much detail, and often becomes tiresome before its completion. As in other pursuits in life, one must discount the waning of enthusiasm, and remember that self-compelled application is most often the only royal road to success, which many often miss by a hair’s breadth, through a slight disinclination to do absolutely their best.”

Mary Hartwell Catherwood

BY JOHNSON BRIGHAM

BETWEEN the lines of Parkman’s sombre story
Of eager quest for gold and grewsome glory,
The woman read a tale
Of love, than even love of life more strong,
Of right triumphant over every wrong,
Of faith that could not fail;

Of woman’s tenderness, of manly daring,
Of service ne’er for consequences caring.
With her, in dreams, alone,
The solitudes were temples where love walked,
And God with man, in myriad voices, talked,
And love e’er found his own.

The Voice That Was Still

BY LEONORA SILL ASHTON

THE boy began by writing little poems about the earth and the sky and the sea and the stars, and he wrote them simply because he could not help it; he loved all these things and he loved to picture them in words.

One day the great change came and he no longer wrote the little poems. Once after this he came upon them and they seemed things of the far ages. He smiled as he read them and laid them away tenderly. "They are the toys of my childhood," he said. "Now I know the real stars and the real sea." He did not care to write of those, only to gaze at them.

So the boy grew to be a man and the man grew old in years, but he never wrote any more poems.

Some who stood near him said, "You are wasting your gift," but he did not reply and the days passed on.

Then the man died and close to his heart they found a little book. It was

slender, containing only a few leaves and on them was written:

"I thought I knew them at first, the things of the great out-doors and I loved to make songs about them; then I found that they were only songs themselves but different from the others, because they were alive and I ceased my work, and began to search for the great artist who had made them, saying—'I will write no more until I have found Him. Often I have been near Him. I have heard His voice in the sea and watched the workings of His plans on the face of the earth. I have looked up into the stars and while their radiance saturates my soul I have known that He was there, but I have never seen Him. When that time comes, however, I will write a poem of Him—the All-Beautiful, the All-Knowing.'"

Here the words ended abruptly, but while they read, the page moved as though an unseen hand was writing upon it.

A Wish of Peace

BY L. H. GEBHARD

GIVE me a book, and an arbored nook
With the soul of the wood imbued;
A vista of blue, the branches through;
The forest music,—and solitude.

How the Heroine Dresses

BY GERALDINE BONNER

IT is interesting to note how dress appeals to and is treated by different novelists—who see it as a touch of color on a picture, who as an indication of character. To some it is a subject to approach seriously and dilate upon with subdued delight; to others it is of small import, save in moments when it lends a last dazzling lustre to an already irresistible heroine and precipitates the hero's surrender. There are cases where it has been sternly arraigned: witness Podnycheff in "The Kreutzer Sonata," who said he was attracted by the meretricious aids of "bangs, bustles and jerseys." And there are cases where it has been symbolically used, as the wax pearls that encircled Sidonie's throat in the *Café Chantant* were typical of the beauty and falseness of their wearer.

The average male novelist is shy of the subject, treating it with an embarrassed brevity. He only notices it when an arresting touch of color or cut of robe strikes his eye, or gives expression to some personal characteristic. Marion Crawford in "Mr. Isaacs" speaks of Katherine's square-cut, black dinner dress, above which her white neck and golden-locked head rose in startling bloneness. Howells tells us that Lydia Blood's best black silk, though made by a country dressmaker, had a certain style because she copied the fashion papers. The splendors of Tess D'Urbervilles's yellow silk dressing-gown with its embroidered slippers to

match were only of moment as a revelation of her fallen state. The metropolitan finish of Daisy Miller, in her gray gown, pressing her parasol against her side as she buttoned a long gray glove, is a point in the puzzling combination of elegance, sophistication and naïveté which made up that elusive young lady.

This is the attitude of most masculine writers to a subject where fools may step in, but they openly fear to tread. Of their great predecessors Dickens almost entirely ignored dress. An allusion to the cherry-colored ribbons of Dolly Varden, on the blue habiliments of David Copperfield's first love were as far as he ventured in those esoteric mysteries.

Thackeray, usually reticent, occasionally dropped his reserve, and painted his heroine in all the panoply of off-setting millinery. He was not often beguiled into such frivolity; but now and then admiration for such a splendid figure as Beatrix Esmond presented on the night she walked down the stairs straight into Henry Esmond's heart, drew words of detailed description from his pen. And there is that unforgettable paragraph describing Becky's seductively charming appearance in "Vanity Fair"—a paragraph that renders to admiration the fine, fastidious elegance of a well-dressed woman. In the light of innumerable candles she sat on a sofa covered with a pattern of gaudy flowers:

"She was in a pink dress that looked as fresh as a rose; her dazzling white arms and neck were half covered with a thin, hazy scarf, through which they sparkled; her hair hung in curls round her neck, one of her little feet peeped out from the crisp folds of the silk; the prettiest little foot, in the prettiest little sandal, in the finest silk stocking in the world."

When we turn to the women novelists we find in the strong ones an even severer reticence. The Brontës were very chary of allusions on the subject and George Eliot in her earlier days was almost as reserved. Only in the case of Hetty Sorrel did her pen now and then linger on the adornments with which the rustic beauty strove to enhance her charms. It may have been the masculine pseudonym that compelled her to this pose of indifference, or it may have been that her æsthetic taste saw nothing worthy of description in the middle-class life about her. When her fame lifted her into regions whence she could espy members of the fashionable world in their habits as they lived, she threw aside her reserve and made of Gwendolen Harlath one of the best dressed women in fiction.

This high bred, mettlesome creature is always completely and fastidiously stylish. Gwendolen never crosses the pages of the book that she does not bring with her a suggestion of that wealthy and well-garbed world where bodices always fit and skirts hang to perfection. At the mention of her "best hat" we are conscious of something triumphantly *chic* and yet individual. And at our first glimpse of her in the gambling hall as "a naiad in sea-green robes and silver ornaments with a pale sea-green feather fastened in silver, falling back over her hair," we feel the thrill of staring admiration that, had we been there in the flesh, would have undoubtedly fastened us to

the spot. Distinction is the keynote of her appearance. No woman in fiction suggests a more subtle combination of physical beauty heightened by fitting apparel than she does in the interview with Klesmer, when, with the warm whiteness of her skin set off between her light brown coronet of hair and her black, square-necked dress, she looked like a statue in black, white and tawny marble.

Among the women writers there is no one of standing who spends quite as much space and adjectives on this subject as Ouida. Her taste is inclined toward a theatrical effectiveness, rather than a crisp smartness. She is nothing if not regal. Diamonds in her vocabulary grow as big as hazel nuts and pearls only come in ropes. When she says of a heroine "Elle a du chien," she says it derisively, having small respect for the up-to-date *mondaine* of small waist and high heels, hair rippled by artifice, and complexion bought of Piver. Robes of gorgeous simplicity fall sumptuously about her six-foot beauties. Though many have imitated her none have been able to paint in a glowing sentence the glories of tea-gowns of priceless lace, the gleam of huge diamonds on white necks, the costly magnificence of enveloping furs. There is an over-awing splendor about those patrician ladies of great height and matchless beauty who pace along marble terraces in robes of white velvet, or sweep their heavy trains of old-gold plush through the solemn halls of mediæval castles. Pearls worn at the marriages of long dead sovereigns, diamonds that were old when Maria Theresa was young, are the only jewels they condescend to wear. Modern fashion, with its pearl powder and rouge, its risqué jokes between puffs of cigarette smoke, its yellow-backed novels and unpaid dressmaker's bills, is left to the ladies who make the beach gay at Trouville, and wear gowns of brown

holland and baptiste "apotheosized by niello buttons, old lace, and genius."

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lucas Malet are the only other women novelists of high position who give much attention to dress. Mrs. Ward does not say as much about the matter as she once did. In the days of "Robert Elsmere" she lingered with a distinctly feminine unction over the adornments in which Rose Leybourn took the field. Rose, in an ivory-white evening dress which showed her even whiter arms and neck, and on one shoulder of which a bunch of dull blue feathers was fastened, was a picture that lingered in the memory. She did not, however, have that indescribable touch of style which distinguished the little artist that David Grieve loved. In her fawn-colored cloth jacket and hat crowned with violets, this advanced young woman was distinguished by a dainty trimness that no other heroine of Mrs. Ward's possesses. She had that mysterious incommunicable art of dress which belongs to the Parisienne, the art which can lend a subtle grace to the tying of a bow, the placing of a rose-bud, the adjusting of a neck ribbon. Eleanor, Mrs. Ward's latest and most charming heroine, while she is *grand dame* to her finger tips, is not a person who is startlingly *chic*. She is a lady who is obviously a patron of the best dressmakers and most expensive milliners, rather than a woman who has original taste of her own in the selecting and wearing of her clothes.

Lucas Malet is, next to Ouida, the modern authoress most inclined to garb her characters in picturesque splendor. The pages of "Sir Richard Calmady" bear descriptions of gowns that are decidedly bizarre in their sensational unusualness. That sinister sorceress Helène de Vallorbes goes to the tempting of Sir Richard in a wonderful robe of sea-green silk, that floats and clings in cunning folds shot through with the

colors of moving currents. Later on she spreads snares for him in a golden brocade, and we see her meditating schemes of conquest in a bright blue poplin, which, when the train turns over, shows a scarlet silk lining. Katharine indicates the twilight sadness of her long widowhood by always appearing in sober grays, made rich with edges of fur, or garnishings of rare old lace.

But the living authors who are most successful in investing their heroines with the fine, considered finish of women of fashion are men—Paul Bourget and W. H. Mallock. There is nothing artistic or startling about the attire of the ladies who cross their pages. There are no sweeping trains of velvet or opera cloaks of white feathers, or ropes of pearls. Their women, like Gwendolen Harlath, are encompassed with the atmosphere of that world where the milliner is a priestess, the fitting-room a temple.

It is hard to say which of the two is more accomplished in making his reader see and understand the indefinable *tache* of one of his exquisite *mondaines*, Bourget goes more into detail. He even ventures to peep into the mirror-lined boudoir and to hint at the mysterious beauty of the filmy lingerie that lies amid sachets on shelves and in drawers. All the refined and cultured luxury with which the fashionable women of great cities surround themselves interests him as it did Balzac. He notices details of costume that usually escape men—the black satin slipper embroidered with the same jet butterflies which cross the dress and perch on the hat, the *cache peignée* of artificial orchids under the brim of the large-plumed hat, the fact that a woman, though still in the dark severity of out-door dress, has exchanged her shoes for high-heeled embroidered slippers.

Mallock is not so particular in description or so observant of detail. His

style is more a brilliant impressionism. He gives a touch here and there to his canvas and the assured worldly elegance of his female figures is as convincing to the reader as though he saw them before him in all their distracting daintiness. We hear briefly that Consuelo Burton's dinner dress was of creamy white lace with a bunch of scarlet berries in her hair and on her bosom, yet by some occult means—a word here, a phrase there—we realize the proud perfection of her appearance, the exclusive feminine fineness, not only of the woman herself but of the apparel that clothed her.

Of one of his heroines he says "there was a subtle air about her of fastidious fashion," and it is precisely this air that distinguishes each member of the galaxy of fair women he has drawn. There is no painstaking description of the component parts of their toilettes. But the gleam of a pointed varnished shoe from beneath a skirt, the crumpled softness of a girl's pale gray, slightly soiled gloves, the handkerchief edged in brown to match the brown dress and hat, the broad crimson fan over which looks a melting dark eye are the things he depicts with a swift, unerring stroke which makes them real to the reader's imagination.

Bourget's success in dressing his Parisiennes rises more from a trained observation than from an eye that delights in beauty, though it be but the beauty of a frilled parasol or a har-

monious blending of flowers on a hat. He describes a toilette of up-to-date smartness with the careful accuracy of a fashion paper. Ely de Carlsberg's mauve silk veiled by pleated black chiffon, with its toque to match, on which glitter two black wings sewn with purple sequins, has the stamp of modern realism upon it. It reads as if the author had seen it on such a woman in such a place and made a conscientious note of every detail. So with Madame de Tilliere in her tight-fitting gray satin ulster and her bonnet full of those little odds and ends, a bit of feather, a scrap of lace, an edge of fur, which made up the bonnets of fashionable ladies not so long ago. Madame de Moraines, revealed in her scarlet ball dress as she throws back her fur-lined cloak, is more in the impressionist style. But throughout the study of this poisonous and seductive woman, in whom dress had become a master passion, descriptions of clothes are sprinkled with a lavish hand.

That the man's heroines should be the better dressed, as tastefully as the woman's and with a more realistic preciseness is a humiliating circumstance. Is it but an example of how the male of the species may pluck out the heart of feminine mysteries when he makes up his mind to it? Or is it another proof of what some would have us believe, that even in her own field, the man—give him time and incentive—can distance the woman? That is the question.

To Thomas Chatterton

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR.

OUT of the mists thou cam'st, a winter's sun
That lives a moment 'midst the haunts of men,
But finishes too soon its low-arched course,—
And softly glides into the mists again.

The Literary Guillotine

VI

The Apollo-naris Poets

GENTLEMEN and—poets,” said Mark Twain, addressing the melodious Nine whom we had selected from the great crowd of poetical applicants for prosecution, “after much consideration, in view of the heavy expense to the State, my colleagues and myself have decided to dispense in your case with the ceremony of a formal trial, or trials. We have therefore had you brought up from your cells this afternoon to see if we cannot, so to speak, pool the charges against you, and thus get this ode-ous matter closed up without further delay. To this end we have hit upon a novel plan and one, I am certain, which will meet with your approval—we are going to let you try yourselves, or rather, each other. I am sure that is generous enough. Therefore, I invite any of you who may have charges to bring against one of your co-defendants to rise now and state them, in order that——”

This was as far as Mark Twain got in his speech—it was evident that he did not know the poetic nature.

“I accuse——”

“I accuse——”

Every one of the Nine was on his feet, striving to gain a hearing for testimony against his rivals. It was as bad as Zola’s famous “j’accuse” letter.

“Silence!” roared the officers in attendance, and at last quiet was restored.

“Whew! They’re without reason, if not without rhyme!” sighed Mark Twain. “Look here, Herford, this will never do. If we let these poets loose against each other, we’ll have a free fight first thing we know. Did you ever see such jealousy? What do you advise?”

“Try the other plan,” said Herford.

“Poets and—gentlemen,” said the presiding judge, turning toward the accused, “I had no idea it was as bad as this. The Nine doesn’t seem to be very strong on team work this afternoon. I am afraid we shall have to change our tactics. Instead, therefore, of having you testify against each other, I shall give out a theme for you to exercise your poetic genius upon, and we shall then leave it to you to judge each other on the strength of your productions. Have you all pencils and paper?”

“May it please the court,” said Stedman, rising, “as dean of American poetry and author of ‘A Pathology of Poets Whom I Know,’ I must protest against this undignified proceeding. It is not in keeping with our position as seers and *vates*. As Overseer, I speak for the great body of more modest followers of Apollo——”

“Self-knowledge is the beginning of all wisdom,” murmured Herford.

“These proceedings tend to make us ridiculous in the public eye. They are

the outcome, moreover, of the jealousy of a single member of this court, whose mediocre verse I omitted from my *Mythology*. Otherwise——”

As the Overseer, who was evidently laboring under great excitement, looked directly at me while delivering this denunciation, there could be no doubt who was the “single” member alluded to.

“Mr. Stedman,” I said, interrupting, “I am not in your *Zoology*, it is true; although I should be there, if only under the head of Gnu. You smile, but allow me to inform you that I have just discovered a distant relationship between our families. My great-great-great-grandfather was engaged for a short while to one of your ancestors. What have you to say now?”

“Oh, that puts an entirely different face on the matter, doesn’t it?” cried the Verse-Broker. “You may rest assured that you will be liberally represented in the next edition of my ‘*Pathology*.’ Permit me to retract all that I said before I learned of this important fact.”

Therewith he sat down, and began to sharpen his pencil.

“And now,” said Mark Twain, gazing around the circle, “a compromise having been effected between the Gnu and the Obsolete, we will proceed with the test. If you are all ready, I will give out the theme on which you are to write your poems.”

“One moment,” cried Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. “I’d like to sit next to somebody beside Mr. Markham. He’s been copying my style too closely of late, as it is.”

“Very well, Mrs. Wilcox,” said Mark Twain indulgently, “I have no doubt you can find a place between Father Tabb and Sir Alfred Austin.”

“Excuse me!” cried Father Tabb, rising, “did not this lady write ‘*Poems of Passion*’?”

“Well, what of that?” said the Poetess, bridling.

“If your honors please,” said the Tonsured Lyrist, addressing the court, “those poems, it is true, were written long ago, but there are some things, like the sun, which take centuries to cool off. I must, therefore, beg our sister Erato to find some other place.”

“Very well,” said the great Journalist, with cutting dignity, “Erato and Terpsichore never did get on well together.”

So saying, the single female representative of the muses present swept to a chair between Bliss Carman and Clinton Scollard and sank majestically into it.

“Sir Alfred,” said the Father of quatrains and sextets, drawing out a small red book and extending it toward Tennyson’s successor, as though it had been a snuff-box, “will you try a Tablet?”

“What are they good for?”

“Sir!” cried the instructor in English grammar, evidently misunderstanding the question.

“Oh, I don’t mean how bad are they! I mean what complaint are they good for?”

“Ah, that’s different!” said the mollified Grammarian. “I can assure you they are excellent for insomnia.”

“Give me one!” eagerly cried the Laureate, seizing the book. “I lie awake nights thinking up rhymes for such words as ‘window’ and ‘astrigent.’ It is terrible!”

“Sh!” cried Madison Cawein impatiently, “you disturb my mood. Of course I cannot expect minor poets to understand the necessity for mood, but you might respect my feelings, even if you cannot comprehend them. Sirrah!”

“At this point the irrepressible Herford propounded one of his perennial riddles.

“What is the difference,” he asked, leaning across in front of Mark Twain,

"between Elisha and Sir Alfred Austin?"

"That's beyond me," I said.

"Well," was the reply, "Elisha could do nothing without the mantle of his predecessor, whereas Austin can do nothing with the mantle of his."

"Herford," I said, "I'll give you a better riddle than that. What is the difference between Alfred Tennyson and Austin?"

"I haven't time to tell you," said Herford.

"Well, I'll tell you. Tennyson gained fame by 'Morte d'Arthur,' and Austin by 'Morte d'Alfred.'"

"Look here," said Mark Twain with a half-smile, "you two think you're very witty, don't you? Now, I'll give you a riddle myself. How do we know that Delilah was a warmer proposition than Sappho? Give it up? Well, by Sapphic remains Bliss Carman was fired to produce graphic refrains, but with 'Delilah' Mrs. Wilcox rendered registers superfluous."

"With all due respect to the court," said the author of "Poems of Fashion," rising, and speaking with hardly controlled emotion, "I must protest against this constant reference to my early, immature verse. Am I to be judged by it alone, to the exclusion of my later and riper work for the 'Journal'? Why does no one refer to that?"

"From a feeling of mistaken consideration, madam," said Mark Twain. "However, have patience, all things come to a waitress."

"And now, gentlemen and lady," we have lost entirely too much time over preliminaries. Are you ready to begin your poems? Very well, I will tell you what you are to write on—A Blank Sheet of Paper. You may have half an hour for your work. No, Mr. Sherman, I can answer no questions. You must follow your own judgment in the matter."

So saying, Mark Twain drew out his

watch and laid it on the table before him, so as to control the time. Then he picked up a collection of the Overseer's Poems and began idly turning the leaves, with an amused, indulgent expression. But suddenly this gave place to a puzzled, wondering look, and the author of "Tom Sawyer" began anxiously to count on his fingers while his lips murmured the printed words.

"Say, look here, there's something the matter with this second verse—it won't scan, that *et cetera* seems out of place. The first verse is all right, but see what you can make out of the second."

"It's too much for me," I said, after having tried my ingenuity on "Wild Winds Whistle." "But wait a moment, doubtless the Overseer will help us. I see he's writing his poem with a metronome."

It was true—the great Verse-Broker had set up before him an instrument such as students of music use, and he was now evidently testing the verse he had just written, to see if the metre was correct. Without doubt he would be able to explain away the seeming difficulty of the "*et cetera*." Indeed, with the aid of his instrument, he might even show us how to read in some sort of metrical fashion "The Old Love and the New." Still, there are limitations even to the virtues of a metronome.

"Yes, Father Tabb," said Mark Twain at the moment when an exclamation of delight announced that the Laureate had discovered the long-sought-for rhyme for "astringent," "time is nearly up; only half a minute more and you may read your quatrain. Time! No, no, Mr. Cawein, you must stop writing, time's up!"

"Yes, but I didn't get started until the last five minutes, these minor poets disturbed my mood."

In a truly Christian spirit that refuses to resent unkind remarks, the

priest of Apollo leaned over and held out his little red book to the indignant author of "Blooms on the Berry."

"Try a Tabblet," he said, "they're good for moodiness."

Without deigning to reply, the Blue Grass Poet turned his chair so as to be forced no longer to have his mood disturbed even by the sight of a minor poet.

"And now, Father Tabb," said Mark Twain, "suppose you begin. There's no use in putting off a necessary visit to the dentist's. No, you needn't rise; we'll leave that to your poem."

"Ahem!" began the Miniature Lyrist. "In the short space of half an hour I have produced two lovely quatrains. I have been especially happy to-day——"

"Speak for yourself, John," said Herford, half-audibly.

"Shall I read them aloud, your honor?"

"Well, one at a time," said Mark Twain. "I'm a homœopathist myself, and believe in small doses. I think, though, we are all in good health and able to meet the shock, so go ahead."

"My first quatrain," said the author of the little red book, "I entitle

"THE SEA TO THE MOON.

"I take thy kiss, but cannot come
To claim thee for my bride;
My love see in the deaf and dumb,
Blind swelling of my tide.

Isn't that a gem?"

"Well, said Mark Twain, "it seems more like a case of prenatal ophthalmia. However, let's have the other verse and get it over as quick as possible."

"The second quatrain is a companion piece to the first," explained the Poet, and hence bears the appropriate title,

"THE MOON TO THE SEA.

"Thou'rt sore-afflicted, I allow,
And moon-struck on my face;
Yet I will be thy bride, for thou
Wilt keep thy proper place.

There, how is that for a beautiful homily on marriage?"

"It's written rather from the woman's standpoint, isn't it?" said Herford—"for thou wilt keep thy proper place."

"Why, is there any other standpoint in American poetry?" asked the Grammarian in astonishment. "That is, if you want to gain admittance into the best magazines?"

"I see you know your trade," said Mark Twain. "However, we haven't time for further discussion of this interesting and remunerative question. Hand up your quatrains, please. That's it! I'll mark them Exhibits A and B, respectively. Stamps for return are unnecessary. And now, Sir Alfred, we will take up your case. Have you written a poem?"

"Of course I have," said the English Bard, with a superior smile. "It's my business to write poems on all occasions, appropriate and inappropriate."

"Well, let's hear it," said Mark Twain. "As you didn't have time to polish it, it may not be so bad, after all."

Immediately the Laureate assumed the attitude of Walter von der Vogelweide in the battle of the singers at the Wartburg.

"One moment!" cried Herford nervously. "This has nothing to do with Dr. Jameson's raid, has it? I don't think I could stand another raid so soon after the Boer War."

"Sir!" said the Dioscuros with great dignity, "I hear you are an Englishman by birth yourself. Surely, then, you do not presume to question the

propriety of anything which England may do, no matter what it may be? Thank Heaven, my position does not permit me to!"

"Well," said Herford, "there's one piece of English injustice I never can get over—they don't buy my books over there as well as the Americans do. How is it with yours?"

"Your honor," stiffly replied the Official Lyrist, "there are some things I prefer not to discuss, among others, critics and sales. With the court's permission, however, I will read my poem on

"A BLANK PIECE OF PAPER.

"I often sit before a vacant page,
With vacant mind,
And wonder for a very age
What shall I find;
But every time at last I write the self-
same thing—
A sonnet to the King.

"Oft in the past before the King was
crowned,
I'd try to write,
And likewise then upon the page I
found,
When came the night,
That, willy-nilly, I had writ what all
have seen—
A sonnet to the Queen.

"O, ye who are not Lau-re-ates, think
not
My place a snap,
For I must write a verse upon the
spot,
Whatever hap;
Indeed, as Poet Laureate where had I
'bean'—
Without the King and Queen!"

"That's good, Sir Alfred," said Mark Twain, when the great representative bard of the Anglo-Saxon race had finished—"especially the closing lines:

" 'Indeed, as Poet Laureate, where had
I 'bean'—

Without the King and Queen!'

There's a deep, double truth in what you say."

"Thank you," said Tennyson's successor, evidently flattered.

"And now, Sir Alfred," said Mark Twain, taking the poem just read and marking it: "Rejected; not returned for lack of postage"—"there is one question I should like to ask you: why do you treat Kipling so badly?"

"Why, what do you mean, your honor?" cried the Laureate in surprise. "I have always tried to treat Mr. Kipling most graciously."

"Ah, Sir Alfred, it is not always the willful stabs which hurt the most! In the case of the great poet who came so near being from India-na, you have shown a painful lack of consideration towards a brother writer, by publishing on numerous occasions a poem following one by him on the same subject and which showed him up in such pitiful light by contrast. It was not kind of you, Sir Alfred."

"Your honor," said the greatest of the laureates since Tennyson, "you hold me responsible for something over which I have no control. Am I answerable for an unfair division of talents? Is it my fault if Kipling's 'Recessional' looks like mere dross beside my poem on the occasion of the Jubilee? Or if the 'Coronation Ode' of Mr. Carman yonder is put into the shade by the efforts of a more gifted mind? I am sorry for these gentlemen, and for others, as William Watson, but I could not teach them to write as I do, even were I to try. I am glad, however, to have had a chance to answer thus publicly those who, from time to time, have brought charges against me of uncharitableness toward poets of a lesser rank. Have I replied to your satisfaction, sir?"

"Entirely, Sir Alfred," said Mark Twain. "Moreover, I must thank you for the happy expression 'poets of a lesser rank.' That one phrase sums up the whole question in a nutshell. You may sit down, Sir Alfred. *Place aux dames!* And now, Mrs. Wilcox, we should like to listen to your production."

Instantly the author of "Chlorine and Other Acids" was on her feet, with a great bundle of manuscript.

"One moment!" cried Mark Twain, in frightened tones, "how many poems have you there?"

"Seventeen, your honor. But I was only going to read sixteen of them."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to say you wrote all of those in half an hour?"

"Why, of course. I never take over five minutes for a poem, at the outside."

"I have been told that, Mrs. Wilcox," said Mark Twain, "but hitherto I have refused to believe it. From the internal evidence of your verse I declared you must spend at least seven minutes on it. However, time presses. I am sorry, therefore, that I shall have to limit you to one poem."

"Has your honor any objection to my selling the other sixteen to the 'Journal'?"

"Well, no, I guess not. That is, if Anthony Comstock agrees."

The Poetess made no reply, further than disdainfully to raise her eyebrows.

"Shall I read my selection?" she asked with dignity.

"If you please, madam."

"I call my poem

"CONVERSION.

"Were I borne from the realm of this worldly sphere,

To the gates of the city of gold,
Did the portals open as I drew near,
Like the leaves of a book unrolled;

Did the angels come in a welcoming crowd,

With praise for my work below—
I would pause to ask in a voice loud
Ere I passed through the gates
aglow:

'Give heed to a word from a pilgrim's lip,

Who asks but the simple facts—
Has your city municipal ownership,
And the wonderful single tax?'

"Were the answer 'No!' I would beat retreat,

With a heart bowed down with care,
But I would not enter that city's street,

Though I knew Mr. Hearst was Mayor.

"Were I borne below on a scorching wind,

To the gates of the hinges hot,
To the terminus of the souls who've sinned,

To the fire that consumeth not;
Did the portals ope with a blast of fire,

And a shriek from the toasting-fork,

Did a voice announce that I might retire

To the town that is called New York—

I would not turn back with a blanching lip,

I'd call for the vital facts:

'Has your city municipal ownership,
And the wonderful single tax?'

"Were the answer 'Yes!' I would scorn retreat,

I would heed no shrieks nor flare
But I'd boldly enter that awful street,
Though I knew Mr. Low was Mayor."

There was silence in the room when the Poetess ceased. Every one, despite the pangs of jealousy, realized that we

had just listened to a masterpiece; silence was the tribute paid to genius.

"Look here," said Mark Twain in a professional whisper, "we can't condemn this woman to the Guillotine. You remember what a New York judge recently said in regard to the supreme difficulty of deciding when the dividing line has been passed. There's only one thing we can do—set her free."

"Ask Herford what he thinks," I suggested.

"Well," said the author of "The Bashful Earthquake," "personally I am in favor of the Belgian method of open-air treatment. We might try it, anyhow."

"Madam," said Mark Twain, addressing the great Journalese Poetess, "in view of the remarkable poem which you have just read, the court believes that the cause of humanity will be better advanced by granting you conditional freedom and the opportunity to go about your customary occupations, than it would be by condemning you to the Guillotine. Therefore, you may withdraw and take your sixteen poems down to Newspaper Row. The court will be interested to learn what you receive for them per line. Mr. Carman, we will now take up your case, and see whether your prayer to Nature has been granted,

" 'Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world.'

Will you kindly read your poem? "

"May it please the court," said Carman, brushing the hair from his eyes, "I wish it distinctly understood that I reserve the copyright in this poem. I shall later include it in 'The Pipes of Pan.' "

"Very well, sir," said Mark Twain, "that is a matter between yourself and your Maker. However, let's have the poem."

Gracefully crossing his legs, the

Canadian Bard began in deep, resonant voice:

"PAN AMERICANUS.

" 'Who did this thing?' I cried,
Startled and horrified,
As on Great Pan one day,
Bedight in man's array,
I chanced within the wood,
And speechless then I stood:
His beard, alas! had gone,
Clean shaven from his chin,
The trousers he had on
Flapped loose around the shin,
From sight were hid his horns
By hat of silk, O Muse!
Doubtless for fear of thorns
His feet were cased in shoes;
While on his fingers deft,
Which one the pipe had played,
As though of sense bereft,
Here in this lonely glade,
A pair of gloves I saw,
'Gainst every sylvan law,
Which makes the kids his care,
But not as gloves to wear.
I gazed into his eye,
I heard his hopeless sigh,
And then I asked again:
'What vandal band of men
Maltreated thee, Great Pan?'
He sighed: ' 'Twas not a man,
It was the women who
Comprise the Christian U—
Nion, the Temp'rance crew;
They dressed me thus because
They said the Union's laws
Proclaimed the sacred cause
Of prim propriety,
And hence it might not be
That I, *sans* cloth or feather,
In just the altogether,
Should roam the woods at will.
Alas!'—his voice grew still—
'Alas!' he feebly said—
Great Pan was dead!"

Like the waves of sound from an organ, the tones of the great Panopticon

Poet continued to echo through the hall after his voice had ceased. Could there be the shadow of a doubt that we had listened to the greatest effort of the gifted singer? It was evident that Mark Twain was deeply impressed.

"Mr. Carman," he said, without consulting Herford or myself, "were the court alone concerned in this question, I should offer unconditional freedom to the man capable of writing 'Pan Americanus.' But it is my duty to think also of your welfare. You may go, sir, but remember one thing—the vengeance of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They killed Pan, you know, for a much less offense. What do you say?"

"With the court's permission," said the bard, visibly turning pale, "I prefer the Guillotine. Earth holds no furies like the Temperance Union."

"I think you are wise, Mr. Carman," said Mark Twain. "We will now take up the case of one Frank Deemster Sherman. I never heard the name before, but it sounds as though Hall Caine had written it, all right."

Herford plucked the sleeve of the presiding judge and whispered something in his ear.

"What!" exclaimed Mark Twain, "is this Felix Carmen?"

"That is my *nom de guerre*, your honor," said the accused.

"Are you Carmen Sylva, too?"

"Why, no, your honor, Carmen Sylva is the queen of Roumania!"

"Well, I didn't know who else you might be, since you have simply turned Bliss Carman's name into Latin. You write facetious verse a good deal, I am told?"

"I take it seriously, sir."

"Well, Mr. Happy Song," continued the presiding judge, "there is one truth you should bear in mind: in the phrase a 'poet who amuses' the *a* of *amuses* is an *alpha privative*—a 'poet without the muses.' I think the world

will see the force of my contention when I read this little quatrain by Felix Carman which recently appeared in one of New York's leading weeklies:

"LOVE'S GIFT.

"Daybreak and song and rose and
star,—
All of these things to me you are.
You are a garden sweet conferred
By love upon a poet-bird."

"And now, Mr. Poet-Bird, the court would like to see what you have hatched out in the last half-hour. Give us a sample of your fledglings."

"With the court's permission," said Carmen Sylva's namesake, "I will read my little verse. I call it

"A CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN.

"If any thought
You can divine
In line
Of mine,
Be sure 'tis naught
I ever sought
By word or sign
Thus to express—
I here confess
How came it there:
My *secrétaire*
Is *débonnaire*,
And careless, too,
And oftentimes
She writes my rhymes
Askew.
And thus you see
How it must be
That I
Have seemed to sing
A thoughtful thing—
Oh my!"

"Has any one any remark to make upon the poem we have just been privi-

leged to hear?" asked Mark Twain at the close of the wrestling-bout.

Silence.

"Sit down, Mr. Sherman," said the presiding judge, sadly. "Even without the testimony of an alienist, I now understand your desire for an alias. Sit down, sir, and be thankful for the court's leniency. Why, at this rate, we will soon be taking official notice of such offenders as Miss Thomas and Mrs. Sangster and Miss Guiney. And now, Mr. Cawein, perhaps we shall have the pleasure of hearing from you. What have you garnered in the fields of song?"

"May it please the court," said the Blue Grass Warbler, rising, "I must beg the indulgence of the court. I sought to write something, but the presence of these minor poets so disturbed my mood that I was unable to produce anything worthy of my great reputation. Indeed, it is conceivable that Mr. Markham, or even Mr. Carman, in a happy moment might have equalled the inferior stuff which I herewith destroy."

So saying, the great Louisville Poet tore down and across the sheet of paper which he held in his hand. What had the world lost thereby?

An exclamation of horror came from the lips of every one present—but too late.

"Mr. Cawein," said Mark Twain, "I wonder whether you realize the crime you have committed against posterity? Had Rossetti not rescued his poems from the grave of his wife, the loss would have been trivial in comparison to ours. Indeed, sir, I feel as John Stuart Mill must have felt when he learned that his servant had destroyed the manuscript of Carlyle's 'The French Revolution.' Sit down, Mr. Cawein, and ponder the enormity of your act."

For a moment Mark Twain paused to recover control of his voice.

"And now, Mr. Scollard," he said, addressing the ex-Professor, "it is a

relief to turn to a poet without mood. What have you produced by the aid of your dictionary of archaic words?"

"May it please the court," said the author of "Bills of Song," "I will read aloud my contribution. I call it

"A BALLADE OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

"Bourgeon's a word that few have seen,
Hence 'tis a word that I often use,
Look in the cal-e-pin what it may
mean,
Delie and sweet is the lyric muse;
Hark to a simple and useful ruse,
Lyrist's all of the flowers and birds:
Fear ye editors may refuse?—
Sprinkle your verse with obsolete
words.

"Bards, they say, are but poets lean,
Hence to you it is doubtless news
That in the days of the Virgin Queen
'Bards' was made in the court and
mews
Service to do for the reds and blues,
Trappings gay of the equestrian
herds—
Fear ye editors may refuse?—
Sprinkle your verse with obsolete
words.

"Sing of your love as Anne or Jean,
Laura, Magda, as you may choose,
Call her Clara or Imogene,
Make her German or eke Toulouse;
Give her the measles or even blues,
Let her delight in whey and curds—
Fear ye editors may refuse?—
Sprinkle your verse with obsolete
words.

L'ENVOI.

"Hence, O Poets, ye cannot lose,
Sing ye of rational roots or
surds—
Never an editor can refuse,
If sprinkled your verse with obso-
lete words.

There, what do you think of that, sir?" asked the Poet proudly.

"Mr. Scollard," said Mark Twain, "that is a most valuable contribution to autobiographic literature; it is in line with the 'confessions' which are so much in fashion at the present moment—'sprinkle your verse with obsolete words.' It is quite superfluous to say, Physician, take thy own medicine.

"And now, Mr. Markham, we should like to see what you have dug up with your little hoe. I hope it is not a cereal."

"May it please the court," said the Lochinvar of poetry, rising, "it would be folly to expect me to produce a masterpiece in half an hour—I do not write for the 'Journal,' I write for 'Success.' However, even thus hurriedly, I have managed to mint a few golden lines, in the manner of Keats in the cottage of Burns. I entitle my fragment 'Prolegomena to Sisterhood.'"

"To Sisterhood, Mr. Markham?" cried Mark Twain. "Why, I thought Brotherhood was your long suit?"

"So it was, your honor, until lately. But there wasn't enough money in Brotherhood, so I thought I'd try Sisterhood, it's the thing that pays in this country. Look at Van Dyke and Winston Churchill——"

"Mr. Markham!" cried Mark Twain sternly, "confine your remarks, please, to the subject in hand. Moreover, as to your poem on Sisterhood, we cannot possibly permit you to read it thus semi-publicly, and thereby hasten still further the effeminizing work in which are engaged the two gentlemen whom you just cited."

"Oh, just a line or two on women, your honor!" begged Markham. "I have some choice ones—

"Throughout all Heav'n to its last rung

There is no shape more beautiful than this—

More many-tongued and liberal of its speech—

More filled with horror at the face of Truth—

More fraught with menace to our literature—"

"Silence!" cried the presiding judge, sharply bringing down his gavel. "I am sorry, Mr. Markham, but despite the truth of your lines, I cannot allow you to read them. I have no doubt, however, that you can sell them to the 'Ladies' Home Journal.' I think, though, I'd enclose return postage, if I were you.

"Now, Mr. Stedman, last but not least, we will take up your case. As dean and Overseer of American poetry, of course you have produced something worthy of your reputation—that is not asking too much for half an hour's work, I am sure. May we have the pleasure of hearing your muse?"

"May it please the court," said the great Verse-Broker, rising and brushing his flowing beard to right and left over his shoulder, "I have here a sample of spring verse, selling at 16½, sealed and delivered to buyer. What am I bid for it? There has been nothing like it in the market since I published my early poems in 1860. Any freshman in the country can duplicate it without notice. Going, going——"

"Come, Mr. Stedman," said Mark Twain, "we can't buy a pig in a poke. Let's have a sample of your wares. The court will protect you during the reading."

"Very well, sir," said the Overseer, "I will risk it under the court's protection. My poem is called

"NORA, ME HONEY.

"Nora, me honey, the baby's awake,
I beg you, me darlin', get up for my sake;

The moth in his silent, soft circle of
flight
Has managed to get himself into the
light,
And now he has fluttered to Johnny's
white bed
And settled himself on our darlin's
bald head;
The voice of the child is the voice of
the *mère*—
O Nora, me honey, you're losin' your
hair!

"Nora, me honey, the rolls that ye
made
They rise with the dawn, like the
birds in the glade;
And so when I ate them I'm up sure
as fate,
For, darlin', they don't rise till after
they're ate.

Say, that doesn't sound right, does it?
There was something the matter with
that metronome, confound it!

"I love you as much as I did on the
morn,
Nora, me honey, ye trod on me corn.
The cost of plain livin' in modern
New York—
O Nora, me honey, why did we ever
leave Cork!

"I'll have to give it up!" cried the
Overseer in despair. "The metronome
didn't keep time. It's too bad, too, it
is such a fine poem otherwise!"

"Well, Mr. Stedman," said Mark
Twain consolingly, "there's one com-
fort—it'll fit into your collected poems
much better as it is than if the metro-
nome had been in perfect order.

"And now, gentlemen," continued
the presiding judge, addressing the ac-
cused collectively, "you have had op-
portunity, I will not say enjoyed oppor-
tunity, to judge of the gravity of each

other's offences; it is for you to decide
whether they are of such a nature as to
deserve the guillotine. Paper is before
you, so let each one of you write down
on a slip the names of his seven col-
leagues and of himself, and then mark
opposite each name a cross or circle,
according as you vote for death or ac-
quittal. The majority for or against
will decide in each case. Proceed,
please, to vote."

In expectation of the delay common
to deliberations of life and death, I
picked up one of the volumes on the
table; but hardly had I read the initial
poem before Mark Twain's voice broke
the silence, instructing the court offi-
cials to collect the votes. Thus quick
are poets to condemn each other!

"I see it will not be necessary for the
court to count the votes," announced
the presiding judge after having
glanced at the eight slips. "I take
great pleasure, gentlemen, in informing
you that you are all condemned to the
guillotine by the overwhelming vote of
seven to one in each case. Who pos-
sibly could have been the person to cast
that one vote? Officers, remove the
prisoners, we will not sentence them
until next week."

Without a word of protest, the eight
guilty poets rose and filed out of the
room with their keepers. Indeed, their
faces showed the delight which they
experienced at the downfall of their ri-
vals, a feeling which completely swal-
lowed up grief at their own fate.

When the last one had vanished, I
picked up one of the voting lists and
unfolded it.

"Why, what's this?" I cried—"here
are *nine* votes on this paper, and two
are for the acquittal of the Overseer!
What does that mean?"

"Well," said Herford, "I guess it
means that the metronome got in a vote,
too."

The Girl in the Book

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

SWEET Isabel, with smiling eyes,
Cecilia, radiant queen of night,
Yet deaf to love and lovers' sighs,
And Lettice, formed of dew and light—
These and a hundred more beside
I've loved, as each in turn arose,
But always lost the blushing bride
Before the story gained its close.

Heart-whole they come upon the stage,
Heart-whole I watch them make their bow,
But ere I turn the twentieth page
I've breathed an ardent lover's vow;
Through want and riches, woe and pride,
We pass, I sharing all their woes,
And offering love, but lose the bride
Before the story gains its close.

Sometimes it is a cavalier,
Sometimes a prince who cuts me out,
Sometimes a haughty English peer,
And then again a country lout;
Oft do I deem in foolish pride
She'll heed my suit when I propose,
Yet always lose the blushing bride
Before the story gains its close.

L'ENVOI

Will not some author take my side,
And write a book of Kate or Rose
In which I win the blushing bride
Before the story gains its close?

On Sufism and Its Literary Value

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD

SUFISM, as known to the recorders of history, may be called either a philosophical religion or a religious philosophy. Its origin will be traced to Buddhism, Parsee fire-worship, Neo-Platonism or Mohammedanism, according to the bias of the writer's mind. Its moral value is doubted, and its ceremonies ridiculed by university scholars, theologians and many others of similar persuasion, and its literary bearing will not be appreciated nor its value, as an expression of the Beautiful, be understood by any of these critics.

But Sufism, as it exists, and as its professors know it, claims to be a method, not a theory of life; an experience not a system; an expression of the deepest longings of the human soul, a manifestation that finds its best and fullest outlet in poetry, in music, in color, etc., in short, in any form of art which reveals "the night-side of nature," and those sub-conscious strata of the soul, which bring us into contact with the rhythm of life and that beauty which refuses to submit to analysis.

Sufism as thus known is a Religion of Beauty, and Beauty is a method uniting us with the One, be that union either an interpretation or a realization.

The Sufi does not place stress on definitions; they do not satisfy him, because they are to him too limited, consequently very inexact. A definition he likens to the view a fly would get, if it used only one of its four thousand

small eyes. By so doing it would see only in one direction and miss the complete view. But when the Sufi must explain what he means by Beauty, he suggests his meaning to you by some story like the following: The One—al Ahad—wanted to see Itself; to do so, It manifested Itself and the Manifestation became that looking-glass in which the One saw Itself and saw Itself as Beauty. The Manifestation was an emanation (not a creation) of the One, consequently of the nature of the One; it could not be otherwise. As metaphysics, the illustration may not bring us any further into a mental realization of what creation is; the Sufi never promised any help in that direction, but as a suggestion on the nature of mystic beauty we shall be brought far into the very regions of beauty of the mind if the doors to them are not locked and bolted. The definition has also very little value for Esthetics as a science, but it is the whole of Esthetics, if Esthetics means inner perception and realization of Beauty. By defining the One, the Sufi does not wish to convey any distinction of sex. The One is both the She and It and more than these. By "Manifestation" the Sufi means everything of sense and mind and everything beyond these. In this conception of creation, the Sufi possesses the point of contact with literature and art; and in this conception he differs from other mystics. Mysticism is ordinarily negative and denies the value

of the things of sense; it is ascetic and shuns beauty.

The Sufi's declaration of Beauty Everywhere and Beyond is not a bleak shadow or abstract indolence. It is a living reality, a warm sensation and a realization teeming with personality. He is an artist, a poet and an orator. He does not speak about Nature's beauty, he demonstrates natural beauty, by being it. He does not advocate love, he is a lover. He does not write about the perfect character, he gives lessons in personality, and does it simply by his presence. When he points out the landscape, his finger, as it were, strikes the sad but eloquent melancholic notes of the heartstrings. When he sings, we become like the child that asked for the sun in the western fairy castle of the evening; everything is transformed into romance and we feel as if we had sipped at "The fountain of youth." When he reads from a favorite poet, such as Hafiz, we become:

"Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn,"

because in Sufi's poetry reverberates a note as in no other poetry, with a chord of Beauty, not heard except where pure immediateness is the constant nature of the heart. Of the Sufi's normal condition sings Shamsi of Tabriz:

"My place is the Placeless, my trace is
the Traceless,
'Tis neither body nor soul, for I be-
long to the soul of the Belovéd."

A faint echo of this passion may be heard in Emerson's exclamation: "I am owner of the spheres," and in Walt Whitman's long poem to himself; but none of these have received the touch of the dæmonic as it lies over the Sufi's wild strain. Universal as they appear to be, they nevertheless do not seem to have gone behind the innermost veils

that cover self, and to have seen themselves as the Sufi has,

"—not of Nature's mint, nor of the
circling heavens—
—not of the Empyrean, nor of the
dust, nor of existence, nor of
entity."

Extravagant as are these claims, they are common among Sufi poets. The same Shamsi invites us to follow him:

"We are bound for heaven: who has a
mind to sight-seeing?
We have been in heaven; we have been
friends of the angels.
Thither, Sir, let us return, for that
is our country."

It seems evident that the Sufi has a higher appreciation and understanding of the greatness of man than most of us, and that his daily bread is drawn from that understanding. Omar Khayyam is only formulating a common thought, when he sings:

"The circle of the universe resembles a
ring;
Unquestionably we are the signet en-
graved on its bezel."

Undreamed-of possibilities seem to lie open for the Occidental, if he unites Oriental inspiration with his culture and superior logic. Let our poets give us romantic tales like those of Jusuf, Zuleika, Kosru and Shirin.

The Sufi moves among symbols and is never lost in the fogs of phenomena. This is the true sphere for poetic imagery. Is not the poet the voice in the desert (of men) that calls men to beware lest they lose their souls in mistaking appearances for realities? Are not prophets and poets of the same family? Then should our poets study the symbolism of the Sufi poets, for it is replete with literary values.

The Indian's View of the Indian in Literature

BY DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN

THE Indians in general are not readers. Of the great mass of that which has been written about them, they know little or nothing. Here and there a book or a magazine article falls into the hands of one who can read and is translated to the old people, bringing a smile of contempt upon their faces. The pictures drawn therein are altogether foreign to their real life and mode of thought. Nor is it strange that this should be so. By their long-established habit of reticence and reserve, they have never been ready to show their inmost thoughts to the casual visitor. It is their pride to discern the characters of others before letting their own be understood.

Many of the forces which most strongly influence the minds of other men do not exist for the Indian. His strongest impulses to action came to him in the field, either of hunting or war. These motives cannot be learned by the stranger, as he lounges among the sluggish and apathetic reservation Indians. Neither can you obtain such knowledge through the illiterate interpreter, who is not at all able to portray character as the Indian himself might reveal it, in vivid descriptions of his own experiences in battle or the chase. The mirthful, humorous side of his temperament cannot possibly be known except by an intimate. It is never shown to the chance comer; one must live with him in his own home until all strangeness is worn away.

It is true that something of the red man's nature may appear through his modern and freer way of living, but that also is modified by his recent adoption of the "white man's way." These new manners, not being fully assimilated to his native ideas and practice, too often serve to make him appear ridiculous.

The mind of the Indian nowadays is further hampered by the authority held over him upon the reservations. He is no longer free and spontaneous in expressing his thoughts, but rather feels obliged to say in a general way what he thinks will be pleasing to the white people. Even when questioned concerning old stories and customs, he commonly tones them down and introduces later ideas which he imagines will be more acceptable.

Occasionally, when greatly provoked, he may speak freely, but then it is apt to be more in the white man's way than the old Indian fashion, which was dignified even in anger. Such occasions used to be rather to his advantage than otherwise, as his noblest eloquence and most admirable self-control were displayed under trying circumstances. It is quite the contrary now that the old barriers of speech are broken down. His simplicity of expression, which was original and peculiar to him, is fast disappearing. The great orators are nearly all gone. Even the old chiefs nowadays have heard so much of the official talk of Government agents and

commissioners that they unconsciously drop into the hackneyed commonplaces of speech.

The writer of to-day goes to the reservation to study his red men. Because he still sees an Indian here and there wearing long hair and a blanket, it does not follow that such a one still practices the typical customs of his race. One man alone cannot effectively hold the beliefs and unwritten codes of hundreds of years, in etiquette and ethics and religion. The poor Indian merely clings to his blanket as the last remnant, the shell of his old life: the soul of it is gone.

Here and there one adheres to the dance and pounds the "Omaha" drum. What of it? He has already forgotten many of the old songs which formerly expressed the greater part of their social and religious life. The Omaha dance, which is generally kept up at the present time for amusement alone, is a very simple affair. It is really a modern innovation. All dances had once a religious significance, a higher purpose than mere entertainment.

The truth is that no one, writing from present-day observation, can portray the typical aborigine of this country. He has forever departed. Those who went among the wild tribes fifty or more years ago may have had some glimpses of his real nature, although tremendously handicapped, as a rule, by being unable to address him in his own language. You must know his language to understand him. Much of his eloquence is in idiom and inflection impossible to translate. His flights of rhetoric at times would not fall short of Choate's or Webster's, if interpreted with sympathy and intelligence.

In current fiction the Indian is introduced only as sensational effect is wanted, and is described as unstable, faithless and venomous. He is represented as frightful and repulsive, and compared to the tiger and the snake.

The writer is not seriously considering him as a man; he only seeks a sensation and therefore intensifies the traits of bloodthirstiness and cruelty which he perhaps imagines him to possess. The effect is altogether bad, for the general reader is fortified in a heartless prejudice, and it is really a gross injustice, though it may be without intention.

Let us consider for a moment the American classics, Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." Here some of the deeper qualities of the Indian are brought to light. Alessandro's patience and self-control in desperate straits are truly characteristic. Cooper went a little further in word-painting, and possibly took advantage of the general ignorance of his subject to give his brush free play. However, Uncas is not untrue to his race. Indeed, he is one of the best types of the Indian existing in our literature.

In "Hiawatha," the poet was mysteriously able to collect the gems of native American legend, poetry and song into a harmonious whole, expressed with the simplicity of truth. I think the work will survive as the poetic interpretation of the Indian mind, although it is yet inadequate, regarded as a study of his life and character.

In American history, the red man has never been presented in a true light. His defence of his country and his people has been miscalled murderous and treacherous. From his standpoint it was the highest patriotism. His courage and devotion led him to face forces utterly disproportioned to his own and he was often victorious against great odds. Yet he has been deprived of his victory upon the records of history as written by the white man. Whenever he surpassed his trained opponent in strategy and generalship,

and annihilated his foes, the battle is described as a massacre!

However, it has been admitted by competent authorities, outside of written history, that many of these leaders of the plains and the woods were great generals and statesmen, to be compared with those of any nation. King Philip, in his war against the colonies, had no adequate force to carry through what he had undertaken, yet he attacked them at nearly every point, and seriously threatened their very existence. Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, in Montana, Washington and Idaho, Crazy Horse, Gall, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail in Montana and the Dakotas, were leaders in modern times.

As a statesman, Pontiac showed a high order of diplomacy when he united the various tribes of the Middle States and organized a simultaneous attack on all the forts along the Great Lakes. Had he succeeded in his determined effort to destroy Forts Detroit and Niagara, he might have checked the westward progress of civilization for at least a generation. Certainly he stands equal with Tecumseh and the others I have mentioned in military affairs. In oratory, Red Jacket, Logan, Strike-the-Ree, Six, Osceola, Grass, White Ghost are some of the greatest names.

There is one important truth which has been generally ignored by our historians. The red man is peaceful by nature and from choice. He is a devoted husband and father, a very agreeable host, and he never forgets a friend. The provocations which turned him to severity in war have not been fairly set forth. It is a fact which ought to be universally known that the wild tribes were invariably friendly and hospitable until they had been deceived and injured by the white man. The barbarities dwelt upon in all the text-books studied in our schools, as if they were habitual and characteristic, were in

reality the acts of men driven to desperation by such provocations on the part of their enemies as have led to similar atrocities by the soldiers of all civilized nations, down to the present day.

The Indian's side of any controversy between him and the white man has never really been presented at all. History has necessarily been written from the white man's standpoint, and largely from the reports of commanding officers, naturally anxious to secure full credit for their gallantry or to conceal any weakness.

Take as an illustration the so-called "battle" of Wounded Knee. A ring was formed about the Indians, and after disarming most of them one man resisted and the troops began firing toward the centre, killing nearly all the Indians and necessarily many of their own men. The soldiers then followed up fleeing women and children and shot them down in cold blood. This is not called a massacre in the official reports. The press of the country did not call it a massacre. On the other hand, General Custer was in pursuit of certain bands of Sioux. He followed their trail two days, and finally overtook and surprised them upon the Little Big Horn. The warriors met him in force and he was beaten at his own game. It was a brilliant victory for the Indians, whom Custer had taken at a disadvantage in the midst of their women and children. This battle goes down in history as the "Custer Massacre."

Of the modern school of American ethnology Dr. George Bird Grinnell, Mr. James Mooney and the late Frank Cushing are leading representatives. Cushing studied the Zúñis alone, and of their customs and religion he had a more intimate knowledge than any other white man has been able to gain. Mr. Mooney's work is preserved mainly in scientific collections, where it is inaccessible to the general reader, and the

same is true of other scientific workers. Dr. Grinnell has had rare opportunities to come into close touch with the Indians of several tribes, in the days of their wild life as well as in their semi-civilized state. He has done, perhaps, more than any one else to popularize the subject, and in his versions of old legends and folk-tales he preserves admirably the native simplicity of expression. His sincere love for the Indian character is the secret of his success. A popular author, new in the Indian field, is Hamlin Garland. His sympathy with the red man is unmistakable, and he paints him in such a way as to win the sympathy of the reader.

To sum up, however, the Indian who is loyal to his race and familiar with its history, cannot but feel that his people have been unfairly treated in literature as in Governmental affairs. He has not been called to an equality with other men, but rather arbitrarily assigned to a part which he had no inclination to play, and left under the stigma of an imaginary character. Our writers, with few exceptions, seem to forget that he is a man, endowed with the faculties

and virtues common to all men, except degenerates. The original American was an unspoiled man, and a fairly well-balanced character. In the white man's books, either his faults are exaggerated or his good points sentimentalized.

The life of the red man, simple as it was, had many interesting phases, and its competent expression might prove a valuable contribution to the human story. The record of Indian wars and their cruelties should be kept entirely distinct from the portrayal of his national and domestic life. His conception of the "Great Mystery," which was really the basis of all his development, his songs, music and native literatures are as yet almost unknown, except for the good beginning made in this field by Miss Alice Fletcher and Dr. Grinnell. Miss Fletcher, in her recent book, "Indian Story and Song," has revealed some of the secret motives and deeper feelings of the Indian as expressed in music. Yet, upon the whole, the Indian's story has been written only from the outside, and he is yet to appear as his own interpreter.

The Poet to His Critics

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

K NOW him, whose art ye fondly blame or praise,
 As but a reed, whereon some hand unknown,
 God-like, to lute ineloquent, e'er plays
 The one old ineffectual monotone!

Concerning Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

EASTERTIDE is doubtless a beautiful time of year, in England as elsewhere, but it is certainly not beautiful in England if one happens to be one of the millions of travelers who spend uncertain hours at railway stations vainly waiting for yesterday's train. Even at the best of times English railway travelling is of the nature of an arctic nightmare, but at Easter or Christmas it belongs to that class of nightmares in which one is unable to escape from the pursuing monster.

It was under such circumstances that on Holy Thursday I arrived at Sidmouth on the south coast of Devonshire, only two hours late, for the purpose of interviewing the author of "Isabel Carnaby." For three months I had been on the point of seeing Miss Fowler at her home in Wolverhampton, but untoward circumstances had prevented our meeting in "Woodthorne," and the engine-driver of the train on the little branch line seemed bent upon rendering fruitless the long trip from London. Night was coming on as I was shown upstairs in the rabbit-warren known as the Knowle Hotel, to the reception-room of Lady Fowler and her two daughters, weary and much travel-stained and totally unfit for the bout at repartee that "Isabel Carnaby" had led me to expect.

"Won't you have some tea?" said the authoress, considerately commencing in a commonplace way that called for no answering manifestation of bril-

liancy, and I accepted in the same spirit. It is a good thing to accept tea in England, I have found: the natives expect you to do so, and it is a form of hospitality that leaves you free to say disagreeable things about your host afterwards. Hurry was in the air, and it was evident that whatever was to be said must be said quickly if at all. Miss Fowler, however, is the sort of person who lends herself admirably to rapid interviews: her mind works exceedingly quickly and there is a certain characteristic fragmentary quality to her conversation that would perhaps be lost in the leisurely meanderings of ordinary converse.

"You will find that I am thoroughly old-fashioned," she said, after we had compared watches and found that just half an hour remained for our dialogue. "I don't approve at all of the 'new' woman and her fads. Women should not compete with men. Women should dictate and men should carry out their commands as they did in the age of chivalry. I don't mean, of course, that they should order men around, their wishes alone should be sufficient."

"But how about authorship," I asked, "would you allow women to compete with men in that line?"

"Oh, that is different, isn't it?" she said, evidently expecting me chivalrously to agree with her, so of course it would have been un-American to drive her into an illogical corner.

"But suppose women want men to

do something unreasonable for them, as the lady in Browning's 'Glove'?"

"Yes, but I think the lady in question was quite right to send the man among the lions after her glove. You see, he had been protesting his willingness to serve her for so long that she was justified in putting him to the test. Otherwise, how could she ever have been sure that he meant what he said?"

"Yes, but she should not have exposed him wantonly to danger; she should have chosen some other way to test him."

"That's the masculine point of view," replied Miss Fowler. "I hold that she behaved perfectly properly. The gentleman was the one who behaved improperly. He should have politely handed her the glove and then have claimed his reward, and they would have lived happily for ever afterwards. Instead of that he rudely threw the glove in her face. It was inexcusable. Of course, I'll admit that sending him down among the lions was an amusement not to be indulged in every day; once was enough. But a gentleman would have realized that she had a right to send him that once and would have acted accordingly."

"Well, that's interesting," I said; "I never heard it put that way before; I thought everybody agreed with Browning as to the proper thing to do."

"All men do, of course; but there is another point of view besides the masculine."

At this point Lady Fowler returned to the room, to relieve Miss Fowler's sister in her arduous duties as chaperone, and the young lady who had frozen me downstairs when I had mistakenly addressed her as the authoress, walked severely from the room: evidently she disapproved of our flippant conversation. "What do they do—write?" had been the reply to my in-

quiry as to whether Sir John Fowler and family were staying in the hotel, made of the flunkey at the entrance, who evidently imagined Miss Fowler's books to have been the outcome of the family's joint labor.

In some occult way the click of Lady Fowler's knitting-needles succeeded in giving a new turn to the conversation, and we suddenly found ourselves talking about American literature.

"There is one of your American writers of whose books I am very fond," said the authoress after the change of relief. "I mean Mary Johnston. Don't you like her books?"

"Not at all; they are not true to life."

"Oh, but that doesn't matter. I don't mind that so long as they interest me. She is at liberty to make her hero kill as many pirates as she pleases by his strong right arm. I don't read stories of adventure in a critical frame of mind. Of course, I like studies of character better than romantic novels, but liking one doesn't prevent me from liking the other also."

"No, I suppose not," I said; "but somehow women never know how to describe a fight; they always make the hero do a whole lot of impossible things. They ought to leave that sort of thing to men; you ought to include that in the list of things in which women are not to compete with men. However, that has nothing to do with the sale of Miss Johnston's books. What kind of books do you think are the most likely to sell well?"

"I really can't say, although I myself have had the good fortune to write several books that have sold very well. It was the idea of introducing Methodism in 'Isabel Carnaby,' I think, that made the book go. You see, modern Methodism had never before been treated in a novel."

"That may be the case," I said, "but I am sure the cleverness of the

dialogue had a great deal to do with it. But perhaps you would not mind telling me what you are doing at present, when your next book is coming out, and so on? You see, when one comes to write up an interview, it is a great help to have some facts to fall back upon in case of necessity."

"Well, there isn't very much to tell about my work at present. I have a novel in hand, but that will not be out for another year. I should think writing an interview would be very difficult. I know if I had it to do, I should not be able to control my imagination, and when it came to the writing would make myself say a lot of clever things."

"But that is the very thing the interviewer must avoid; he must submerge his own personality as much as possible, and if by any chance he thinks of anything clever, he must put it into the mouth of the person he is interviewing. It strikes me, however, that I have done most of the talking on this occasion."

"Well, I am quite ready to answer any questions you may wish to ask me. I never remember them afterwards."

"Then you won't remember whether you really said all the unkind things

about other writers when you see our interview."

This thought evidently caused Miss Fowler consternation and she sought to retract certain remarks anent several of her contemporaries.

"No, no," she said earnestly, "women should never say disagreeable things. It is part of my theory that they should say only the pleasant things and leave the other sort to the men. So you must quote only my agreeable remarks."

"Well, I shall have to see first whether the agreeable material proves sufficient for an interview," I said, rising; "of course I must have enough for an article."

It was evident, however, that Miss Fowler was by no means satisfied with this half promise, and I left her doubtless strengthened in the belief that seems to be ineradicably rooted in English writers, namely, that all American newspaper men are of the yellow order and totally devoid of the sense of honor, an opinion that is usually based upon a narrowness of experience only equalled by that of the immortal traveler who stated that all the waiters in France were red-headed and cross-eyed.

"Pan is Dead"

BY H. W. BYNNER

WHILE chopping trees down on a summer's day
A broad young farmer asked me what I read.
I showed the title to him—"Pan Is Dead"—
"Gosh, what a name!" he said, and hacked away.

Elizabeth of the Beeches

BY KENNETH BROWN

GOOD morning, madam," I said politely.

My Lady looked dreamily away from the landscape at me, her eyes still focussed for distance, though I stood quite near. It made me uncomfortable, and I moved a little farther away. Perhaps I instinctively tried to get into the focus of her eyes, though a thought would have told me the mountains she had been dreaming over were miles away—and I would be lost, miles away.

Man has so long thought the proper study for womankind to be man, that it is embarrassing to find her studying mountains. One looks so small beside mountains—for such as prefer mountains. Fortunately for us, they are few. One needs, at best, proximity and all the advantages of perspective to make a decent showing in competition with a mountain.

And here was My Lady looking straight through me, and seeing mountains still. I waited patiently, knowing I was opaque, and that sooner or later she would find me so. Even a gifted lady cannot be a Roentgen Ray for ever.

"Well?" she asked at length.

"Ha!" I cried.

Surprise showed on her face.

"I am not the villain in the play, if I do say 'Ha!'" I apologized.

"Then to what——"

"Do you owe that 'Ha!'" I interrupted, with not overmuch courtesy. "I will explain—everything. As to my

presence: I was a-strolling. As to my addressing you——" I stopped, the god of gab vouchsafing me no fitting reason.

"You were saying that the reason for your speaking to me was——?" she inquired.

"Let us skip that," I said hardily, "and go on to the next point. The reason for my melodramatic 'Ha!' was the first word you spoke to me, your 'Well?' and the train of thought it induced."

She looked astonished.

"I will go into particulars. This is the sort of romantic spot where one could, and by rights ought, to meet any one—some one. And these are Beeches, aren't they?"

"Yes, but what have beeches——"

"And 'well' is an Americanism, I've been told."

She wrinkled her eyebrows to find the connection.

"And your name must be Elizabeth," I ended triumphantly.

She drew herself up haughtily. "I am not interested in *your* name——"

"Oh, no wonder: my name's Brown. But I am so much interested in yours. As soon as I began to read 'Our Lady of the Beeches' in the 'Atlantic' I said to myself, 'There's Elizabeth again—or her twin soul.' And when I came upon you sitting here and dreaming, it came over me you must be Elizabeth. And then when you said 'Well?' just now, I reasoned: 'Don't the English accuse us of saying "Well" on all

occasions?' And, therefore, if you *are* Elizabeth, and these are Beech trees, and you say 'Well,' aren't you also Bettina, Baroness von Hutten, who is an American?' I ended quite breathless.

My Lady smiled in rather a friendly way. "Elizabeth is manifestly English, isn't she?"

"It has happened before, Americans turned manifestly English: a month for the English expressions; two for the broad vowels; and not more than a year for the intonation."

She smiled again. "Yes, I have seen it myself."

"Although really," I argued against myself, "I don't believe Elizabeth is other than English, even in spite of her delicious sense of humor. I have known that, too, among the English. And in 'The Benefactress'——"

"What do you think of that?" she broke in, with more interest than she yet had shown.

"For a first book——"

"A *first* book?"

"Elizabeth was married," I reasoned, "and happy, as happiness goes, in her solitary summer and her German garden, with her German husband. Elizabeth was frankly autobiographical, with poise and charming, cosmopolitan simplicity. 'The Benefactress' was autobiographical, too, though it did not mean to be; and Anna saw Germany through younger, rawer eyes than Elizabeth. She had not yet cultivated her garden or her philosophy; and she was courted by her German, not married to him."

Upon My Lady's lips flickered a faint, inscrutable smile.

"It is often the case for the first book to wait on the success of the second before enticing a publisher. Was it not so?" I asked bluntly.

My Lady shook her head gently. "Ask of the Beeches. They told Bettina many things. Perhaps they will tell you something."

A Lyric

BY BLISS CARMAN

OUT of the dust that bore thee,
What wonder walking came,—
What beauty like blown grasses,
What ardor like still flame!

What patience of the mountains,
What yearning of the sea,
What far eternal impulse
Endowed the world with thee?

A reed within the river,
A leaf upon the bough,
What breath of April ever
Was half so dear as thou?

Letter from Paris

February 20, 1903.

SO much has been written about the Goncourt Academy, that it is hardly worth while to refer to it at much length. It will be sufficient to recall to those who have already read something about it, that it is finally formed, that it consists of ten men who are to receive annual allowances and to distribute an annual prize for a book written in the "écriture artiste" manner of which Edmond de Goncourt is supposed to have been the originator, although there was "préciosité" of style and a "marivaudage" long before him. The best known among the ten Goncourt Academicians are Joris Karl Huysmans, the novelist, Gustave Giffroy, writer on art, Léon Daudet, Lucien Descaves and Octave Mirbeau. There are also the brothers Margueritte, and the brothers Rosny, otherwise Joseph Henri and Justin Boex, who are at present running a new novel serially, called "Le Docteur Harambur." J. K. Huysmans is also busy with the new novel called "L'Oblat," in which he resumes his impressions while leading a semi-monastic life among the Benedictines of Ligugé in the Vienne. The monks having been expelled under the Association Law, M. Huysmans returned to Paris and resumed his literary work.

For the present, nothing very remarkable is promised except that M. Maurice Maeterlinck has finished a sort of fairy-tale drama called "Joysette," in which his wife, known formerly as Mademoiselle Georgette Leblanc, will appear. Madame Maeterlinck, who is of Venetian origin, has gained a series of triumphs in Germany, Austria and

Hungary by her impersonation of "Monna Vanna."

In the lighter departments of literature, few novels of note are appearing. The most readable are "Pierre et Anna," a Franco-Russian story of an ill-assorted marriage, by Louis Michel y Screment; "Les deux Idoles," by J. C. Holl, a story of passion, and about half-a-dozen others, all dealing with well-worn themes. In verse, Madame Alphonse Daudet, widow of the novelist, has published her "Reflets sur le Sable et sur l'Eau," a really fine collection of impressions of art and nature harmoniously expressed. Madame Daudet can say with Landor, "Nature I loved, and after Nature, Art." Two other poets or versifiers worth noting are M. Gabriel Nigoud, who sings bucolics about the Berry country, and M. de Bouchard who has been inspired by Florence, by Siena, Perugia and Rome.

Among the miscellaneous books published of late are "Madame de Staël and Napoleon," by Paul Gautier; "Le Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris," by Dr. Prosper Ménière; "Nietzsche et l'Immoralisme," by Alfred Fouillée; "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," by Abbé Alfred Loisy; "Souvenirs," by Charles d'Héricault; "Le Collier des Jours," by Judith Gautier; "Les Ecrivains et les mœurs," by Henry Bordeaux; "La Politique Comparée de Montesquieu, Rousseau et Voltaire," by Emile Faguet; "La Valeur Scientifique du Malthusianisme," by Alfred des Cilleuls. The first book mentioned, that on Napoleon, published by Plon, elaborates upon the feminine admiration shown for the Corsican conqueror when he was on the right side of thirty. We had something like this a few years back in connection

with General Boulanger, who, although he had no Lodi or Arcola at his back, was treated by the ladies as a hero and was inundated with their letters. M. Paul Gautier tells us that one of the earliest admirers of Napoleon was Madame de Staël, Germaine Necker, daughter of the Genoese banker, living in the Rue de Lille, Paris. Madame de Staël's letters to the conqueror are extraordinary reading. She calls him a combination of Scipio and Tancred, the conqueror of the monarchs, the philosopher at the head of armies, the disciple of Rousseau and the dreamer sensible to the beauties of Ossian, the warrior-bard, son of Fingal. She says nothing about Macpherson who was the real Ossian. Madame de Staël sneers at the wretched, insignificant little Creole, Joséphine, unable to appreciate the genius to whom she is married. Napoleon showed the letters to Bourrienne, his secretary, remarking that the woman who wrote them must be mad. He preferred silly Joséphine to the "Empress of Thought," as Madame de Staël styled herself, and, in spite of her adulation and adoration, he abominated the clever daughter of the Swiss banker who wanted to monopolize him.

M. Gautier's book is as good as any romance, owing to its thrilling interest. He shows how the First Republicans in general, as well as Bonaparte, kept meddling women at a distance, being still mindful of what Madame de Pompadour's influence over Louis Quinze and his kingdom was. The quarrel between Napoleon and Madame de Staël came to a climax after the publication of "Delphine" in 1802, wherein the authoress praised Bonaparte's enemies, the English. Soon afterwards, Napoleon wrote to his Minister of Police: "Ne laissez pas approcher de Paris cette coquine de Madame de Staël." Gendarmes were sent after the politico-literary woman and Napoleon's rage at her attacks was ludicrous when the

proof sheets of her "Allemagne" were laid on his desk by his chief librarian. She dared to praise his enemies, so she was ordered to leave not only France, but Europe, and to sail for America. However, she contrived to remain in Europe and lived successively in Berlin, London and Stockholm.

Dr. Ménière's diary is published by his son. The doctor was an Angers man, born in 1799, and lived until the second Empire. He had in his time known many people and noted their daily sayings and doings. He is, therefore, able to throw strange sidelights on such historical personages as Louis Philippe, the Chancellor Pasquier, Guizot, Comte, Molé, and especially the "literati": Sainte-Beuve, on whom the garrulous doctor expatiates, Hugo, Jules Janin, Prosper Mérimée, Ponsard, Villemain, Scribe, Sandeau, Angier and many more—all of the best. Ménière treats enthusiastically of his literary people. He loves them all; believes that they excel all other beings. His friend, the Chancellor Pasquier, kept open house, practically, for all the men of letters, even for absinthe-poisoned Alfred de Musset, who, although carefully watched at table, always became hopelessly intoxicated, even adding copious supplies of *eau de vie* to his coffee. Dr. Ménière also relates some interesting facts about the elder Dumas. He once heard the burly novelist describe the battle of Waterloo before some generals who had been there. All in vain the old warriors insisted that they had never seen what Dumas described. He calmly answered that they had seen absolutely nothing on the field of battle, and convinced them that he knew more about the fight and the field than they did.

While Nietzsche's letters, collected by Elizabeth Foerster Nietzsche and Messrs. Gast and Schöll, are being published in Berlin and Leipzig, M. Alfred Fouillée's book, issued by Alcan of

Paris, is much relished by all who take an interest in this fantastic philosopher who tried to discredit everything which men revered, acting on the motto of the intellectual iconoclasts, "Nichts ist wahr, alles ist erlaubt," a splendid maxim for the sensualist who is always glad to hear that "nothing is true and that everything is allowed." M. Fouillée is intensely earnest over Nietzsche. He says in his notable introduction: "Si je ne me trompe, les psychologues, les moralistes, les hommes politiques eux-mêmes, comme les littérateurs, doivent tous s'intéresser à l'œuvre de Nietzsche, non seulement pour sa valeur intrinsèque, mais encore pour l'influence qu'elle exerce par l'étincelante poésie dont elle est revêtue." And M. Fouillée well sums up Nietzsche's system or work when he says that, to a democracy tending to level everything, to popular socialism and anarchy, he opposes a new aristocracy in which alone he sees salvation. To the average man, equal to and on the same plane as the others, he opposes the over-man, the beyond-man, the "Uebermensch."

Of the other books mentioned, Abbé Loisy's "Evangile et l'Eglise" is noteworthy for several reasons: The Abbé is one of the most learned ecclesiastics in France, and he writes in fluent style, though sometimes slightly too rhetorical for symmetry. He was Professor of the Semitic languages and Scripture at the Catholic Institute, but was forced to resign owing to his free handling of the inspired books in his lectures and writings. He was next engaged at the School of Advanced Studies in the Sorbonne, where he replied to Professor Harnack of Berlin in the lectures now collected as "L'Evangile et l'Eglise." In these he objected to Harnack's Unitarian theories, and defended the accepted conception of Christianity. The orthodox Catholics, however, thought he wrote in too detached and patronizing a manner of the founder of Chris-

tianity, and that, as usual, he was dealing too freely with Holy Writ. Hence his book was condemned by the French prelates and the second edition was stopped.

The Souvenirs of M. Charles d'Héricault give admirable off-glimpses of the temperaments of such people as Baudelaire, Murger, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve and others of the last generation. The most sympathetic of all these would seem to have been poor Murger, the Bohemian, but then his talent was below that of Baudelaire, or even of Banville, both of whom, according to M. d'Héricault, were occasionally unbearable. Still more interesting reminiscences are those of Madame Judith Gautier in "Le Collier des Jours." The gifted daughter of the poet writes at length, not only about her father, but also about Wagner. It appears that it was Théophile Gautier who first introduced Wagner to the notice of the French. He wrote about him in the "Moniteur Universel" of 1857, in a half-damnatory, half-eulogistic way, and then tried to describe the "music of the future" but failed, for Gautier, though a remarkable poet as well as literary and dramatic critic, was by no means an authority on music.

Among the most recent publications are Albert Sorel's fifth part of "L'Europe et la Révolution Française," which deals with Bonaparte and the Directory, 1795 to 1799, and the diary and correspondence of Cuvillier-Fleury. M. Sorel alternately reminds one of Taine and the Goncourts. He treats with full measure of picturesqueness and reality the mad, brilliant period when, as in Lecoq's "Madame Angot," "Barras was King and Lange was Queen." Barras, Rewbell, La Révellière-Lépeaux, Merlin of Douay and the others are described in admirable touches. La Révellière-Lépeaux was, we are told, the most virtuous and domesticated man of the Directory. While all these people

were ruling, and while dancing and general diversion were the order of the day and of the night, young Bonaparte was quietly studying the Parisians in his intervals of freedom from military work. Cuvillier Fleury's correspondence extends from 1832 to 1851, and gives much information about the Orleans family at the Tuileries and in exile. The author was tutor to the Duc d'Aumale and became an Academician and a distinguished writer.

Some very interesting reminiscences and letters of the Polish musician Chopin, or Szopen, are being published in a musical review and will probably appear shortly in book form. They were collected by Mademoiselle Ciechomska, granddaughter of one of the composer's sisters. In one of the epistles Chopin gives a long account of his visit to George Sand at Nohant, refers to an amusing story which he heard about Victor Hugo, makes allusion to Pauline Viardot, to Donizetti, to the unveiling of the monument to Beethoven at Bonn, to the elder Dumas and to his helper Maquet, to Madame Rachel and to a number of other persons. The letters written by Chopin are full of vivacity as well as information. He gives a mass of outside information about the people whom he met, and writes with ease and sprightliness. Strangely enough, the publication of Chopin's letters in a Paris review nearly coincides with the appearance in Leipzig of the diary of Clara Schumann, wife of the other composer who fell madly in love with her in 1833. The diary, which is in the possession of Schumann's daughters, who live at Interlaken in Switzerland, is unfinished, and the compiler, Professor Litzmann, has still much correspondence and many notes to draw upon.

Dr. Max Nordau's new book, "*Zeitgenössische Franzosen*," has been translated into French as "*Vus du dehors*," and is attracting attention in Paris.

The author of "*Degeneration*" is working on his usual lines—those of demolition. He has written a special preface for the translated edition of his contemporary Frenchmen, in which he says that he does not know the authors whom he has criticised, except by their books, and that, as a foreigner in Paris, he belongs to no set, clique or coterie. His views, therefore, are independent. The learned and able doctor forgets we have had sharp critics in Paris also, Frenchmen born, who have not always flung roses or swung the censer before such "*chers maîtres*" as Anatole France, Paul Hervieu or other successful novelists and dramatists. That scornful young man, Ernest La Jeunesse, has already endeavored to cast ridicule upon great reputations in his book, "*Les Nuits, les Ennuis et les Âmes de Nos Plus Notoires Contemporains*." Georges Pellissier, in his "*Essais de Littérature Contemporaine*," has not been afraid to point out some of the shortcomings of the literary favorites of the boudoirs, the salons and the circulating libraries. Apart from these bold critics, very few have ever attempted to enunciate sound judgments about modern French authors whom the ordinary reader finds fulsomely praised in some of the newspapers. Hence such books as those of scalpel-wielding Dr. Max Nordau lead to a saner and sounder comprehension of the literature provided for readers in the France of to-day.

The doctor first uses the scalpel on Balzac, before he puts the moderns on the dissecting table and flays them alive. He drags the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*" from his grave and arraigns him as Mark Twain is supposed to arraign the ill-fated beings doomed to "*The Literary Guillotine*." Balzac is accused of having paved the way to modern pornography and the rest. The formidable German Pococurante next drags forth Edmond de Goncourt and accuses him of having put foolish

things, monstrous "donkeyisms" in the mouth of Renan. He and his brother Jules wrote "so-called historical studies of the 18th century," in which they deal with events "from the points of view of cabinet-makers and ladies' tailors." Max Nordau is not censorious against Michelet the "romantic historian," but he abominates such over-rated historiographers as the Goncourts. "Edmond de Goncourt led the way to the incoherent verbiage nowadays called *l'écriture artiste*," and Max laughs at the much-puffed Scandinavian critic, Georg Brandes, who went into raptures over the "Siamese twins of literature." Guy de Maupassant was a victim of "pathological eroticism." Then, coming to the living, Max evinces admiration for Anatole France, disciple of Renan and "inheritor of the master's artistic succession," for he writes in Renan's delicate, soft, shot-colored style, and has the same "disconcerting scepticism with the cruel smile of the sphinx." Of Maurice Barrès, Max admits that he has the gift of graceful and luminous expression, but no conviction. François de Nion, author of "Les Façades," has Zola's method of composition, the factitious style of Goncourt, and all that "*écriture artiste*" which will be laughed at in the near future. The doctor also holds forth about poets and playwrights. He is respectful to the memory of the younger Dumas, but he cannot stand such dramatists as Brieux, author of the "Avariés," and in this he is right, for the "Avariés" is a long-winded performance of a generally unsatisfactory sort. Dr. Max Nordau, being a medical man, as well as literary, objects to the onslaughts of M. Brieux on physicians. He justly remarks that Molière did that far better than M. Brieux. Of Paul Hervieu's play, "Les Tenailles," he thinks that it succeeded by its "*écriture*," that is to say by the literary quality of the dialogue, which

counts in France, but not in Germany. As to Maurice Donnay, author of "Le Torrent," "La Douleuse," and lately of "L'Autre Danger," produced at the Français, Max Nordau finds him too repetitional. The fact is that Donnay, emboldened by success, has been trying to do too much. He has already written eight or nine plays, although it is not so long since he was one of the frivolous young men of the "Chat Noir." François de Curel, the millionaire dramatist, author of "Fossiles," "L'Invitée," "L'Amour Brodé," "La Figurante," "La Fille Sauvage," etc., is a person, according to the Teutonic critic, "whose effort continues to inspire great esteem and whose plays continue to fail with the fullest honors." But, to finish with Dr. Max Nordau's show of clever Frenchmen in his literary surgery: Octave Mirbeau, author of the "Mauvais Bergers," inspired by Gerhardt Hauptmann's "Weavers," and a prolific novelist and dramatist, is classed as a man of powerful talent. As to Victorien Sardou, the grim Teuton laughs hugely at the manner in which that dexterous dramatist hoodwinked press and public by passing off "Spiritisme" as a problem play. The "Spiritualism," says the doctor, was only used by M. Sardou as a stage accessory and to replace the lost and found letters which usually serve as the relays of his action. Referring to Jules Lemaître the doctor says that his greatest literary exploit was his demolition of Georges Ohnet, but the latter had his revenge when his enemy turned dramatist and wrote such plays, for instance, as "L'Ainée." Dr. Max Nordau finally deals with Edmond Rostand in one of the best chapters of his book. The author of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," we are assured, simply relegates reality behind the scenes, and lays himself out to enjoy his own unsubstantial creation and to amuse a simple-minded public.

W. F. L.

Reviews

Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

THIS is more imitation of Walt Whitman, and as such is a very unfortunate piece of work. It seems a pity that so much admirable intention, so much really noble energy, should be misdirected, merely for the want of a little clear thinking. But in this respect the followers of the good old poet of "Leaves of Grass" seem quite incorrigible. They will persist in giving us echoes of Whitman's voice when we ask for the sincere sound of their own. They will still copy all his mannerisms, imitate all his gestures, when the very gist of his teaching was to emphasize personality and liberate the individual.

The great prime fact about Walt Whitman was his freedom. He dared to be himself. Like all "originals," he overdid it, perhaps. He carried his insistence too far for his good, it may be; and he might have attained even greater perfection as a poet, and reached a higher degree of effectiveness, had he been less peculiar. But your reformer always runs that risk. He is an experimenter, an adventurer, who usually over-emphasizes the truth as he sees it. He is not one who "sees life steadily, and sees it whole." He is rather one who sees some particular phase of life, and devotes himself to elaborating that one view; so that for all his excellent devotion to the

cause of humanity, he usually suffers himself. He usually grows narrow and strained.

Not that Whitman grew narrow and strained; he was far too great for that, far too genuine and wise. Moreover, his peculiarities of style were native to him. They degenerated at times into affectations and mannerisms, but for the most part they were spontaneous and characteristic, and therefore entirely unobjectionable to the sensitive taste. After a very little familiarity with him, his peculiar involutions of speech are no bar to the splendid message of the man.

When, however, his disciples come to us chanting in contorted cadences which are palpably imitations of the "Leaves of Grass," the impression is most unpleasant.

Now Mr. Edward Carpenter, the author of "Towards Democracy," is one of the best of English reformers, a man who has thought profoundly, and who dares to believe in his own conclusions; more than that, he has said many things that needed to be said without fear. Like Whitman, he is evidently a man of intense individuality, full of the passion for goodness and truth. It seems to the ordinary reader deplorable that he should be content with a form of expression that is not his own. And yet, as I say, from

the artistic side he is only an echo of Whitman; nothing more. This is the obvious criticism, but it is the true one.

One makes this very frank criticism (surely it will be understood), not because Whitman has too many followers, but because he has too few. The trouble, perhaps, lies here: we fail to remember that every new thought seeks its own equally new setting. That is the mystery of art. In Whitman at his best, the thought and the form are perfectly fused in beautiful expression. Beauty, outward sensible beauty, is always the result of that perfect fusion of thought and feeling with the plastic medium into which they are passed by the artist. If the artist is lacking in emotion, or in brain power, and yet has a fine technical control of his medium, his work will be brilliant but unconvincing and unsatisfying. If, on the other hand, he is endowed with keen reason and passionate sympathy, and yet is wanting in an instinct for beauty, his work will fail to allure and entrance us, however profound and sincere it may be. And the point to be noted is this: that the quality of beauty is just as important in art as the quality of truth or the quality of impassioned helpfulness.

It is not that Whitman's imitators neglect the form in attempting to write poetry, but that they fail to make it attractive. Open Mr. Carpenter's book anywhere and you perceive at once that, so far from being negligent about his manner of writing, he has been exceedingly careful. He has been at great pains to make his thought effective by giving it form. The trouble is that he fails to make it beautiful, so that the manner of his speech offends where it should ingratiate. There can be no excuse for leaving the direct and simple methods of prose save the one purpose—to be more sensuous and pleasing. But Mr. Carpenter and Whitman's other imitators abandon the simplicity of prose without a dream of making their utterance more beautiful, or sensuous, or attractive. Thus they lose all the effectiveness of good prose and do not gain even the effectiveness of poor poetry. For

poetry may be very poor indeed in the essentials of thought and emotion, and yet please us by its musical quality, its grace and style. Many a versifier delights our ear for the moment, though he entirely fails to convince our stubborn reason or move the deeper springs of affection within us. His failure in these regards, however, ought not to blind us to his one excellence, nor make us think lightly of a very important part of poetry, its charm. For charm, or sensuous beauty is one third of art, and its lack can never be made up by emphasizing the other two-thirds, passionate intensity of feeling and charity of thought. One might as well try to make a two-legged stool stand up by lengthening its legs, instead of adding a third.

This is really the mistake that the reformer and the humanitarian fall into when they attempt anything in the domain of art. They are so carried away by the force of their own feelings; they see the truth so clearly that the plainest statement of it seems to them sufficient. Whereas that is not the case at all. If a mere statement of fact were sufficient, then the nearer we come to a mathematical expression of it the better. We should not express ourselves in literature, but in algebraic signs.

The object of literature is to make reason seem more reasonable and emotion more intense; and this it does by making them both more attractive, by giving them manifestation in some beautiful guise. The truth cannot be the whole truth, unless it appears in some form of beauty; nor can goodness be complete, unless it makes us satisfied with its likeness as in love with itself. I am convinced that two and two make four; I am glad to love my fellows; but my whole nature is not made happy until you show me that the beauty of the world, which so enthalls my senses, is a third fact related to these other two—is indeed but a third aspect of the same phenomenon.

WHO SHALL COMMAND THE HEART.
Being Part IV. of Towards Democracy. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. *By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.*

BY M. RIELLE.

IT is not an incautious generalization to observe that most writers of fiction, as they grow older, develop a noticeable tendency to impose their own personalities on their readers through the medium of their characters; to make their novels a platform for giving to the world the didactic results of their own experiences, a pulpit for enforcing their stiffening beliefs and opinions. George Eliot, in her gradual development from the tenderly impartial attitude toward life and toward character, shown in "Scenes from Clerical Life," and in "Adam Bede" to the aggressive instructiveness of "Daniel Deronda" and "Theophrastus Such" is the illustration which most readily occurs to us; but nearly all the other great novelists have run, if less noticeably, towards the same habit. They have become less and less reporters, more and more purposeful instructors.

But in Mrs. Humphry Ward we find a complete reversal of the usual process of evolution. It was in her earlier books that she instructed us—that she studied and solved problems religious, ethical, political—that she expounded, with elaborate distinctness, the meaning of life, and relentlessly directed us towards the straight and narrow path. In her later books, on the other hand, she is contented to devote herself to the analysis and development of character, unbiased by any apparent moral to be pointed or any weighty opinion to be enforced. Herein is the maturing of her art. Because the purely human complications arising from the meeting and conflict of strong personalities are, in artistic sense, the fit subjects for a novelist to deal with, while the larger social inferences lie more properly in the domain of the essayist and of the lecturer; so, first in "Eleanor," and now in "Lady Rose's Daughter," Mrs. Ward has come much nearer to excellence of art, and has made

much clearer her claim to rank with the best writers of fiction than she ever did in "Robert Elsmere" or in "The Story of David Grieve." Wise friends of Mrs. Ward must be glad of this, though it is probable that some of that public which calls itself "thoughtful" may deplore in the later books the lack of serious purpose, the marked absence of the didactic attitude toward life which so endeared to them her earlier novels.

The character that Mrs. Ward offers for our consideration in her new novel is that of Julie Le Breton, the illegitimate daughter of Lady Rose Chantily and of Mariott Dalrymple. From page 4—when Sir Wilfred Bury shakes hands with a lady who "has an effect of something over living, over brilliant; an animation, an intensity so strong that at first beholding a bystander could scarcely tell whether it pleased him or no,"—to page 469, where Julie, happy and tamed, folds her husband to her heart, it is with her and with nobody else that the novel concerns itself. In the few scenes from which she is absent, the conversation deals exclusively with her affairs and with her personality; there is no minor plot, no secondary interest; only as regards their attitude towards her do the other characters interest us. Consequently, it is as we find Julie a coherent convincing woman or a rather impossible combination of qualities, as her actions strike us as being the logical outcome of her temperament or as being arbitrarily arranged for her by the author, so we shall estimate the novel a successful piece of work, or a failure; if a failure, a brilliant one, certainly, but a failure for all that. With Julie herself the book stands or falls.

It is unquestionable that Julie is dramatic, vivid, and picturesque, but she cannot be considered as convincing. She does not hold together. To begin with, she is altogether too brilliant, too attractive. Dukes, prime ministers, diplomats, generals, journalists, philanthropists—this distinguished-looking, sad-eyed "*belle laide*" has them all at her feet; the magnetic charm of the "*belle laide*" is a matter of history, but Julie's charm is too overpowering; we cannot grasp it.

No wonder Lady Henry—whose salon, famous for forty years, she is disintegrating—is jealous. Nor does the situation in which we find our heroine impress us with a sense of reality. As paid companion (at the exceedingly moderate salary of £100 a year) to Lady Henry, whom age has rendered infirm and almost blind, while in no way abating her social or mental energies, Julie's relations with her employer are such as no self-respecting servant would put up with. Chidden in public, insulted in private, no moment of her time her own, so openly distressful is her situation that her friends, who are also Lady Henry's, are constantly plotting to ameliorate her lot. To enjoy forbidden pleasures she is willing to stoop to the most paltry deceits and subterfuges. It is not necessity which keeps Julie in Lady Henry's employ, for when the rupture finally occurs she at once is able to earn £500 in journalism—no, it is her desire to retain in the social world the position, the power, which she enjoys as Lady Henry's companion.

Yet Julie is aware that in her veins runs as good blood as any in England. From her parents, who set the social laws at defiance, she has inherited a fierce and lawless nature, and an over-sensitive pride. We are stirred with compassion when we see Julie pale and suffering after an interview with her tyrannous mistress, but we wonder at the same time why she does not at once put an end to the situation until we realize that it is because she is in a book.

So too, when it comes to Warkworth, there is the same inconsistency between the lofty, imperious temper Mrs. Ward assures us she possesses, and the humiliating position she is willing to accept. That, with her twenty-nine years of social experience, she should fall in love with a handsome cad is, while regrettable, conceivable—a clear judgment of men is not, in women, the necessary adjunct of a brilliant intelligence. But surely it is incredible that having learned that Warkworth has no idea of marrying her, that on the contrary he means to fulfil his secret engagement to her cousin, this exalted woman should be willing to go

with him to Paris so as to give him two days of her life—the most ordinary plebian pride would balk at such a humiliation.

And surely, surely, this same Julie, repentant, tamed, happy in the arms of her ducal husband, is a concession on Mrs. Ward's part to the public's demand for happy endings, for if ever a character gave pledges of inevitable tragedy, it is Mademoiselle de Breton.

But though "Lady Rose's Daughter" is a study of character, Mrs. Ward does not belong to the impressionist school of writers. She neither deals in indefinite backgrounds, nor is she contented with suggesting influences. Every character in the book is more or less a finished portrait—too finished, perhaps. There is something of disproportion between the detailed presentment of some of the minor characters and the parts they have to play. We are led in the beginning to expect important action from them, and suffer a sense of disappointment when they disappear, having contributed very little to the drama; their only rôle was to give more distinction to the star.

About Lady Henry, Lord Lackington, Sir Wilfred Bury, the little Duchess, and above all the preëminently British Duke of Crowborough consistently hostile to Julie throughout, it is delightful to read. Probably, being all snobs at heart, we derive pleasure from associating intimately with so many members of the aristocracy; for not even in Disraeli's novels do we move in a more exclusive circle.

Mr. Howard Chandler Christy has rendered it impossible to form any clear conception of Mademoiselle de Breton's appearance by giving her a different set of features in each one of his seven illustrations.

LOVEY MARY. *By Alice Hegan Rice.*
The Century Co., New York. \$1.00.

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX.

ALICE HEGAN, who, in January, became the wife of Mr. Cale Young Rice, has always been what few women are—a clever raconteur. She always has a funny story on the tip of

her tongue and as she is quick to see the humor in people and situations, her anecdotes are delightful. Always prominent in the social life of Louisville, and the only daughter of a hospitable family, she has been the centre of a bright group of young people and yet has taken enough time to work more or less regularly in her favorite study, literature. But the preparation resulting in the extraordinary success of her two little books, which helped her more than her study, was an unconscious one. For years she has worked quietly in a shabby part of Louisville called "the Potato Patch," striving to make less miserable the lives of some of the poorest of the families there. Throughout all the pathos of this squalid settlement, she found, as usual, much humor and it was, perhaps, her sense of humor which won the affection of those she helped, as much as her abundant and practical sympathy.

And so, when she wrote her first book and chose the Potato Patch and its people for her subject—changing the name of the place to the Cabbage Patch—these same two qualities endued her work with its chief charm. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is a simple little tale most simply told, yet it has sold a quarter of a million copies, and "Lovey Mary," which is precisely the same kind of a book, will probably do quite as well. Why? Because these tales are permeated through and through with human interest. The people are real people, not caricatures; they say and do real things, and they are portrayed with a sympathy which is absolutely sincere and with a humorous appreciation of life that is never false, never strained, and never in the slightest degree vulgar.

The story of "Lovey Mary" is that of a foundling-asylum girl who runs away from the institution and goes to live in the Cabbage Patch. Mrs. Wiggs, of course, takes an absorbing interest in the little waif and is as resourceful and cheery as ever. Though not the most prominent, she is always the most individual of any of the characters, though none could be more true to life than pathetic, helpless Miss Hazy, or the buxom matron of the asylum, or Kate

Rider, or Lovey Mary herself. Each chapter is really a little story in itself, and these chapters are held together by a slender thread of story, though the last one, in which the little heroine "finds herself," and works out her own character, is so strong that it serves as an excellent denouement.

It really matters little whether "Lovey Mary" is as good a story as its predecessor; it is made of the same stuff and the two books should be taken as one. If one reads one and likes it, he must read the other and he will not be disappointed. The young author has certainly accomplished in them a distinctive piece of literature, and she has portrayed types of humanity which will live. Her wit, which is always kindly, sparkles on every page, and few books have recently appeared which are so rich in "quotable" things. An amusing corollary to these books is that the "Potato Patch" in Louisville has now become the "Cabbage Patch," and so many literary pilgrims are now going out to see it and its people that real estate there has taken a boom and a number of new cabins and cottages are being built within its confines. And very much to her surprise, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice finds that it is herself who is the real heroine of the Cabbage Patch.

HORSES NINE. By Sewell Ford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

IT is a labor of love to write of Mr. Ford's book—nearly as much so, as it was to read it. This partly, because he knows so entirely what goes to the making of a proper horse, and a proper man. Indeed, the title might have been "Sagas of Men and Horses," without doing the least violence to the truth. Though horses of course dominate, the men are very far from being mere incidentals, or even a sort of human background for equine portraits. Equine portraits is not a good phrase—at least, now I have written it, it stands awkwardly in my way, because I am bent on saying Mr. Ford must keep ware of the S. P. C. A.

It is certainly cruelty to animals, of no small proportion, to put seven horses wholly alive, and two mighty well painted ones, within the strait and narrow confines of a book.

For their several virtues I love each of his several horses—even those that smell a bit of paint. That, however, does not hinder me from loving one better than another—the woman who could divide her heart equally between nine horses or nine men, must have a heart not worth dividing. First favorite stands Chieftain of the Heavy Draught Service. There is a horse for you! And here is his history, told as I verily believe, no other four-footed creature's story has yet been told. In reading it you do not see the printed page; rather the turmoil of the streets, the swaying, surging tangle of them, the big truck with its breast-team. Chieftain is in the middle "with a vicious Missouri Modoc on one side and a raw, half collar-broken Canuck on the other," ramping yet steady, quick of eye and muscle, full of docile fire, doing his work so well his mates could not choose but do theirs, ready all the time "to stop at crossings when a six-foot Broadway-squad officer held up one finger, and to give way for no one else."

As to the rest of it—the things that befell Chieftain, and most of all, about Tim Doyle, I shall not tell you who read reviews. Instead, I hope to send you straight to the book—it certainly deserves to be read by every soul who loves either good horses, good men, or good stories. Having said so much, and added that I know experimentally, horses and story telling, let me say further that if Mr. Ford loved horses better he would have written of them worse. He is full of insight, sympathetic comprehension, nice discrimination, reasonable, comradely tenderness. Indeed, I make no doubt every horse ever foaled has his very warm heart, but he lacks the indiscriminate, worshipful, possessive adoration that swells in the heart and shows shamefacedly in the eyes of the horse-lover, born and made. No such horse-lover could ever tell stories of the things beloved so artistically, with so much of balance and finish. Indeed, to be a horse-

lover, born and made, puts story-telling rather outside the range of possibility. There may be folk who can map, bound, explore, weigh, measure and make merchandise of things nearest the heart. But always there is a strained note, something approaching hysteria between the lines rather than in them. Mr. Ford, happy man, loves his subject matter exactly enough to deal with it more than admirably.

Skipper, the Blue Ribboner, is a mighty fine fellow. He heads the procession—how should he not, being of the Mounted Police—but Bonfire, poor fellow, comes before him in my affections, Bonfire, broken for the house of Jerry. A sad, sad time he had of it. The sadness, I think, began very early. "Down in Maine, or up in Vermont, or anywhere, indeed, but on a fancy stud-farm, his color would have passed for sorrel. Being a high-bred hackney, and the pick of the Sir Bardolph three-year-olds, he was put down as a strawberry roan."

I am quoting not to cavil but to wonder. Mr. Ford is, beyond question, color-perfect, letter-perfect in such matters as horse shows and hackneys. But shades of Tom Faggus, and strawberry Winnie, what have we here? John Ridd, you will recall, says of her color: "Whether this came from her Eastern blood, of the Arabs newly imported, and whether the cream-color mixed with our bay led to that bright strawberry tint is more than I can decide." Nothing that even squints at sorrel there. As to roans, they are nearly as various as poets, but all alike in one thing, namely in having white in the coat. A roan horse, according to the dictionaries, is one having a sorrel, bay, or dark coat, mixed with white. Some Arab horses are roan, albeit the Sons of the Desert are none so partial to the coat, holding it, no less than English and American breeders, the sign of a much-mixed pedigree. As I said before, there are roans, and roans—the silver-roan, ground-coat glossy black, stippled all over with fine white hairs, the blue-roan with a coat of bay and chestnut, or bay and black, whereover the white shows like a thin skim of snow, the

red-roan, or strawberry roan, clear red-bay thickly intermingled with white, milk-and-cider, or sorrel roan, sorrel hairs and white in about the same proportion, also white roans in variety, with body-coat flecked all over with color, the flecks something farther apart than the dark freckles upon a flea-bitten gray.

White roans are uncommon. I think they often run to calico horses. Long and intimate friendliness with pastures, main-travelled roads, and mill-roads, have shown me less than half a dozen. That same intimate friendliness has made me familiarly acquainted with a sorrel, iridescent in the sunshine, the clear sorrel intermingled with darker hairs, too thickly and too irregularly sprinkled to be called dapples. It is possibly coats of this sort that the hackney men—may Heaven forgive them!—call strawberry roan. If so, I hope they will amend their lips, or at least seek a warrant for their speaking, which now I am persuaded they lack. However, it may turn out that the hackney men have me on the hip. It is Montaigne, I believe, who says, "Use, not derivation, is the law of language," and again, "He who attempts to fight custom with grammar is a fool."

To hark back to Bonfire: his story is a piece of literature infinitely moving. As a humanitarian tract it is far and away ahead of "Black Beauty." Next to hapless Bonfire I reckon tricky Calico, a beast none so pretty, but surely all horse. At first his very virtues fought against him, after the common and unamiable habit of virtues. It all came right in the end: Time's whirligig brought not only revenge but recompense. It is only necessary to say farther that Calico "Travelled with a round-top." Everybody will understand that his end was peace and glory.

A like kindly fate waited on Old Silver of the Gray Horse Truck, and Blue Blazes, in spite of the Marring of Him. Old Silver would be nearer the head of the list with me, if he were only the first fire-horse I had met in fiction. Certes, I have met none better, braver, kindlier, more true-bred, more engaging. It is, of course, horribly unjust, but Blue

Blazes suffers because of his ugliness. Ugly horses and ugly women seem to me such misfits in the scheme of creation. Still, though I do not lavish love on him as on some of his compeers, I am sensible that his story is one of the best told in the book, so painfully real that it bites itself into your memory, when you had rather forget it.

I could wish Black Eagle had been taller. Thirteen hands for a three-year-old, even a thoroughbred, is unpromising, especially in a horse that was to rule the ranges, and leave behind him a mighty progeny. However, when I recall Frank Forrester's saying that he had "Often ridden aged thoroughbreds under fourteen hands, yet capable of keeping any feather-weight up with the hounds even across stiff country," I wonder if my point is well taken. I am a little in doubt also as to Black Eagle himself. He looks live enough in spots, but there are other spots where I seem to smell paint. However, there can be no question that Mr. Ford is as brave as he is capable. A man must be, who writes of wild horses ruling ranges, yet has never a hyphen to his name.

This makes my catalogue unreasonable to the portraits. One of them, Barnacles, is screamingly funny. Indeed, I hardly recall a better bit of farce-comedy than Bridegroom Bastobol Bean, and his parti-colored steed. As farce-comedy one easily accepts it; as a story the unthinking will look at it askance. I myself am sure it all happened. Otherwise I am likewise sure Mr. Ford, daring as he has proved himself, would not have dared to give it "the perpetuity of print."

Pasha sets me nebulously speculating as to whether or no Mr. Ford hung the story of him upon any vague traditions of Turner Ashby, commander of the Black Horse Cavalry, who rode to the fighting, and at last to his death, upon a white Arab. If memory serves—I have no reference books at hand—the Black Horse Cavalry antedated the Civil War, and came first into prominence by guarding Harper's Ferry during the trial and execution of John Brown. Ashby was the guiding star of the organization, and

though of the best blood, a man of moderate fortune. One of his admirers sent to him the white Arab, the pick of his own hunters, with a request to ride him, if war came, in every battle. The white horse had been proved in hard runs over rough country; he could go sixty miles without stopping for food or water, and come out fresh after a night's rest.

Thus it is evident if Pasha had a model it was a very noble one. I can not, however, easily forgive Mr. Ford for making his soldier-rider careless of him, almost to the degree of cruelty. For the most part, the gray cavalry was made up of horsemen born and bred. Even if they had not been, they had wit enough to know how often the matter of life or death turned not merely on the good condition of their mounts, but also on the good understanding with them. However, let that pass. Pasha is a portrait, more than well-limned, with wonderfully stirring accessories, and a background full of atmosphere. Nowhere else has Mr. Ford shown more clearly his fine virtues of omission. He has so religiously eschewed fine writing, when fine writing would have been so easy, and has been content to be sane and simple and strong. Thus even where he loses, if he loses, he loses to himself and to himself alone. I felicitate him without reserve upon work so unusually excellent, his publishers no less on their setting forth of a book so wholly distinctive.

THE SONS OF GLORY. *Studies in Genius.*
By Adolfo Padovan. Translated and
Adapted from the Italian by the
Duchess Litta Vincenti Arese. Funk
& Wagnalls Company, New York.
\$1.50.

BY HENRY LASKA

WHETHER genius is a sublime manifestation of mental superiority, or a pathological condition producing abnormalities, we know that modern civilization owes all its marvellous achievements and extraordinary developments to it; therefore, any literary effort which aims to investigate and reveal

the nature of this great phenomenon of the human intellect should be welcomed. For this reason, we think that the theory of genius as expounded by Adolfo Padovan in his "Sons of Glory" is worthy of consideration. The book is a firm denial to the morbid and melancholy theory, formerly held by Moreau de Tours, but recently revived by his fellow-countryman, Cesare Lombroso, that genius is an abnormal condition of the mind, resulting generally in "neurosis, or a form of epilepsy." The author proves his theory by making, first, a general survey of the utility, beauty and splendor of all the arts and sciences which have been created through genius, and then, by bringing to light the intellectual achievements and the peculiar characteristics of each "sovereign genius" who has become the embodiment of that particular art or science to which he devoted his life. Thus, the name of Dante adorns the chapter on poetry, the divine interpretation of music is incarnated in Beethoven, Michael Angelo is placed on a lofty pedestal overtowering all artists; the radiant light of Socrates illumines the pages of philosophy; Galileo is the great genius who has fathomed the mysteries of science; Columbus and Nansen are classed as the greatest discoverers who have benefited mankind; in the life of Buddha he finds the divine inspiration of a great prophet; the supreme type of the warriors who have preceded the invention of gunpowder he discovers in Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, and those of modern warfare in Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Moltke. From the study of these prodigious men he concludes that genius is not a disease, as his contemporary maintains, but "a physiological condition of exquisite and exceptional nervous sensibility." Thus, degeneracy among men of genius is not the cause, but the effect of genius—resulting generally from excessive activities in their exceptional attainments.

The author has treated his theme with overwhelming enthusiasm and profound conviction; making the one conspicuous characteristic of the whole book its synthetic unity. The arguments are effective and persuasive. The reader is not lost in a labyrinth of superficial reasoning, but is

at once impressed with the sound judgment and with the forcible manner in which it is presented. The author is particularly successful in the delineation of his characters. By the citations of their own works we learn to know not only the poet, the musician, or the artist, but we obtain an insight of the man himself.

YOUTH. *By Joseph Conrad. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

THE title-story of this volume is a masterpiece. The other tales contained in the volume, "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether" are good; they even in some qualities possibly surpass their predecessor, but they lack that undefinable virtue of attainment, that completeness of conception and expression, which distinguish "Youth." "Youth" is new; we are perhaps a bit disturbed by the glamor of its excellence; but at first guess (for criticism is after all like fortune-telling, a sort of experienced guesswork) it seems to supply something fresh yet essential to man, to give him a new harmonious arrangement, a pleasure as of spring or of ripeness or lucent streams, yet unexpected in a way. It bears the miracle-sign; it has intuition, inspiration.

The actual story—if one must in any way analyze a literary substance so perfect—is the same sea story we loved so ardently by candlelight long ago, when geography and arithmetic were put aside and the adventure book, the daring book, the book of the whole interesting unknown world was opened to our eyes, already dazzled with the expectation of sea enchantment. And herein lies the wonder of Mr. Conrad's achievement: he gives it all to us again; not the story alone, but the feeling, the growth, the unsayable desire, the youth, in a word, with which we read the old ones. Not with sadness does he bring the strong emotion back, nor with dry reminiscence and regret, but he flashes it into being with a certain freshness and glow that make us live that early time over again.

When we read "Youth," we are laughing at the follies of our morning, but we are made morning-hearted, too.

And this story, this wisdom of a mature man, this clearly individual secret of life drawn from the sky and the sea and the human soul just blossoming in the great garden of the world, is aptly and musically expressed in as grateful and mellow English as ever, for the bringing out of noble nature, was employed by the various prose masters of brief narrative literature. Mr. Conrad's masterpiece is alone of its kind.

"Heart of Darkness" tells of an Englishman who went out to the deadly West Coast of Africa to become the captain of a river steamboat. His experience is weird and interesting. Rascality, mismanagement, cruelty and pestilence make of the river settlements one of those hells which only a healthy-minded man like the writer can profitably depict, and none can make real but one possessed of a striking imagination. Mystery is there in abundance, and something wholly regional of horror, which the reader who knows not the nightmare of the tropics must inadequately realize. The story is a very fine piece of impressionist's work, and throughout that impressionism, like the fever in the jungle-river mist, lurks something sinister and swift, which compels attention; yet which, when all is said, seems a thing of mood rather than a thing of truth. Besides, the diction is often turbid, and we frequently mark the trail of a long-lost Rudyard!—momentous faults in the writing of a man distinguished for clear and individual phrase. These shortcomings should not, however, blind us to the fact that "Heart of Darkness" is a very fine piece of descriptive and psychological fiction.

In "The End of the Tether" Mr. Conrad is not quite at his best. His work is clear and wholesome; he gives us an original bit of sea story, showing close observation and delicate human feeling; he has geniality and breadth of view; but the thing lacks "go," it does not capture us; it is deficient in the quality of narrative alarm. Good for the first half, it ends with something so unhappily like

melodrama that we wonder momentarily if this can truly be the case—if the maker of Captain McWhirr can have given us the unreal scene where the engineer, Mr. Massy, deflects the compass in order to wreck his own ship and Captain Whalley—contrary to all signs in his character—makes away with himself.

Returning then for an instant to "Youth"—for if everybody re-reads it, why should not the critic re-review it?—we find that Mr. Conrad has done the much-hoped-for thing; he has fulfilled the promise made emphatic by his previous books; he has supplanted the noon-day reality of work by the dawn ideal of creation, he has taken an old dead story and made it living and new; he has done literary alchemy.

And if such performance be not a manifestation of undoubted genius—no matter what the limitation of form or subject—where shall we seek that prince of human qualities?

A LITERARY HISTORY OF PERSIA. *By Edward G. Browne, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.00.*

BY S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.

FROM original sources Mr. E. G. Browne, a distinguished English specialist in the subject, has compiled this extremely valuable work. It is the amplification of the author's original intention to cover the subject in a single volume, but the topic offers so many opportunities, the range is so wide, that only the earlier period is treated as yet, and the present volume extends no farther than Firdusi or Firdawsi, as it is spelled here, about 1000 A.D. From the earliest times, however, has the investigation been pursued, and within its limits the treatment is most exhaustive. It has been the author's aim to present a popular rather than a technical treatise, if the word "popular" can be applied to a subject which is in its very nature more or less abstruse. His appeal is rather to the reader of average culture than to the professed Orientalist, and especially to those who, stimulated by the numerous

translations of the works of Persian writers that have appeared of late, desire a more intimate acquaintance with the intellectual life and history of one of the most interesting and accomplished peoples of all time. To the exhibitions of the national genius in the fields of science, religion and philosophy, as well as in pure literature, he had addressed himself, and his study is most thorough and complete.

Many important questions are discussed: the actual existence of Zoroaster, and the date of the Avesta, or Zoroastrian Bible, etc., and it is interesting to know that the conclusion reached by an American scholar, Professor Jackson of Columbia University, is accepted by Professor Browne. He states that Zoroaster was "a perfectly historical personage," who "died about 583 B.C. aged 77."

This volume is preparatory to what should prove the more interesting of the two to the layman, that including the study of those writers whose works are more familiar to the general reader, and whose subjects are less theological and scientific. But there are given here many excerpts from poetry and legend that are fascinating in the extreme, and whet the appetites for the richer feast that is to follow. The work is an admirable one, profound and searching, probably the most complete that has yet appeared upon the subject, and should be widely appreciated by both the amateur and professional student of the tongues and of the peoples of the Orient.

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING. *D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25, net.*

BY A. LENALIE

THIS journal is purely a monody: one theme, the writer's art; one voice, his own; one instrument, "The Captive." It is exceptional in that it furnishes no love motif and no real human interest. It is cold with the concentrated egotism of one idea, yet flames with an artistic purpose that, thwarted, renders the individual tense and strained, and keys his outcry against the world to

a strenuous pitch of unrestraint—as of one struggling to loose himself from the manacles of a nightmare.

It is in three parts: I. Writing a Poem. II. Seeking a Publisher. III. The End. Of these, the second portion is characterized by feebleness, monotony and distorted views, but the inception and climax are strong; not so much from originality of thought as from the unique presentation of half-recognized truths and personal emotions of an intensely artistic nature, dim with half-lights and rent with flash-lights, like a mysterious forest. This nature of the Latin races, that gives voice to its suffering, with much iteration, expletive and wailing, is one which clashes with the thought-environment of American habits and prejudices and, consequently, is regarded as abnormal to the extent of provoking caricature. Thus the whole tenor of the book will be misunderstood by most, whether accepted as a legitimate journal of one now dead, or suspected as a bit of sensational advertising. So, too, if one has never faced gaunt poverty and bitterest humiliations for the sake of a cherished artistic ideal, this seemingly exaggerated mental hysteria of a super-emotional, sensitive, self-centred nature will ring false to him, though elaborated on perfectly consistent lines as a character-type.

Though this book be not genuine in the shape presented, the writer may claim that he is justified in using Jesuitic means to accomplish the promulgation of an artistic truth, even by sacrificing the word of truth temporarily.

“The Captive,” which is the theme and nucleus of the journal—a captured will-o'-the-wisp of the poet's imagination—as it is given and yet withheld from the reader, sounds as an improbable and gigantically egotistic assumption; but the artistic conception of the necessities of such a poem, in its evolution, is one of the truest and strongest features of the book.

But the plea and justification of the whole book is writ in the third part: uplifted in the ecstasy of his own faith and convictions, and scourged to rebellion against injustice by his own bitter experiences, he comes forth as one sent

to teach the world to make some provision for its men of genius; a voice in the wilderness crying a message:

“This is what I cry out to you that the man of Genius *cannot* earn his bread! That the work by which he develops his power is something absolutely and utterly different from the work by which he earns his bread! Every hour that he gives to the earning of his bread, he takes from his soul, he weakens his work, he destroys beauty which never again can he know or dream. The two powers *may not occur together at all!*”

So the writer pleads that necessities should be supplied our poets, lest we sink into the yawning pit of Time and History, identified as a songless cycle. The plea is genuine and not wholly unfounded, but, whatever the intent of the book—will any one heed its purport, for are we not all indifferent in the sense of the writer's own refrain?

“The days when thou wert not, did they trouble thee?

The days when thou art not shall trouble thee as much.”



ITALY AND THE ITALIANS. *By Edward Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.*

THE writer has taken an extremely hackneyed—though naturally attractive—subject, and filled it with such new life and freshness, breathed into it such veritable youth and love and unquenchable delight in beauty, that we, though not unmindful of the futility and reactionary character of overpraise, and sickened to the soul with the thousand exaggerations and puffings and log-rollings of the day, pronounce him nevertheless a man of unusually interesting talent.

He has, of course, many faults, more indeed, than any half dozen of his equally qualified colleagues in the never populous realm of truly artistic prose. He is at times too wordy, he brings in far too many Ohs and Ahs; he is too fond of being epigrammatic at the end of

a paragraph, and his ecstasies are often of so gesticulative a character as to send the serious significance of the thing sky-high. Mr. Hutton is not free from the vice of repetition; one introduction to the little church of the Via Condotta for the purpose of giving the details of its sweet and simple service should be sufficient. He ought to study more closely the art exhibited in Pater's "Renaissance," instead of frequently imitating—unconsciously we doubt not—the manner and atmosphere of that masterwork; and, last of all, he should use fewer figures of speech, which follow sometimes so hot upon each other's heels as to blur the reader's vision. Italy, like Greece, is, indeed, a being of too pure a perfection to need much metaphor; those say her best who say her simplest. Thus for his mistakes.

Mr. Hutton's well-accomplished object is to give his followers that poetic, that infinitely beautiful and ever-to-be-desired Italy which no guide-book can give which, indeed, nothing has ever bestowed even on the writer himself, but his own imaginative soul. Poetic prose—rhythm, color, melody and mystery in words full of beauty and suggestion, this is equally his purpose, we surmise. He would not make too prominent the thought that he wishes to convey, but rather through the medium of emotion create in others the power for such thought; to allow us something of that exquisite sensibility to lovely illusion which has made his own path so vitally different—as he dreams—from that of the rest of the world. He has no false sentiment, he is sincere, he is brimming with wistfulness and mediævalness and loneliness tinct with rose colors. In truth it is pleasant to meet the unashamed lover of beauty and love in a time when so much, to our slight vision, seems commonplace or grotesque, or needlessly crude and ugly. His faults are of a transitory kind, his virtues speak of permanence.

The best writing is to be found in the preface and those chapters devoted to Pisa, Venice and Gabriele d'Annunzio, whom the author gives an enthusiastically exalted station in the world of letters. Mr. Hutton's latest book, while

making its primal appeal to travellers in Italy, will interest all persons of literary and artistic temperament, whether they have been to that land or not.

J. S. D.

ON THE CROSS. *By Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford. Drexel Biddle. Philadelphia. \$1.50.*

THIS story of the Oberammergau Passion Play purports to be written by Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford. It reads like the joint production of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson and Miss Marie Corelli. As a matter of fact, despite the testimony of the title-page, Miss Safford's part in the wondrous concoction has been limited to that of translator. For this limited liability we offer her our congratulations. "Am Kreuz," as the book is known in German, has long been the butt of critics and the delight of overstrung sentimentalists and half-baked "Backfische." Indeed, so early as the performance of the Passion Play in 1890 it enjoyed a specious popularity among the pilgrims to Oberammergau, on the outskirts of which stands the villa of the authoress, and the only wonder is that the American public has so long been spared a translation.

Diligent search, perhaps, might reveal sporadic beauties in the long-drawn-out tale of the love of a high-born woman and a peasant wood-carver, but so thick is the tangled overgrowth of sentimentality and the weeds of rhetoric that the mind soon wearies of the effort. Indeed, even the description of the Play is disappointing, both to those who have witnessed the performance and to those unfamiliar with this remarkable product of peasant piety: to the former owing to the painful lack of discrimination and the critical faculty; to the latter owing to the lack of the dramatic power which can produce the illusion of visual reality. In short, the Passion Play, on the one hand, is much less than the perfervid imagination of the Baroness von Hillern would have us believe; on the other, it is greater than her mind perceives. She fails utterly to impress the reader with the grandeur of the production, owing

to her constitutional inability to see things as they really are and then to report them in clear, simple language. In consequence, she has written a melodrama, where she sought to write a religious tragedy.

For the story of the book there is even less to be said than for its local color and the picture of Oberammergau and the Play. Human beings are capable of strange and oftentimes seemingly incongruous acts, but only a master can arouse conviction and sympathy in the reader's mind during their recital. The heroine of Frau von Hillern's story, carried away by spasmodic religiosity and visionary identification of the performer of the Christ-part with his prototype, persuades herself and the peasant-actor that happiness is to be found only in their marriage, which accordingly takes place secretly, in order that the undesirable loss of the Countess's fortune may be avoided. Dissatisfaction and misunderstandings naturally ensue—although nine years seem a rather long time for their culmination—but at the end peace is won by the melodramatic renunciation of title and fortune on the Countess's part and by her voluntary descent to the peasant's rank and manner of life. In such position, as Frau Joseph Freyer, Holzschnitzerswitwe, we gladly take leave of her after 442 pages of bad conscience and worse translation. To those who witnessed the Play in 1890 or 1880 it is unnecessary to point out the similarity in name and character between the Freyer of the book and the Meyer who at those periods performed the chief part.

W. W. W.

THE TURQUOISE CUP AND THE DESERT.
By Arthur Coslett Smith. Illustrated
by Maxfield Parrish. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

MR. Coslett Smith's work is so charming that one feels a misgiving in starting off with a complaint. Yet how can one help complaining? There are subjects and characters galore for the story teller in need of characters and subjects to select from.

Therefore, close on the heels of Mr. Harland's "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," why did Mr. Coslett Smith write a story of a couple of lovers in Italy, a cardinal who acts the *deus ex machina*, yes, a perfectly lovable and venerable cardinal who might be the "fetch" of him of the snuff-box, and even an important minor character, Miss O'Kelly, who irresistibly recalls the ravishing Mrs. O'Donovan Florence in Mr. Harland's story?

Mr. Coslett Smith's story is convincing in characterization, in atmosphere, in motif, and yet one wishes he had devoted his skill to the production of a story which would not have called forth these recollections. None the less, "The Turquoise Cup" is a story to read, to be grateful for, and to turn to again with pleasure.

As to "The Desert," it is pleasant to be able to praise it without reservation. In it Mr. Coslett Smith has captured and preserved, as though by some alchemical process, a mirage, an Oriental panorama, a series of pictures seen in a magic crystal, an occult presentment of one of the stories accidentally omitted from the "Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night." When his tale begins with "Far down in the Desert of the Sahara is the little oasis of El Merb," one is conscious already of the art of words that is going to spirit one away from the West and let one live a brief hour in that strange scented, gorgeous-colored, mysterious Orient. The vowel sounds are like the opening of an incantation. At once the deep violet of the African sky endomes one and the wide horizon of the dun desert lengthens out to infinite distance. The tinkling of the camel bells pinks upon the ear. The eye strains for the so evasive camping ground. The tongue swells with the intolerable thirst that shall only be allayed when the oasis with its paradise-well is attained. The whole being bows reverently before the Allah who is great and whose prophet is Mohammed. A veil lifted from a woman's face would seem new to us unbelievers, in our outer darkness, almost an outrage; a woman's presence at all in those remote solitudes well-nigh an

anomaly. Yet the woman unveiled is at hand. Hear the prayer of Abdullah in the market place of El Merb before he and his caravan set out for Biskra: "Give me, Allah, a safe and quick journey. Unchoke the wells at Okba. Strengthen the yellow camel. Make high the price of dates and low the price of hides; 'tis thus I have ventured. Bring us in safety to Biskra, and bring me to the damsel who sits behind the green lattice. These things I pray—thy sinful son, Abdullah."

And our Abdullah is brought to "the damsel who sits behind the green lattice" sooner than even he would have dared to ask.

And it is "The Day-Dream" once again.

"Forsaking all other, cleave thou only unto her!"

"Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

Yes, even though their love meant for them the forsaking of the faith of their forefathers and the embracing of that of the Nazarene. And we do not murmur or doubt.

What in real life would be miracle, we here accept with childlike faith as the only natural, the only right.

Abdullah-Philip and Fathma-Marie reach Biskra man and wife; not the least wonderful of the portraits in this panorama that of the desert priest who unites them in holy matrimony—Joseph, "The man who keeps goats."

And then the poignancy of that last scene, rendered more poignant by the semi-comedy of the passages immediately preceding it between the French commandant and the French chancellor. How one's heart thuds for Mirza, "the mother of the dancers" and her woe, brought home to her at the moment of her happy discovery perhaps more profoundly than ever before in her long-short life.

"In Xanadu did Khubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree"

Yes, Coleridge's opium-dream is not more convincing, more captivating a mirage than Mr. Coslett Smith's "The Desert."

A. E.

THE SOCIAL UNREST. *Studies on labor and Socialist movements.* By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50, net.

THIS is one of the most useful volumes on Socialism which one is likely to find. It is written by a careful student and lecturer who has been able to spend much of his time in research on the subject in this land and in foreign countries. It is filled with interesting and important facts and keen, discriminating comment. It has somewhat of its author's proverbial inaptitude to take sides, but is perhaps all the more valuable on that account. The scheme of the work consists of an examination of the relations of great employers with their workingmen, the questions of labor unions and their recognition as opposed to paternalistic or extremely individualistic employment, the attitude of labor toward machinery and the general history and development of Socialism and socialistic programmes in America and Europe. This looks like a very comprehensive, not to say diffuse scheme, but one may fairly say that it has been carried out in the main with as much cohesion as was possible.

Mr. Brooks finds among laboring men a disposition to criticise their employers and to complain at present labor conditions; on the other hand, he finds the employers, in the main, suspicious of their workingmen and each side trying to get the better of the other. Possibly the fact of the coal strike has made Mr. Brooks more pessimistic and depressing than he would otherwise have been, but there is no doubt that not so much unity of sentiment exists between employer and employee as in the old times of family-like rule of industries. He evidently has much hope for the future, but he bases it upon the realization of his plea that the two sides will get together and "recognize" each other fully. As

an example of the ideal settlement and agreement he instances the compact between the carpenters and their employers of Boston. It is brief but is certainly clear and pointed with no chance for equivocation. Strangely enough, Mr. Brooks does not even touch upon the scheme of compulsory arbitration which of all the definite schemes for settling labor disputes is the one most rapidly growing in favor.

The style of this work is delightful and clear. The average layman who cares nothing for terms and schools, and much for facts will find here a volume which will introduce him to a science although he may not know that he is doing more than reading an engaging sketch. That it does not fix ruthlessly upon him any ism is perhaps all the better.

F. B. T.

FROM A THATCHED COTTAGE. *By Eleanor G. Hayden. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

DEALING almost exclusively with English country life and country folk, Miss Hayden has made a wonderfully attractive and interesting story. The plot is not new; there are no great surprises, but every character is drawn true to life and the story is worked to a most happy and satisfactory end. In the hands of the majority of novelists, "From a Thatched Cottage" would have been a failure. A sustained story of country life and scenes, would with most writers have been tiresome and savored too highly of the earth. But Miss Hayden knows her people; she knows her country and she knows how to combine the two.

Early in the story there is a glimpse of Birmingham life; the rest of the story is laid among the humble country people, carters, farmers, shepherds and a poacher or two. No gentle folk enter for a moment into the hard working life of the people; all is work-a-day, hard, grinding, unrelenting toil. But there is love, love that suffers, endures and conquers all things; there is evil, too, revenge, crime and murder. In fact Miss

Hayden opens with a murder, and on that hangs all the plot and counterplots of the novel. The influence of this crime is found throughout the book—an influence hidden and terrible—but it is traced with a careful and steady hand. At no point does the author lose her grasp upon her characters, her plot, or her reader. An intense, underlying force permeates every page; there is no let go, yet the dramatic passages are neither sensational nor melodramatic. The colorings and shadings are good; the work is in no part highly colored; the tones are low, the atmosphere subdued even in the most dramatic passages.

There is a charm, too, in the modified dialect. Made up largely of dialogue, it is all easy reading, even to one unfamiliar with the dialect of the country. From winter to summer, and back to winter again, the author carries her people, at the same time giving her graceful pen ample scope to describe country life and scenes during the four seasons, and these carefully colored pen pictures add greatly to the charm of the book. While it is not a great novel, it is one which is so good that it will be read long after many of the present-day highly colored and popular novels have been forgotten. "From a Thatched Cottage" lends itself admirably to dramatization.

H. P.

LIZETTE. *By Edward Marshall. Illustrated. Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

IN "Lizette" Mr. Marshall has succeeded in drawing a better picture of the Parisian grisette, devoted and self-immolating, than most of the writers who have dealt with the hectic life of the Latin Quarter. His heroine is more truly and sincerely loving than most of her predecessors, and her lover a more manly and honest fellow than such spirits usually meet. Their friend, "Kentucky," who, rescued from his weakness by their strength, becomes their stronghold and protector in their separation, and the agent of their final reunion, is a strong and well delineated figure. The plot is

not new. The lover called back to America for business reasons, the discovery of his innamorata that a fair compatriot of his is in love with him, her flight and final recapture, and the happiest kind of a happy ending—this is all rather conventional. There is, however, sincerity and charm in the writer's workmanship, and he succeeds in investing his characters with much of his own very evident feeling of affection for them. The story is not remarkable, but is very readable, and though a long way after the "Vie de Bohème," that prototype of all Latin Quarter books, is yet a pleasant reminder of that classic.

S. D. S., JR.

FLOWERS OF THE DUST. *By John Oxenham.* A. Wessels Co., New York. \$1.50.

THIS is a stirring tale of love and war. The romance begins amid the peaceful scenes of rural Brittany and is consummated in the storm and stress of the siege of Paris, for the war is the Franco-Prussian and half the action takes place in the French capital.

Mr. Oxenham is an author with a story to tell and has his subject well in hand. He gives thought and care to plot and construction, while his characters are nicely discriminated if unequally drawn. The hero, his friend and the man who was "wheat and Chicago," are alive enough, but the women are shadowy creatures, and the Jesuit priest is painted in dark colors. It may not be necessary for a good story-teller to hold impartial views, but Mr. Oxenham too evidently believes only evil can come out of this organization.

This is a defect in his work, as is also the grave indictment, indeed, of the French nation before 1870. It is true his facts are verified by French writers themselves, but the Anglo-Saxon draws too broad conclusions from them. A system may have its weak points, yet not be altogether bad. Whenever ignorance and brutality hold power, it is misused, and the result is often tragic.

There are a few minor faults such as repetition of words and phrases which

tend to weaken the style. There are also occasional slips both in French and English. However, the novel can be recommended as interesting and above the average.

S. S. S.

THE STAR DREAMER. *By Agnes and Egerton Castle.* Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50.

A BESOTTED chemist, an astrologer, a sleek and sinful housekeeper, a sister who does not stop at murder: these are elements which Agnes and Egerton Castle have combined to make the story of "The Star Dreamer." They are elements of rather crude and frank melodrama, but the authors have used graceful English, and their well-known cleverness of characterization, so that the story does not seem old and musty. The good predominates sufficiently to permit not only the ordinary novel reader, but even the fastidious one to derive enjoyment from this book.

There is a description of a wild, overgrown garden, which recurs in several chapters and is wholly delightful. It is not the vast garden of the stars, only a shut-off and almost forgotten strip of earth where simples as well as noxious things grow. If this spot served a little more for the setting of the story instead of affording the material for a decoction which kills off one of the characters, the book would be the better for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle explain clearly the kind of literature they prefer, and this explanation solves their own. It is style they seek for first in any book; and it must be admitted that the style of their latest volume makes it as delightfully palatable as were the best of their earlier books. Perhaps it is a little too luxuriant, but the sense is always clear, and while their fashion of telling a story in this instance dwarfs the story itself, one should remember how cruelly impossible their plot would have been were it not thus sugar-coated.

There is wit in the dialogue but not enough to spread over the spaces left between the long descriptions. In the high pressure chapters, which crowd to-

gether towards the close of the story, humanity and its broad characterization seem to have been left out altogether. Laid at a period not more than eighty years remote, the representatives of the Bath society of that day collected in the latter chapters do not create an atmosphere of the Georgian period. The book, however, has literary atmosphere, and that compensates for worse defects.

W. S.

THE NEW BOY AT DALE. *By Charles Edward Rich. Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn. Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.50.*

BUT it is exactly what the boys want!"

"And you consider that a reason for giving it to them? Supposing they had demanded absinthe, or Manila cigars, or the bacillus of typhoid, would you have felt it necessary to give it them right off?"

No, that is true. The cases are not parallel, Mr. Rich. It is not treating you fairly to compare your book with poisons. But all the same, "The New Boy at Dale" is a harmful book inasmuch as it gives to the average boy preposterously false impressions of his own capacity for surmounting the difficulties he will encounter when he sets out in life, and fosters the growth in him of conceit and priggishness.

Did any boy bred in a "slum," and transferred from a "slum" to a circus ever enter a big school absolutely devoid of *mauvaise honte*, absolutely at home in all his new, strange surroundings? Did he ever, on the first night of his arrival, win the suffrages of his schoolfellows so completely as practically to be "cock of the school" from that moment? Did he ever find "the crooked become straight" before him as Giovanni Martin does?

Was ever book so true, and yet so entrancing, in this gallery, as Richard Jefferies' "Bevis, the Story of a Boy"? There isn't a word in that book, put in Bevis's mouth, which a real boy might not have said. Nor a thing done by Bevis which a real boy might not have

done. Turn to page 142 of "The New Boy at Dale," and read, "You also know that betting is against my principles, and that I made the bet only for the purpose of disclosing the duplicity of our late associate." Did any real boy ever talk that way? "But it is exactly what the boys want."

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia, Mr. Rich, and this book is anything but *maxima reverentia*! And it might have been! Go to, Mr. Rich, it is unworthy of you not to give of your best.

A. E.

CAN TELEPATHY EXPLAIN? *By Minot J. Savage. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.00.*

THIS is not a book on telepathy, as a first glance at the title would suggest, but a remarrying of the ranks of spiritualism. The author dislikes the word spiritualism, because, as he in other phrase asserts, it has through tricksters and notoriety-seekers, through wanton-haired clairvoyants and Jezebel palmist gypsies lost something of authority and decent repute. He, therefore, acts in conjunction with other students of the spirit question, and calls it "spiritism"—a term for the present satisfactory and possessing all the incisiveness of novelty. The relation of spiritism to telepathy lies in the simple query as to whether or no telepathy can explain the numerous and extremely varying cases of spirit manifestation, many of them well-authenticated and famous, which have surprised orthodox humanity into an attitude of curiosity. Dr. Savage is strongly inclined to the negative belief. Indeed he is almost convinced that telepathy cannot explain; and because he is a hard worker in this field of supernormal visitations, his conclusions are not to be dismissed with a sneer by the "superior person" who has never lent an hour to the labor.

To the esoteric who knows his medium and his psychic, to whom Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Piper are as household words, there will be in Dr. Savage's brief statement nothing especially new or

elucidative—we opine that the present book is not meant for him; but to the ordinary uninitiated citizen, to the man who eats three stout meals a day and unfolds his newspaper at a set time every morning, who kens nothing of table rappings and apparitions and levitations, there is likely to be a sharp, “God bless me!” and something of shivers in the bargain.

This is not all. There is likely to be intellectual attention to a subject which has not alone the allurements of novelty, but all the attraction that accompanies a perfectly clear and concise representation of the case. In a field where so many charlatans have set their pink lemonade booths, it is pleasant to meet with so trustworthy a guide as Dr. Savage.

J. S. D.

THE HOUSEWIVES OF EDENRISE. *By Florence Popham. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

FULL of quiet humor, full of subtle yet unobtrusive analysis of character, “The Housewives of Edenrise” is a gem among the pretentious and tiresome books of the day. So many women writers have aped a mannish air, have written concerning sides of life about which they knew nothing, and have chosen for heroines types of women of which they had never seen the like, that it is comforting to find a writer like Miss Popham, who is content to use her wits in describing the everyday kind of women in their natural environment. Very few women writers have the courage to be simple; Miss Popham is one of these. When a woman with insight and a sense of humor has talent for describing the humdrum life of women as she has known it, the result has been something not unlike a masterpiece. “Cranford” was one of these; “The Housewives of Edenrise” is another. Miss Popham’s book does not aim to be a second “Cranford”; it is individual throughout in both its point of view and its peculiar and never failing humor.

“The Housewives of Edenrise” is a book to linger over and enjoy. While it

is cast in the form of fiction, it makes no pretence of being a novel. It is the day-to-day account of the life of an unconsciously clever woman. She closely observes the people in her little village and gives an inimitable series of impressions of the way they live and bring up their children; their troubles with servants, and their own attitude toward these things. In a word, the book is feminine—feminine in the true sense of the word. There is more human nature in the heroine of the story than in half a dozen strenuous women of the modern emotional novel. There is more real life in the attitude of “The Housewives of Edenrise” toward the recalcitrant Mrs. Greenlaw when they find out “what she really is,” than in most of the melodramatic tragedies of sex which are supposed to touch life to the quick.

In one respect this book excels many others of its kind. In similar books, even in the best ones, the authors have too often assumed a patronizing tone toward the people whose petty affairs joined the theme of the book. At each page one felt the writer to be a very different person from the trivial and commonplace women who surrounded her. Miss Popham’s agreeable book has no such taint; her pleasant heroine never speaks of her friends, or points out their foibles with a wink of the eye; the book, therefore, gains immeasurably in realism. Altogether “The Housewives of Edenrise” stands among the first of its class. Only a woman could have written it, and few but women will understand how excellent it is.

M. H. V.

THE GREAT BOER WAR. *By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co. New York. \$2.50, net.*

THIS is the complete, final edition of Conan Doyle’s history of the conflict in South Africa, and it may easily rank as the best work yet published on that subject. The author has revised his first impressions in the light of maturer reflection and keener investigation, and he has not hesitated to confess his former blunders. There is in the

work an impartiality and a moderation which cannot be too much commended, and there is a most delightful absence of the first personal pronoun with which the writings of many a man much less noted or famed have been besprinkled.

The scheme of the book is excellent; a glimpse at the Boer nations, a brief and most judicious statement of the immediate causes of the strife, and then a picture of the events in chronological order. There has been no attempt at drawing a veil over misconduct, or white-washing, in treating of the conducts of campaigns and battles. The author's analysis of Buller's blunders at and before Spion Kop is merciless in its accuracy and implied severity; but at the same time the unfortunate and unforeseeable incidents and accidents of the campaigns have been pointed out with care and discrimination. Nor does the author forget that here is a chance to write real literature, for some of the chapters, particularly that dealing with Colenso, are filled with descriptive work of the best character—full of imagery and vividness.

Possibly the author has devoted too little space to the guerrilla warfare after the surrender of Pretoria, and the reader would better link with this work that of General de Wet to obtain the most complete narrative possible. Indeed, de Wet's book clears up several uncertain passages in this one.

The book is equipped with an excellent set of maps.

F. B. T.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR.
By Myrta Lockett Avary. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

MRS. AVARY, herself a Virginian, has been privileged to hear and write down, at first hand, the reminiscences of another, and an elder, daughter of the Confederacy, who in 1861 was a seventeen-year-old bride in Norfolk, and whose husband became an officer in the cavalry under General W. H. F. ("Rooney") Lee. The result of this sympathetic collaboration is a book of unique interest and charm. It is not a romance, nor is it a diary, though nar-

rated in the first person throughout; but it combines the best elements of both. Mrs. Nellie Grey, the "unconscious heroine," is, by association with her soldier husband, mixed up with the great four-years' war from the firing on Sumter to the fall of Richmond, and General Lee's return from Appomattox. She and her sister Millicent see the *Merrimac* steam out from Norfolk to meet the *Monitor*. They witness the grand reviews of the Army of Northern Virginia before battle, and nurse the wounded after; dance with the officers at balls, make shirts and knit socks, parch corn for coffee, follow their husbands all over Virginia, cross the "Yankee" lines, and compare the respective qualities of McClellan, Pope and Burnside as invaders of the land. On their own side, the Lees, General J. E. B. Stuart, Belle Boyd, General Malone, and other famous personages figure in their habits as they lived. In short, Mrs. Avary shows in naïve detail just what a Virginia woman lived, suffered, endured, and rejoiced in from 1861-'65.

H. T.

SIX TREES. *By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.*

WHAT might be termed the psychological relation between people and trees has been utilized most successfully by Mary Wilkins Freeman in the six sketches which make up this book. The author has brought home the fact that inanimate objects play a far more important part in the round of existence than is generally supposed, and may acquire through association a kind of human quality—even trees, which are here used as a basis on which to happily build these tales. Mrs. Freeman has again returned to the scenes of her earlier work when she scored such a success. In a number of these sketches, notably "The Elm Tree," she is decidedly at her best, which is saying a good deal, for though many have toiled of late in the New England field, none have succeeded in interpreting the life of its people so truly as she.

The characters stand out against the rugged, austere background so clearly that they are never for a moment forgotten. They are plain, homely people, leading simple, natural lives. They are intensely human and real, while Mrs. Freeman's quaint humor offsets the note of pathos that is inevitable in describing such persons.

After the soul-dissecting, morbid, anatomical novels now so abundant, stories of this sort are like a breath of mountain air.

H. B. M.

A WHALEMAN'S WIFE. By Frank T. Bullen. With six illustrations. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

THE first complete novel by Frank T. Bullen, who has written several sea stories that rank as classics in their line, will add much to his present reputation as a writer. It is his best work, not only because it includes features that have made his previous writings famous, but also because it contains in addition to the vivid picture of a whaling cruise, a thoroughly interesting romance. Much space is given again to the battles with the leviathans, which Mr. Bullen describes so well in "The Cruise of the Cachalot," the book which placed him upon a firm footing in the literary world. The hero of the new story, a zealous, honest Christian, is of the same type as Saul Andrews, the mission worker in "The Apostles of the Southeast." It is these Christian sailors that have made Mr. Bullen's books successful, for they are a novelty in sea stories. Most writers depend upon "bucko-mates" and mutinies to hold the interest of their readers; but Mr. Bullen does not find this necessary. He has had experience that provides abundant material for good stories, and unlike most real sailors, he has the power to make the best use of it. His sailors, of course, are not all Christians; in this story he introduces a Portuguese skipper who is a veritable terror, but it is merely to show the difference between a good ship and a bad one. He writes a plain straightforward story which carries conviction be-

cause it is reasonable, and holds the reader's interest because it is realistic and brings him in close touch with those about whom he reads. One point which mars this tale is that, beginning the action in Vermont, Mr. Bullen continues to put the rural dialect into the mouths of nearly all of his characters, including the Portuguese captain of the whaler, Grampus.

F. L. W.

THE CIRCLE. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

IF the novelist's art were identical with the skill of the chess-player, "The Circle" would be an excellent novel. Given a little, conventionalized, four-square world, with the men all masked and the limits of their movements determined, many an interesting problem can be posed and solved. Something of this sort Miss Thurston has done, and the story reads admirably in outline. The plot is perfectly coherent and logical. The heroine is the young girl with the stamp of genius on her, who abandons her father and the devoted lover of her childhood in order to realize her ambition to be an actress. It is one of the rules of the game that she should succeed beyond her wildest dreams, and that at the height of her career she should return to her dying father. The return is brought about by the lover of her maturer years, who denounces her faithlessness before he knows her identity. It is equally inevitable that the lover should change his views when he finds his own love involved, should follow the girl and bring about a general reconciliation. It is a good scheme, with many opportunities for what are called dramatic situations, which are not neglected.

Such a story is perfectly possible, considering it in outline. The total impression of "The Circle," however, is of utter unreality, of a straining for effective situations; the piece is pitched at least a minor third too high. One might forgive the heroine her genius were she not also superlatively beautiful, superlatively attractive, superlatively

good; Maurice Strode would be tolerable had he one redeeming vice; Mrs. Maxstead is too clever when she knows things that nobody but the author could possibly know. Not a creature in the book breathes and thinks and talks quite naturally, though they all strive desperately to be clever. It is a story of the novelist's fairyland, where the characters are cut from a pattern, and the world stands still while the complications of a plot are unrolled.

E. C.

SOLTAIRE. *A Romance of the Willey Slide and the White Mountains.* By George Franklyn Willey. Illustrated by Hiram P. Barnes. The New Hampshire Publishing Corporation, Manchester, N. H. \$1.50.

THE interest which anything connected with the White Mountains will arouse in the summer tourist who has visited them, is the excuse for this book. The story is based on a tragic event known as "Willey's Slide," an avalanche which occurred among these mountains about three-quarters of a century ago and in which the family of the author was involved.

The plot of the story, though showing some ingenuity in construction, is unnatural. Some of the situations are rather trite, and the Great Carbuncle legend of Hawthorne is forced violently by the author into his service. The character-drawing lacks spirit. The style, too, is disappointing, and at times becomes stilted or platitudinous. Mr. Willey is evidently well acquainted with the locality, but he fails to do justice to this interesting region, and his treatment of it suggests rather the guide-book than a literary production.

J. W. W.

ALFRED TENNYSON. By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B. *English Men of Letters Series.* The Macmillan Company, New York. 75 cents, net.

THE name of Hippolyte Taine is one so completely discredited among serious students of English literature that it is somewhat disconcerting to find

Sir Alfred Lyall, on the first page of his biography of Tennyson, gravely instancing the Frenchman as authority for his attitude toward the task in hand. But it is not fair to discredit either a theory or a person because of the injudicious zeal of some self-appointed advocate. Taine's one fixed idea, "that the imaginative literature of a period preserves and represents the ideas, feelings, and manners of the generation to which it belongs," is the great commonplace of literary criticism; as true as it is commonplace. Every significant biography, of Tennyson or any other poet, must assume this principle more or less palpably as a starting point: Sir Alfred has merely stated it in rather formal terms.

It is Sir Alfred's warm, spontaneous appreciation of his poet's best qualities, tempered as it is by a studious sobriety of statement, that makes this little book both readable and valuable. In this regard, as in treatment, the work may indeed be taken as a model of what a brief, popular biography should be. Without one simple critical pronouncement of startling originality, it furnishes the best connected account of the poet's ideas, their development and their significance, with which we are acquainted. The story of the poet's life is told, as it should be, in a running comment on his works, and this comment is so good, so uniformly just and discriminating in its recognition of Tennyson's many excellencies, as well as of his limitations, that it is impossible to designate any one part of the work as notably better than the rest.

The narrative of Tennyson's outer life is unobtrusive; rightly so, for it was as uneventful as could well be. Sir Alfred gracefully acknowledges his constant indebtedness to the Memoir prepared by the poet's son, which with all its shortcomings is a remarkably complete record of a man's life. Some slight inaccuracies of statement should be noted; the date of the "Poems by Two Brothers" for instance is given as 1826, instead of 1827 (see Memoir). Oddly enough, Sir Alfred complains of Tennyson's "rare and fitful" correspondence as creating "a serious difficulty for the ordinary biographer," whereas the author of the Memoir

tells us that his chief difficulty was in selecting from an enormous mass of letters.

E. C.

CROESUS AND IONE. *A drama in four acts. By Charlotte Elizabeth Wells. Riggs Printing and Publishing Company, New York.*

WHEN you have turned the last of the twenty-six sightly pages which suffice to unroll Miss Wells' poetic drama, you are bound to ask yourself, What's the use? And the old question, if a bit impertinent, will be quite pertinent in a new way. Mr. Stephen Phillips has been popularizing this form of literature, but his poems are the plays of an actor for the stage. So, too, with that marvellous little gem of drama, poetry, philosophy and psychology of Coppée's called *Le Passant*, which Bernhardt used to act years ago. Now it seems to have become quite the thing for our verse-makers to rush to the dramatic form: Swinburne, Hovey, Barrett Wendell. Perhaps this is an omen of the renaissance of the English drama!

Really it is very hard to see why Miss Wells has chosen this medium through which to express an undoubted literary and poetic gift. It is so crude in her hands. The dramatic conception and execution is little more than a hurried scenario: no cunningly built dramatic climaxes, no carefully planned "situations." The rather original method Croesus employs of murdering his slave-mistress Ione in a transport of love and mistaken revenge, by crushing her in his armored embrace is revolting, shocking, perhaps—not dramatic. And can you read it without just a flicker of a smile? One is irresistibly curious to know whether the author ever dreamt of an actual stage production.

As verse, this "drama" really merits much praise. From beginning to end it carries the reader with a sweep of rich, warm passion. "The ruddy drop of human blood" is set a-tingling with love and hate, revenge and hopeless ruin. The heroic blank verse is virile and effec-

tive: no lines padded out to the proper length of iambic pentameter. There is a harmony and cadence which often sing themselves aloud. This conception of a maiden's rhapsody on the sunrise represents the high-water mark of the poem:

"How pure the dawn is! ever a new birth,
Touched by no thought of that sweet yesterday
That fled soft-footed to forgetfulness.
And this young morn that rises maidenly
May bear within her breast great thoughts, great loves,
Ay, greater sorrows, sterner tragedies."

When all is said the question remains: Why is this admirable piece of verse doomed to lumber under the misfit mantle of dramatic form? What was it the Greek painter said to his cobbler-critic?

A. M. L.

PRINCIPLES OF HOME DECORATION. *By Candace Wheeler. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.80, net.*

ALTHOUGH from this title one might expect a very serious work dealing with the theories and principles of decoration—and a welcome addition to our scanty stock of literature on this subject such a book would be—not many pages need be turned to find that this is not the case. The book is distinctly of general, popular interest, an agreeable, rambling discourse, full of hints and facts for the householder of moderate income, who will find it a gold mine of practical, sensible information when in doubt about the means for making the hall look hospitable, or rooms with high ceilings seem lower. It will settle questions about the colors for sunny or sunless rooms, and teach with zeal the value of washable draperies for bedrooms.

Mrs. Wheeler's long experience as a working decorator enables her to give with authority many suggestions of undoubted utility. For instance, if the hygienically inclined desire a tiled

kitchen, but can not afford such an expensive luxury, the idea of covering the walls with the oil-cloth commonly used on kitchen tables and shelves will be hailed with enthusiasm; and the fact that a staring, hideous wall paper can be washed over with kalsomine reducing the unpleasant pattern to a shadowy design is a temporary measure which will be a relief when a new paper cannot be afforded. Very clear directions are given so that it would not seem to be difficult to carry out any point with success. The chapters on bedrooms, kitchens and furniture may be particularly recommended.

Through the whole volume runs the plea for individual taste and the insistence that an agreeable interior is dependent upon taste alone, and not on expenditure; everywhere, mingled with æsthetic aims, are admonitions for comfort and utility.

P. K.

THE MEANING OF PICTURES... By John C. Van Dyke. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25, net.

THIS is a very instructive little book for European travellers and others who wish to have a bit of groundwork in their contemplation of noted canvases. We can recommend it also to that growing class of art lovers, who really try to acquire art's secret, who realize in some subtle but sequacious manner that these lines and lights and colors have, when brushed in by the hand by a master, certain inscrutable affinities to all that is most desirable in life. Such a class belongs not to the triflers, the dilettanti, but to the serious, influential company of the world; for whom alone—outside of one's self—is it worth while to labor. Even the painter himself—be he ever so well informed of all the subjects herein briefly discussed—is likely to gain something by hearing them anew, for we all like to hear the things we have heard before, if we are sincerely interested in them.

One of the reasons we like Professor Van Dyke's criticisms so well is because of his hearty interest in his subject. Af-

fection and brains ensure him a certain originality and brightness, without which the writing of words becomes a mere exercise or record. It is our one complaint that he has published these lectures without first transforming, without dissipating them into essays. He has indeed been applauded so justly for his good prose, that it seems rather a pity we should have to take him half-rated, so to speak, should have to listen to the second-best of a man who can give us the tiptop best. The lecture language is not the language of the *causerie* or chat, as many lecturers mistake it to be, for the spirit of the latter is friendly and intimate, while that of the former is foreign, yet familiar.

But in most of the writer's work—and sometimes in this—the apt and flowing sentences accord quite magically with the attractive nature of the chosen subject. Professor Van Dyke is in his field nothing less than a master. How instinctively he knows the precise phrase wherewith to express the shadow-mystery of Rembrandt, the royal hues of Titian, the faultless pencil of Holbein! How felicitous are his words concerning Millet's Sower and the simple, straightforward qualities of the Venetian, Carpaccio! Yes, he knows painting thoroughly. And he is as just as Artega.

J. S. D.

THE WHIRLWIND. By Rupert Hughes. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THIS book divides itself into three distinct and approximately equal parts—the first, a concise, nervous and vitally interesting history of the hero's youth, a prologue worthy to serve as introduction to a great novel; the second, a hurried and necessarily fragmentary account of the hero's and heroine's experiences throughout the four years of the Civil War; and the third, a pitifully weak attempt to crowd into a hundred pages the hero's subsequent career and taking off at fifty years of age when at the height of his ambition as the Republican nominee for the Presi-

dency. Owing to a fatal lack of proportion and organic development, the book has failed to attain greatness.

The underlying idea of the story is admirable, and perhaps inevitable as the nucleus of the great American novel for which we have so long been waiting—the depicting in fiction form of the career of struggle and hardship and final success of a boy of the people condemned to a youth of privation, such as that of Lincoln and Garfield, but endued with an insatiable thirst for knowledge and an indomitable determination to rise. In this conception lies the most characteristic feature of our national life, the inviolability of opportunity, and hence its power to serve as the leaven of a great inspiration. Nor has Mr. Hughes shown himself devoid of the requisite virility of conception for such a novel as he aimed to write. The book has been planned along broad, liberal lines which, had his artistic insight been keener, might have led to the coveted goal. As it is, we shall be kindest to regard the first third of the story as a brilliant fragment, left unfinished when the artist's hand grew weary.

The career and character of John Mead, the hero of "The Whirlwind," remind one in many respects of Lincoln, but hardly in a degree sufficient to sustain the contention that Lincoln has served as model. Mr. Hughes has shown originality and power in depicting the primitive life of the inhabitants of "Darrville," which we assume to be in one of the Northern States bordering the Mississippi, forming at the time written of approximately the Western boundary of civilization. John Mead's youth is rendered interesting, despite its hardness and simplicity, through the vividness and sympathy brought to the telling. The boy is alive and moved by ambitions and emotions which arouse an answering thrill in our bosoms. Especially happy is the portrayal of the relationship between mother and son and of the lad's struggles for education. Unfortunately John grows up at the moment of the culmination of the misunderstanding between the North and South, and against the better judgment of his creator and

biographer, we are fain to believe is launched upon a military career.

On the whole, the war picture is well drawn. The writer seldom abuses our credulity to the point of demanding belief in the visibility of "soaring" shells, but at the end of the strife comes the inevitable question, *cui bono*! In a manner, it is true, the story has progressed, but its organic development has been fatally interrupted, and our interest suffers corresponding decline. War, it would seem, refuses to lend itself to casual, incidental treatment, but demands so to speak, the centre of the stage, as in "La Débâcle." All attempts to confine it to the wings result, inevitably, in artistic failure. It is as though one were to string one large bead with a series of smaller beads and then demand symmetry. Like Mr. Churchill, the author of "The Whirlwind" has failed to perceive the folly of such expectation, and again we have the hybrid novel whose name is legion. In consequence, the vividness displayed in depicting many of the scenes does not serve to banish the perception of their extraneousness. It must be added, also, that the recovery of the wounded in several instances strikes the lay mind as phenomenally rapid.

In retrospect, "The Whirlwind" suggests that the author had set out to write a great political novel in whose later scenes should be found the needed contrast to the monotone grayness of the beginning, but his knowledge or enthusiasm proving insufficient, he had shifted to the seductive *terrain* of war, only to find therein the grave of his endeavor. As regards style, the book is excellent, terse and vivid, and often enlivened by humorous touches. The characters, in the main, are well conceived, but after the close of the boyhood stage of the hero's life, they cease to grip one powerfully. The supposed Southern dialect strikes the ear as exaggerated, but this is an offence of which Northern writers may generally be convicted. Moreover, at this late day the constant and unnecessary use of the word "Rebel" seems a mistake. Otherwise, Mr. Hughes is eminently fair to the whilom foes of the Union.

W. W. W.

JOURNEY'S END. *By Justus Miles Forman. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

WITH his novel, "Journey's End," Mr. Forman has added to the great number of books which are absolutely without significance to literature. It is a pleasant, innocuous little story with which, no doubt, during the coming summer many a maid will while away idle hours, and from which she will arise quite without undesirable access of worldly knowledge. The book is one to be recommended to anxious parents with a belief in old-fashioned methods of education. Indeed, the only possible harm which could result from a perusal of Mr. Forman's pages lies in the delightfully naïve impression conveyed of the stage and which, conceivably, might eventuate in an ill-considered plunge into the maelstrom of theatrical life and death on the part of some credulous youthful reader. Only less thorny than the path of the actor is that of the playwright in the imagination of the author. From the use of certain essentially British words, Mr. Forman may be assumed to be English, like his hero, who is the emigrant scion of a noble house. On the latter's arrival in this country he knows, admittedly, as little of New York theatrical life as does his literary creator, unadmittedly. Nevertheless, after an unpleasantly sultry summer spent in attendance at a Broadway photographic shop, he makes a phenomenally successful début as playwright, with Miss Evelyn Berkeley as interpreter of his genius and Mr. Freeman as managerial encourager of the same. Indeed, his success is a foregone conclusion, save during the course of a dozen pages of awful suspense, when it looks almost as though his laurels were to be garnered by a wicked actor who has stolen his play. But this injustice, of course, is frustrated by Mr. Freeman, in the well-known manner of theatrical managers, and the playwright gets all that is coming to him—not to speak of a marquise and a prospective dukedom.

In the manner of M. Paul Bourget in "Cosmopolis," Mr. Forman has thought

to arouse a factitious interest in his story by the introduction into it of easily recognized personages—at this point, however, all likeness between the two authors ceases. As to the taste of such a proceeding, it would be interesting to learn the opinion of "the real Evelyn Berkeley," to whom the book is dedicated.

W. W. W.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF PRINCE BISMARCK. *By Sidney Whitman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.60, net.*

AT the end of the second chapter of his book, Mr. Whitman remarks that "it is more than a mere fanciful assertion that great men are invariably endowed with the power, figuratively speaking, of magnetizing or hypnotizing those who are brought into personal contact with them, and this dæmonic gift has rarely been possessed in a greater degree than by Prince Bismarck." We may add that Mr. Whitman's book affords throughout the plainest corroboration of the assertion that Bismarck could exercise this dæmonic gift, at least on some men. Mr. Whitman has been obviously hypnotized. He sat at the Prince's feet and listened to his words precisely as Eckermann sat at the feet of Goethe; his judgment was temporarily quiescent; he was completely dominated by the personality of the great man: he appears simply as a somewhat copious and wordy reporter.

The value of a book of this kind depends upon the length, and the degree of intimacy between the great man and his admirer. In the case of Mr. Whitman and Prince Bismarck the "personal contact" on which the book is based was neither very lengthy nor very close. Mr. Whitman visited the Prince some half a dozen times after the latter's retirement from office. On these occasions the Prince talked very freely, and Mr. Whitman has every legitimate justification for repeating what he said; but it must be added that the conversation and personal impressions of the author contribute little or nothing to the strong, rugged, impatient, irritable, masterful figure, which the reader of recent German history will already have formed of the man. Mr.

Whitman does indeed help to appreciate the sincerity and charm of Bismarck's domestic life, but here again he has only expatiated upon facts which were already well known. The truth is that Mr. Whitman is neither a good medium nor a good interpreter. He is not a good medium because your true Eckermann should have lived with the master on the most intimate terms for years, so that every aspect of the personality of the great man could gradually filter through his reports. He is not a good interpreter, because his judgment has been hypnotized as well as his powers of apprehension. Mr. Whitman has undoubtedly made a book which Bismarck students will need to read; but it would have been a better book, in case it had been half as long, and in case it had contained more of Bismarck and less of the writer.

H. C.

CALVERT OF STRATHORE. *By Carter Goodloe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.*

THIS novel by a new writer introduces rather a larger number of characters of eminence and notoriety than most others of its class. The period offers the opportunity. Paris just before the Revolution was full of interesting people; just afterward, many of them were missing. The centre of this story is the American Legation there, and about it revolve most of its incidents. Thomas Jefferson was Minister to France at first; Gouverneur Morris later, and both, in speech and action, figure in the tale. Danton, Mirabeau, Necker, Lafayette, Mme. de Staël, King Louis and Marie Antoinette have more or less prominent parts, and all to some extent have something to do with the action.

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those whom he had sought to serve, the consummation of his happiness and his honorable return to his own land.

The story is told with excellent literary skill—barring the somewhat too frequent introduction of French phrases. The historical characters are generally "in the picture," not mere lay figures forced upon the scene, and their actions accord with what we have learned of them from their pure historians. Besides, the novel itself is interesting, exceedingly so: the plot is not too intricate, is entirely plausible, and the outcome is not only logical but satisfactory.

S. D. S., JR.

MILLET. *By Romain Rolland. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 75 cents.*

THIS little volume will be welcome to all who are interested in the great French master. The writer deals with his subject from the impartial view of the scholar; and seeks to give rather an unbiased exposition than a personal criticism.

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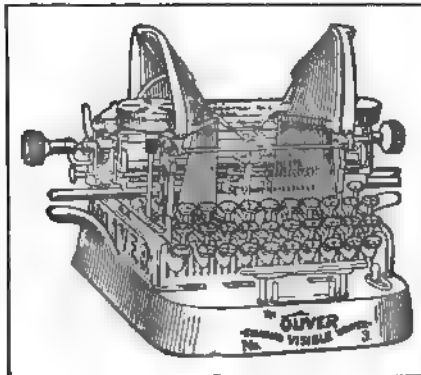
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